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THE

BRITISH THEATRE.

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THE

BRITISH THEATRE;

OR,

A COLLECTION OF PLAYS,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE, COVENT GARDEN, AND HAYMARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL REMARKS,

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

IN TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES.

43009

VOL. XXI.

MOUNTAINEERS.
IRON CHEST.
HEIR AT LAW.
JOHN BULL.
POOR GENTLEMAN.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1808.

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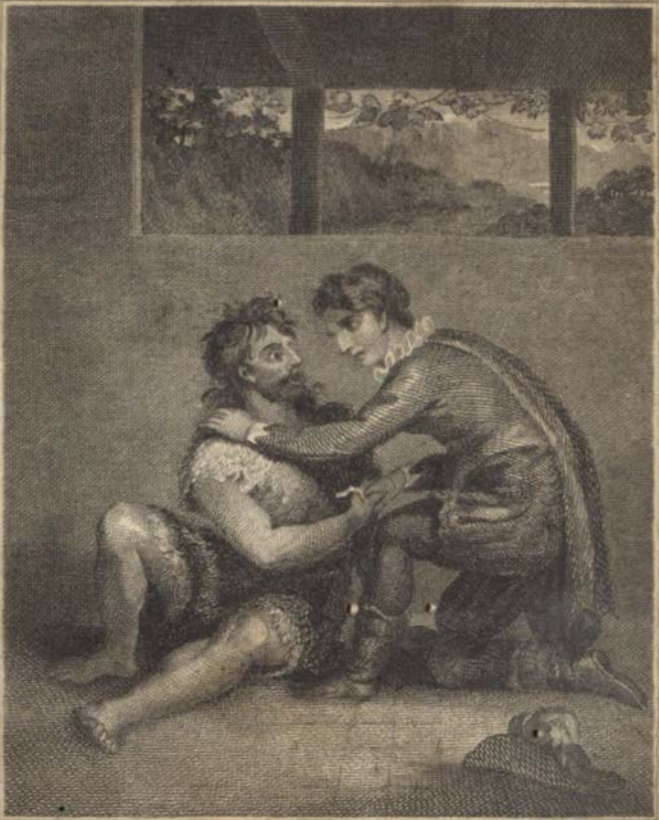
OF THE
ROWSAY
BRANCH
OF THE

MOUNTAINEERS.



THE

MOUNTAINEERS;

A PLAY,

IN THREE ACTS;

BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER;

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

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WILLIAM SAVAGE, PRINTER,
LONDON.

REMARKS.

Poetry, with all its charms, will not constitute a good play:—a very inferior dramatic work may be, in the highest degree, poetical.

This play possesses both the gift of poetry and the grace of action. Yet, but for the extraordinary talents of one performer, it would be neglected, as little calculated for representation; though the production of a man of genius, and of most excellent theatrical education.

Those persons, who have never seen Mr. Kemble in Octavian, will yet receive delight in reading this well written play: but those who *have* seen him, will weep as they read, and tremble as they weep, for it is most certain they have not forgotten him. Those again, who have seen any other actor in the character, will peruse the play, possessed of all its claims to attention, with indifference; for this true lover requires such peculiar art, such consummate skill, in the delineation, that it is probable, his representative may have given an impression of the whole drama, unfavourable to the author. Nor is this a reproach to the actor who fails; for such a personage as Octavian would never have been created, had not Kemble been born

some years before him. But, notwithstanding the difference of their ages, it is likely they will both depart this life at the same instant.

——————————" He is as a rock,
" Oppos'd to the rude sea that beats against it:
" Worn by the waves, yet still o'ertopping them
" In sullen majesty*."

This picture by Colman is as like Kemble on the stage, as his last picture by Lawrence is like him off it.

The consideration of this Character, in point of length, may give the reader a proper notion of it, in point of weight—It is solid gold, or its power over human kind could not be contained in so small a compass. He does not appear till the play is half over, and then is but seldom seen: yet the audience think upon no other person of the drama.

It is a disadvantage to his beloved woman, that she is always in the dress of a man. An actress should never have her sex transformed, when she has nothing more to do than to meet her lover; for in those tender interviews the appearance of different sexes pleases the spectator, if not the reader.

The other characters, where this sublime one is not concerned, have music to uphold them—which tempts a parody on one of the most beautiful and nervous passages of the play:

——————" Providence has slubber'd them in haste.
" They are some of her unmeaning compositions
" She manufactures, when she makes a gross.

See page 50.

" She'll form a million such—and all alike—
" Then send them forth, asham'd of her own work,
" And give them songs*."

An Irishman is very naturally introduced amongst this group—and yet, to an auditor, neither the Irish tone or manner accord with the dialogue or scene of this play. The Irish characters were formerly of importance, but they are now too frequently introduced in farces and stale hashes, called preludes, interludes, operas, and comedies, not to ruin their effect in every delicate or delicious entertainment. They are an excellent cayenne to dish up sorties; but it is spoiling the taste of wholesome viands, to pepper away their natural flavour.

It is said, that some part of this play is taken from Cervantes—if so, it is a new compliment to the Spanish poet—that Colman the younger has thought proper to borrow from him.

* See page 54.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

OCTAVIAN,	*Mr. Kemble.*
VIROLET,	*Mr. Barrymore.*
KILMALLOCK,	*Mr. Johnstone.*
ROQUE,	*Mr. Aikin.*
MULETEERS,	*Mr. Bannister.* *Mr. Davies.* *Mr. Bland.* *Mr. Benson.*
LOPE TOCHO,	*Mr. Parsons.*
PEREQUILLO,	*Mr. Comerford.*
GOATHERDS	*Mr. Palmer, jun.* *Mr. Barret.* *Mr. Ledger.* *Mr. Waldron, jun.* *Mr. Burton.*
BULCAZIN MULEY,	*Mr. Bensley.*
GANEM,	*Mr. Evatt.*
PACHA,	*Mr. Wewitzer.*
ALI BEG,	*Mr. Abbot.*
SADI,	*Mr. Bannister, jun.*
YUSEF,	*Mr. Usher.*
SELIM,	*Mr. Cooke.*
ZORAYDA,	*Mrs. Kemble.*
FLORANTHE,	*Mrs. Goodall.*
AGNES,	*Mrs. Bland.*

Moorish Guards, Goatherds, &c.

SCENE,—Spain; partly in the Town and Kingdom of Granada; partly in Andalusia.

THE

MOUNTAINEERS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Moorish Garden in the town of Granada; at one side the Castle of Bulcazin Muley. A window in one of its towers overlooking the Garden. A draw-bridge, leading to the castle gate.

VIROLET *and* KILMALLOCK, *habited as slaves, discovered at work.*

Kilm. Count!

Viro. How now, noble Captain Kilmallock.

Kilm. I wonder if the ingenious gentleman, that first hit upon digging, tried it with as pleasant a broiling sun over his head as we have. By my soul! if he went to work with his jacket on, it would have warm'd it pretty decently.

Viro. We are slaves, Kilmallock, and must submit. But we are soldiers of Spain—Christian soldiers—both our faith and our profession, when Providence inflicts calamity, preach patience to us. Murmurs are fruitless, brother soldier. The fickle goddess, Fortune, hears not the complainings of the grief-worn captive.

Kilm. Truly now, Count Virolet, I always understood the good lady was blind, but I was never before told she was dunny. 'Faith, and that I take to be the reason she has never been goodnatured enough to listen, when I have reminded her what a dirty devil she has been to me. First I was toss'd out of Tipperary into Spain—where I have fought these seven years under Ferdinand the Fifth, king of Castile and Arragon—till the thumps bestowed upon me by his Catholic majesty's enemies, and be hang'd to 'em! have belaboured me up to the rank of a captain.

Viro. Right:—of Calatrava; of which gallant order I boast myself a member.

Kilm. 'Faith, and you may boast—for my own part, I never had the knack of it. But I have had the honour, signior, of fighting side by side with you against the Moors of Granada, here.

Viro. And bravely too, good comrade.

Kilm. All's one for that—Well, now I have the honour of being lock'd up with you, in the garden of an ould whisker-faced Arabian. We have been prisoners these three months. And here are a pretty pair of famous knights, that boast themselves of the gallant order of Calatrava, with a bit of a shovel popt into our noble hands, digging away like two planters of potatoes!

Viro. Yet comfort thee, Kilmallock. Granada is close besieged. Our royal master, Ferdinand, has raised and fortified a town near to their walls.

'Tis, as I hear, a well stock'd hive of war,
Teeming with close compacted swarms of soldiery;
Who will so buzz about their Moorships' ears,
Yea, and so sting these thin-skinn'd Mussulmen,
That they will smart to death with't. Noble comrade,
Prove but their arms successful, and 'twill cut
A road to freedom for us. Yet that's doubtful—
There were, indeed, a shorter way. [*Musing.*

Kilm. Och, then let us be after trudging that.—

If there are two roads, signior, out of captivity, I am always for travelling the shortest cut, because it bids fair to be the nearest.

Viro. Come, I will trust thee, I do know thee brave;
And in the breast, where fire-eyed courage rears
Her rugged throne, sure honour must inhabit.
Yet, dare I trust thee? [*Wavering.*

Kilm. Dare you? Look you, Count Virolet! you dare do much!—for you are the first that ever dare tell me to my teeth, he held my honour in doubt. Och, fire and oons, and Saint Dominick, to boot! Harkye, Sir Don! I never was a hunter after other people's secrets, as I am not over-fond of keeping what doesn't belong to me.. But I am an Irishman, mark you me; born a subject of his English Majesty —Heaven prosper the kings and the country, to the end of time!—and if any Spaniard, Frenchman or else, dare trench upon our honour, by my soul, we'll fillip them soundly, for venturing to call it in question.

Viro. Friend, were the merits of thy nation scann'd,
From one particular, and thou the sample,
I should affirm thy countrymen all heart:——
Stuff'd with such various manly qualities,
That it doth grievously perplex their heads
To find fit seasons when to exercise them.
He who doth take offence, before 'tis meant,
Is, in himself, offending.—Sir, it dwelt not
Within my thought to anger you.

Kilm. It did not?—Give me a shake of your Spanish hand, signior. I entreat your pardon. Beshrew me, Count, I am as far from giving an insult wrongfully, as I am from taking one. And, if I am the sample you talk of, mark down this for my countrymen, if it please you.—If my head mischances to run itself, in the dark, against the feelings of another.

my heart bids me go through fire and water for his service, by way of reparation.

Viro. The spirit of thy warm and kindly nature
Shines thro' thy speech, rough soldier. Hear me, comrade!
Thou know'st the governor—

Kilm. What, the moor,—Bulcazin Muley, our master, as he calls himself?—as arrant an ould—

Viro. Your patience. This same Moor, who holds us captives,
Has one fair daughter:—beauty's paragon!
Each evening, as the sun begins to sink
Behind the mountain's top, in yonder tower
She'll sit, and, in a simple Moorish ditty,
Pour forth a strain of native melody,
That doth enchant the ravish'd hearer's soul;
Outwarbling Philomel!

Kilm. And, certain, an afternoon's song is a mighty pretty refreshment for a gentleman, who has been turning up the mould for eight hours together. But for the life of me now, I cannot guess how it will give him strength to squeeze through the fortifications of Granada.

Viro. Yet, 'tis e'en so, Kilmallock,
Briefly, to sweet Zorayda am I sworn;
And she, fair saint, to me.—Some two months back,
Worn with fatigue, and leaning on my spade,
In pensive sort, under the cork tree's boughs,
That wave beneath the sullen turret's window,
A female hand, stretch'd thro' the lattice work,
Let fall a letter to me. Thus it ran:
"I am at heart a christian:—from the slaves
"You have I singled out:—bear me from hence,
"And fortune, and Zorayda, are yours."

Kilm. Och! the creature!

Viro. Oft to her window have I stole at dusk;
When from the tower a silken cord was dropt,

And thus, in mute exchange, we have convey'd
Our written vows;—for speech were dangerous.
Her father (chief about the Moorish king,)
Holds the town's keys in charge.

Kilm. The keys?

Viro. Aye, comrade.
Our projects ripen. She has will'd me bring
A chosen friend, to back my enterprise;——
And thou art he whom I select, Kilmallock.

Kilm. 'Faith, Count Virolet, and you have chosen as handsomely as heart could desire. For the service of a fair lady, or a small matter of fighting, you may search the world over before you find any better prepared than an Irishman.

Viro. Day wears apace, and the cool evening breeze
Blows fresh and sweetly.

[ZORAYDA *is heard from the window.*
Listen!

SONG.—ZORAYDA.

Bewailing! Bewailing!
She sunk heart-broken on her pillow!
Her true love's gone,—
Cold, cold as stone:—
Poor Orra now must wear the willow.

Kilm. Och, blessings on her pretty little Moorish throat!—She warbles, for all the world, as natural as a christian.

[*A hand from the tower waves to* VIROLET.

Viro. Soft.—See; she waves me tow'rds the castle.
—Comrade,
Tarry, I prithee, near this spot awhile.
I'll cross the moat, and at the eastern gate
Try for admission,—I had near forgot—
Should Sadi pass along—the dapper Moor,

Who guards the slaves, and parcels out our labour
Draw him aside. Zorayda's entreaty,
And love the patch doth bear a female slave,
Have won him to us. Should he play the churl,
As he is wont, then be this ring thy token,
And he will soften straight. Comrade, farewell!
Now fortune be my speed! [*Exit over the drawbri*

Kilm. What a recreation it is to be in love! It the heart aching, so delicately, there's no taki a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain. Cupid, as the poets feign, is stone blind: troth, and they feign very truly: Or this lady Moor (no disparagement to the Count,) had never cast her eyes of affection on a Spaniard, and let a gentleman of Tipperary stand by without bestowing a glance on him—Yonder trots Sadi, head shepherd over the flock of slaves;—'tis near sunset, and he comes to pen us all up in the man-fold!

Enter SADI, *followed by* YUSEF *and* SELIM.

Sadi. Out on't! I am sun-roasted, like an over-ripe fig, till I am ready to drop. It looks well now, that I drudge, and you stand idle. Are not you two placed under me, you lop-ear'd knaves, you?

Selim. We are, good Sadi.

Sadi. O, cry you mercy.—It seem'd you had forgot the rule of office in all well govern'd states.

Yusef. What is it, Sadi?

Sadi. What is it, Sadi? marry, this it is, sirrah! and see you note it. When large pay is given for high employment, 'tis the head man's care to take the money, and the deputy's to do the work. Therefore, show vigilance in your humble departments of labour:—as I, like my brother great men, give example of regularity in my more lofty task of receiving the profits. Remember, 'tis the order of our master, Bulcazin Muley, that ye look narrowly to the slaves.

Selim. I did ne'er relax; I hold the christians in

mortal hate; 'tis meat and drink to me to scourge them.

Sadi. Thou hast indeed, friend, a tolerable twist that way. Thy mind is of the true Mahomet kidney, with the right savage maw of a mussulman. No man can lay to thy charge the guilt of humanity.—Go to—I have noted the diligence of your cruelty; and it shall go hard but I will so order it, that, ere long, your deserts shall be showered upon you in plentiful thickness.

Selim. I thank thee, Sadi. I shall look for thy remembrance.

Sadi. Content thee, friend. Thou shalt shortly carry the marks on't.—How now, christian—[*To Kilmallock.*]

Kilm. How now, moor!

Sadi. You must away with me—The sun is near abed.

Kilm. 'Faith, then, master Sadi, I shall e'en walk this garden, a small half hour, till he puts out his candle.

Sadi. Were I to chuse now, I would deal with a dozen blustering captives, rather than one Irish or English. There is, as it were, a sort of a native kind of a steady, cool, method of freedom about these islanders, (as if it grew to them) that keeps its dignity better than any other nation of Christendom. Come on, sir,—you must forward. [*Urging him on.*]

Kilm. Mark you me, Mr. Sadi, the moor—but you must serve me—So you are safe. Indeed, when a man's in captivity, and would seek favour of a rogue, who has two more at his back, I don't hold it altogether wise to thump him into a kindness;—so, as I would be private here,—here are a couple of doubloons (saved from the old plunderer, your master,) to leave me to my meditations.

Sadi. Why, lookye, christian—It pleased Maho-

met, and my father, when they made me, to make me a moor—My mother was an humble vassal here, coop'd up for life, like an old hen, in the castle; and they found me one morning hatch'd in Bulcazin's house, a new bit of his live property. I was brought up from the shell to the business I am put upon. It may not, haply, hit my humour to crow over the captives:—but if ever I take wing, and fly from the ground of my duty, trust me, christian, I sha'n't be tempted to it with the scanty grains thrown in my way by the necessities of the unfortunate. Put up your money, christian?

Kilm. 'Faith, and I will.—This is the best bantam of the whole black brood of Granada! and I would that every gentleman of England discharged his trust with as much honesty and feeling as my friend here of the copper complexion. You will consent then, honest fellow, to my taking a solitary trot here, without remuneration?

Sadi. I dare not. My master is severe—his servants pregnant with jealousy and suspicion. Each is ever a spy upon his fellow. Were I found negligent, upon so slight a ground too, I could not answer it; 'twere danger of my place, my life, my—[KILMALLOCK *shows the ring.*] eh——umph—oh—hum!——stand back, you knaves, or—— Zorayda! [*Whispering.*]

Kilm. Count Virolet—on to the castle. [*Whispering.*]

Sadi. Fellows, this fool's refractory—I'll along with him to our master, at the castle—Follow but to the next turning—then leave me, rogues—Ill manage him from thence, I warrant.—Why, how now, sirrah.—Face to the moat, you rogue!—Oh, what you come about, friend, do you—On, slaves, on! [*Exeunt.*

[SADI *drawing* KILMALLOCK *across the drawbridge to the castle.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Castle of BULCAZIN MULEY.

Enter BULCAZIN MULEY *and* GANEM.

Bulc. So great the Spaniard's army, say you? Why,
By Alla, Ganem, 'tis not credible.
It is a christian fiction: I've no faith in't:
I have no faith in any thing that's christian:—
It cannot be.

Ganem. It is most certain, sir.
Our spy is new returned who took their number.
Last night, with 'vantage of the cooling breeze,
That stilly fann'd the parch'd and sun-crack'd earth,
King Ferdinand (before his new-built town,
That braves our walls), in person did review
Full fifty thousand Spanish men in arms.—
Lusty and fresh:—their polish'd coats of mail
Gleam'd, in faint pride, beneath the silver moon;
Which hung, in maiden sorrow, o'er their heads,
As looking pale at man, intent on slaughter.

Bulc. Now may the pestilent dew of vaporous night
Pierce to their marrow!—Sap their hated bones!
The flagging air blow hot and moist upon them!
May the high prophet, who protects our battles,
Pour, from the ponderous and scowling clouds,
Deluge on deluge down! till the swoll'n Darro
O'erflood its limits; and the sodden christians
Rot, like starv'd carrion, in the drowned field.
What, has the King sent for me?

Ganem. Even now.—
He waits your coming, sir, at the Alhambra.

Bulc. Say I attend his bidding.—Stay; come back.—
Evermore to and fro! evermore care!
Council, dispatches, court, mosque, garrison!
Threading the city's avenues, to goad

The sluggish guard to duty; then at night,
Eves-dropping to entrap the mutineer;
Or plodding by the blue and paly lamp
In painful rumination. This it is
To be a governor—A dogged mule,
That climbs the craggy mountain with his load,
Enjoys a life of ease to't, I do envy
The vilest beast, that sweats beneath his burden;
For mine's upon the brain. Dull, thoughtless hound!
Why art not gone?

Ganem. It was your will, so please you,
To call me back again.

Bulc. O, true, good Ganem!
Go to Zorayda, my daughter;—tell her,
Ere I go forth, I fain would speak with her.

[*Exit* GANEM.

There is another toil!—to guard a daughter!
And watch the youthful shoots of disposition
In a green growing girl.
She has seem'd sad of late; but yesternoon
As I did question her, in casual talk,
When she had been at mosque, a stealing tear
Dropt from her cheek, upon my hand.—At mosque!
The silly fool is vapourish.—Her mother,
That's dead, was christian—umph!—Oh, Mahomet!
If that I thought 'twere so; my sorymetar
Should—pish! it cannot be. Sweet wench, I wrong her.

Enter ZORAYDA.

Zor. I am here, father, would you aught with me?

Bulc. Come hither, wench.—I must to the Alhambra.
Should Giaffer arrive ere my return,
There is a writing, sealed up in my cabinet,
(This is the key,) you must deliver to him.
Why dost not take it, dreamer? My Zorayda!

Art thou not well, my child? why dost thou tremble?
Zor. 'Tis, that your sternness terrifies me, father.
My heart's brimfull, when you are kind to me—
And my eyes too;—no wonder, then, I tremble,
When you speak angrily.
Bulc. My dear, dear daughter!
Cheer thee, my child! The duties, which of late
Do throng upon me, may go nigh, belike,
To make me somewhat fretful. These vile christians
Vex thy poor father sore, Zorayda.
Would it not glad thee, wench, to see these dogs
Dragg'd through our town in chains?
Zor. No, trust me, father:
For when the captives pass, that dig our garden,
Pining in wretchedness, and spirit broken,
Poor hearts! I turn my head aside, and weep,
To see a sight so piteous. Surely, father,
When Heaven made man, it never was ordained,
That he should make his fellow-creatures slaves,
And gall them with such cruelty.
Bulc. How now!
Dost lean to them! Observe me well, Zorayda—
I do misdoubt thee heavily; yea, heavily.
These christians, on whose miseries your eye,
Lavish in baby bounty, drops a tear,
Have been our nation's scourge. I could more readily
Suck poison from a cold and speckled toad,
And, as I drain'd his venom, think the bees
Distill'd their mountain honey on my lip,
Than smother in my breast that rooted hate
I bear a loathsome christian. Mark me, girl!
Thou art my heart's dear love: Do not prove changeling:
Shouldst mingle with my heart's antipathy,
Unmov'd I'd see thee drooping on a deathbed,
And let my curse fall bitter on thee. Think on't;
And so farewell! [*Exit.*
Zor. How now, Agnes?

Enter AGNES.

Agnes. Haste you, madam!—Count Virolet is uneasy at your stay.—He is stalking to and fro your chamber, to give his patience exercise. Will it please you go, madam?

Zor. Aye, wench, and further too than it may please me.
Girl, here has been my father, loud in anger:
He has so wrung me with unkindly words!
And all about these christians. Wert thou me,
What course wouldst thou follow, Agnes?

Agnes. I have but a shallow wit to advise, madam—but I would, for my own part, do like other Spanish girls, when they have opportunity.

Zor. And what do they when fathers are unkind?

Agnes. They run away, madam.

Zor. Beshrew me, now, my heart does sink within me—
Yet I can ne'er forget my mother's counsel,
As I watch'd by her on the night she died.
And there is something here that whispers me
I shall not be at peace till I am christian.
Should Virolet's entreaty, and the harshness
I meet with here at home, hasten my flight,
Wouldst follow with me, Agnes?

Agnes. Follow you! O, the Virgin! It shows little love to follow you into liberty—'Would I had the means to show more!

Zor. Wherefore, good Agnes!

Agnes. Because you have been kind to me. I was brought here a slave, torn from my poor old father. My heart had broke with sorrow, but for you, lady. You took me to you, and dried the tears, that ran trickling down my face, with words of comfort and compassion. My fortunes have been always humble, lady; but I can be grateful and trusty; and I should be weary of my life, if I forgot to love those, whose

charity and goodness had preserved it. I would follow you through the world, lady.

Zor. Sweet heart, I thank thee! listen to me, Agnes.
My father will return anon; meanwhile,
(A chance which never may befal again)
I have his cabinet in charge—he keeps
The key in't of the little western gate,
Through which, in private, he is wont to pass
Forth from the city. Virolet has moved me
With reasons strong, and honey-sweet persuasion.
We must away to-night.

Agnes. To-night, lady!

Zor. Or never, girl.

Agnes. What—and unprotected, madam?

Zor. No, Agnes; Virolet will guard us.

Agnes. True, madam; yet he is but one—and in the night, madam, I am apt to feel dishcartened. I could wish now—

Zor. What, girl?

Agnes. Why of a truth, then, madam, if Sadi went with us, methinks I should feel more valiant.

Zor. Take heed, good Agnes;—search thy bosom well:
Nor draw this half-converted moor along
To swell thy giddy pride, and woman's lightness.
My purposes are pure and solemn, Agnes:—
Did not a holy light direct my course,
Not all the love which I do bear to Virolet
Could tear me from a father:—therefore, Agnes,
Probe to thy heart; if thou dost find it steady
Unto this moor, bring him away with thee;
Else sully not my sacred enterprise
With ill-beseeming levity. Anon,
Thou'lt find me in my chamber. [*Exit.*

Agnes. What a world of pains it saves to have one's mind ready made up to be married at short notice! I had lost, else, the time for my journey, in debating

on the fitness of my company. Heigho! I would my Sadi were a shade lighter. No slave-driver in all Granada has a sweeter disposition. Father Sebastian, a captive here, good soul! says, that when a moor turns christian, faith will work any thing—I wonder if it ever whitens the skin.—'Bating his complexion, Sadi is a proper man, with the best curl'd hair of any in Spain.—'Would the evening muster were over, and the guard placed for the night!

SONG.

When the hollow drum has beat to bed;
When the little fifer hangs his head;
Still and mute,
The Moorish flute,
And nodding guards watch wearily;
Then will we,
From prison free,
March out by moonlight cheerily

When the Moorish cymbals clash by day;
When the brazen trumpets shrilly bray;
The slave, in vain,
May then complain.
Of tyranny and knavery.
Would he know,
His time to go,
And slily slip from slavery——

'Tis when the hollow drum has beat to bed;
When the little fifer hangs his head;
Still and mute,
the Moorish flute,
And nodding guards watch wearily.
O then must we,
From prison free,
March out by moonlight, cheerily!

Enter SADI.

Sadi. Hist! hist! Agnes!—whither away?

Agnes. Sadi!—I was going to the lady Zorayda. Thou art come to my very wish.

Sadi. To see what luck is!—That the appearance of a man moor should tickle thus the inclinations of a little she christian!—Didst really wish to see me, Agnes?

Agnes. You have been always welcome to me, Sadi;—ever since you brought me the little purse of piastres, to send to my father, who is in want. Though the lady Zorayda's bounty prevented my taking it, I love thee for thy heart, dearly, Sadi.

Sadi. I doubt now, whether that be not the best thing about a man that a wench can take a fancy to, after all. Should a knave, that could be flinty-hearted to a poor girl in distress, fall in my way, and propose to chop natures with me, I would not change with him, tho' his face were as white as a cauliflower. Kiss me, Agnes: [*Kisses her.*]—Tis thus I have been converted.

Agnes. Nay, now.

Sadi. By the mass, 'tis true. Had forty fat monks fail'd in preaching Mahomet out of me, thy lips, Agnes, would convince me.

Agnes. Pr'ythee, listen—the lady Zorayda will away to-night.

Sadi. I guess'd as much.

Agnes. Aye, marry, why so?

Sadi. There is a captive waits now for Count Virolet—his sworn friend—who is to be partner in the flight. He seems well fitted for danger and secrecy. He is both brawny and faithful. I had brought him hither, but I was told you were here, Agnes.

Agnes. Well, Sadi, thou know'st I am trusted with all.

Sadi. True:—but, to be plain, he is of the Irish

nation; and when a man would talk business with a female, those of his country are noted for taking off her attention.

Agnes. Out on thee! thou wouldst turn jealous shortly. Well, night is near; and when I am away with the lady Zorayda, thou wilt think kinder of me.

Sadi. How!—what!—what, dost thou go with her, Agnes?

Agnes. Surely.

Sadi. What, and leave——umph!

Agnes. Wouldst have me tarry behind when my good lady is in danger, and lose too the means of freedom? Thou know'st that—why what is it ails thee, Sadi?—art not well?

Sadi. Yes—nothing—'tis a—'tis the cholic, Agnes. To-night, said you?

Agnes. Aye, Sadi:—and here—I have a little rosary; you shall keep it for my sake: let me tie it on thy neck—So—thou'lt think of me now sometimes, when thou look'st at it, Sadi?

Sadi. Agnes, I—I cannot well speak at present. I thought we had bid fair to stick together through life. I will not upbraid you. Alla bless you, Agnes! and should you meet a lighter-skinn'd lover, may he be as fond and as faithful as the poor dusky fellow you leave broken-hearted behind you!

Agnes. Nay, but Sadi—

Sadi. Farewell! I look'd shortly to have been taken to be christen'd, had you prov'd steady to me; I am now neither moor nor catholic: and should thy unkindness wear me to the grave, I can claim little better than pye-bald burial. Go, Agnes, and happiness be with you!

Agnes. And when I go a step without you, Sadi, may I never know what 'tis to be happy again!

Sadi. Eh!

Agnes. O my poor, dear Sadi!—forgive the pain I

have put thee to; but you seem'd jealous of me, Sadi; and in punishing you for't, beshrew me now, but I have punish'd myself.

Sadi. Now could I be displeased in my turn, were I not glad to be angry. Your hand, Agnes.—I have offended, and thou carry'st the whip. Do not fear finding me guilty again; for thou hast now laid it on so tightly, that were I to live a thousand years, the smart on't would never out of my memory.

Agnes. Comfort thee, Sadi. The lady Zorayda has consented that thou shouldst along with me. Liberty is now before me, and as thou lovest me, let us away. Prepare thee quickly, for night is coming on.

Sadi. Farewell, master! I will pack up strait. With five years' pay, a true heart, three shirts, christianity in my head, and thee under my arm, will I, this night, take a long leave of Granada. Hang care, and a guitar at thy back, Agnes, and we'll jog merrily over the mountains into Andalusia.

DUET.—SADI AND AGNES.

Sadi. *O! happy tawney moor!—when you, love,*
Climb the mountain with your true love,
Will you by the way
The music play?
Your sweet guitar a tinkling, Sadi
Listens to his Spanish lady.
Tang, tanki, tanki, tang, tang,
Tanki, tanki, tay.

Agnes. *O! bonny tawney moor! together,*
As we brave the wind and weather,
Won't you, by the way,
From Agnes stray?
While their guitars are tinkling, Sadi,
Love no other Spanish lady.
Tang, tanki, tanki, tang, tang,
Tanki, tanki, tay.

Sadi. *Cease, pretty Agnes, cease;—no beauty*
E'er could draw me from my duty.
Let them all the day
Their music play.
Agnes. *Then my guitar a tinkling, Sadi,*
Follow now, your Spanish lady.
Tang, tanki, tanki, tang, tang,
Tanki, tanki, tay.

BOTH.

Agnes. *Then my guitar, &c.*
Sadi. *Her sweet guitar a tinkling, Sadi*
Follows now his Spanish lady.
Tang, tanki, tanki, tang, tang,
Tanki, tanki, tay.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Bavarambla, or Marketplace, in the town of Granada.

Enter the Moorish Guard, Officers, &c. with Standard and Pikes.

Pacha. Ali Beg!

Ali. Here my Pacha.

Pacha. Ali, having, this day, raised thee from the ranks, 'tis fit I do commend the care with which thou hast drawn forth the soldiery. How long hast thou born arms, Ali?

Ali. Five and twenty years, so please you, the last moon of Moharam.

Pacha. And see, thou'art now promoted. Mark, Ali, the advantage of the mussulman army. While the worn out catholic soldier retires, that a younger man may fill his place, then is the happy moor advanced to all the glorious fatigues of duty. His aching bones never draw upon him the neglect of his officer; —who heaps threefold employment upon his aged

shoulders, in reward of his past service!—Thou hast now, Ali, the full pay of thy deceased predecessor.

Ali. Thy slave thanks thee, noble Pacha!

Pacha. Out of which, Ali, thou hast simply to maintain his four widows, left behind him.—Bless thyself, Ali, that thou art born to fight under moorish leaders; who are distinguished by such charity, as is never thought of in a christian army. Is each man here according to the roll?

Ali. All.

Pacha. I will first address them:—then, Ali, march them to their posts for the night.—Moors and soldiers! under the renowned Mahomet Boabdili Chilquito, King of Granada! 'Tis the regard of your commander now cautions you, that you relax not from your charge. My tenderness bids you be vigilant through the night; that ye may 'scape the bow-string, to which I should, otherwise, sentence you in the morning. The true soldier thinks his duty a pleasure: and none of you, my honest fellows, on pain of death, shall forego the pleasure of your duty. The Spaniards, who besiege us are christians. You are moors. Remember, then, you fight in the cause of your religion:—maintain its amiable doctrines to the last, and show your enemies no mercy!—Now to your watch:—Where, out of kindness, I forbid you to fortify your stomachs against the raw air of the night:—for he who lifts wine to his mouth, my worthy friends, speedily loses his head.—Strike and away.

GRAND CHORUS OF MOORISH SOLDIERS.

The sun is sunk:—and from afar,
See the bright pale evening star!
Soon the wolf begins to prowl;
Soon the shrilly screeching owl
Through the air her deathwing claps,
And at the sick man's window flaps.

While on the rampart strong and steep,
Their silent watch the sentries keep,
Hark to the heavy rolling drum!
The hour of nightly duty's come.
Lusty moors! obey command!
March to your posts, and take your stand!
March! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The inside of a Venta or Spanish Inn, in Andalusia.

A stable door in the back scene—over it a hayloft.—A lamp against the Wall—A fire in the midst of the room.—LOPE TOCHO *and* MULETEERS *discovered, drinking.*

Tocho. Bravely pull'd, gallants! and merrily! Of all the worthy tuggers at a bottle, give me your noble gentlemen carriers!—who wile away the heavy hours in the amusing exercise of driving mules over the mountains.

1*st Mul.* Certain, mine host, in respect to deep drinking, we muleteers have hard heads.

Tocho. Nay, that ye have. Ye are a pack of the hardest heads of any in Spain.

2*d Mul.* Harkye, Lope Tocho, mine host.

Tocho. What say you, signior?

2*d Mul.* Methinks, the kid you gave us at supper, had somewhat of an unsavoury smell with it. It did, as it were, stink most abominably.

Tocho. I know not well how that could be, Signior! for I have bestowed wondrous pains on it these three weeks past, to keep it sweet. For delicate eating, and

right Malaga, there is not an inn can match me between this and Antequera—No, verily, not one.

3d Mul. 'Tis a wild road thither.

Tocho. You will not set eyes on a house till you reach the town, signior. 'Tis some league and a half, over the mountains; and affords, truly, but indifferent accommodation. Here's to your good entertainment on the way, signiors. [*Drinks.*]

1st Mul. Hast any news stirring in these parts, honest Lope?

Tocho. War, gentlemen—War with the Moors—we are here on the skirts of their kingdom of Granada—and in the very heart of those skirts, as I may say, King Ferdinand of Castile and Arragon, does now most closely stick. Saint Jago be his speed, say I! I could never away with these infidels. Theirs must needs be a devil of a religion that forbids the drinking of wine.

2d Mul. One cup to the christian cause, mine host!

Tocho. Right willingly—Confusion to the barbarous Moors!—and may the King of a christian people never want loving subjects to drink his prosperity, and give the enemies of humanity a drubbing! [*All drink.*]

4th Mul. I pr'ythee, Perez, as we pass'd through Cordova, didst bethink thee to get my packsaddle mended for the blind mule?

3d Mul. Truly, brother, I cared not to pay five good reals, when I may never chance to see them again.

4th Mul. [*Starting up.*] Santa Maria! Reflect on the honour of a Spaniard! Death and my mustachios! Thou shalt not live. [*Draws his Stiletto.*

Tocho. [*Interposing.*] Nay, gentlemen!——Here's goodly work! Sweet signior of the mules! you mistake him. Honour is a delicate matter—he could not mean it: Noble driver of the beasts, be pacified.

4th Mul. Wound my integrity! 'tis dearer to a Spaniard than life. This affront cannot be mended.

Tocho. It shall, honourable signior! and your pack-saddle too.——Good friend, throw the cold water of your repentance on the fire of his anger. Come, 'twas a hasty speech: say so, and be friends.

3d Mul. Well, I——I meant not to wound his honour.

Tocho. See there, now!

4th Mul. I—I am content:——But remember, in future, brother, what is due to a Spaniard. Insult him, and he will compass the globe for revenge. Your hand: my honour is satisfied: we will clean our mules together, in fellowship, as usual.

Tocho. By our Lady, 'tis sensibly said! many a noble life has been lost, on a point of honour—no more difficult to be settled than this! another cup to drown animosity.

1st Mul. Content, and then to rest. 'Tis deep midnight, and we must rise betimes, on our way to Ubeda.

Tocho. Mass, you muleteers, in the way of pleasant travelling, have a wearisome life of it.

1st Mul. The grandee, mine host, that sleeps upon down, dreams little of our hardships. Yet we can be merry, too. Let us troll a round, and, then, go stretch on the straw.

GLEE.

Mul. *You high-born Spanish noblemen, you dons and cavaliers!*
Ah little do you think upon the lowly muleteers!
To earn an honest livelihood, what toils, what cares we know.
Small our gain, great our pain,
O'er the hill, o'er the plain,
Parch'd with heat, drench'd with rain,
Still the muleteer must go!

When darkness overtakes us, our mules to droop begin;
Fatigu'd and spent, what joy we feel to reach the wish'd-for inn!
We drain the wine cag jollily, we toss it to and fro:—
While to sleep, as we creep,
Maritornes may weep,
That, when day-light does peep,
Then the Muleteer must go.

[*A knocking at the door of the Venta.—A voice calls without,* "Soho! within there ho!"]

Tocho. Travellers, by Saint Dominick!—and, by the noise, of authority. Perequillo! [*Knocking again.*] 'tis ever thus.—I never knew your great man on the wrong side of the house, that ceased his clamour till he got in!

Enter PEREQUILLO.

Perequillo, look to the gate. Signiors, a good rest. That way to your straw-chamber, gentlemen. [*Pointing to the stable door.*]

1*st Mul.* 'Tis fit we be called betimes, mine host.

Tocho. Perequillo, knock at the gentlemen's stable-door by daybreak.

[*Knocking still—Muleteers go into the stable.* Out, you gaping rogue, run to the gate!

Pere. These travellers rob a good fellow of more sleep than the musquitos. [*Exit.*

Tocho. I fear me, the tough old cock will never crow "day-light" again. Six years has he served me for a dial; and now must I twist his neck, to give these gallants a supper. Truth is, we are marvellously scanty of provisions.

Enter FLORANTHE, *dressed as a Cavalier, leaning on* ROQUE.

Roque. So—cheerily I warrant!—Come, a seat now quickly. Bestir, bestir!

Tocho. Is not his worship well?

Roque. Cannot your worship see?—a chair you ——[TOCHO *brings a chair.*] So!

Flor. [*Sitting down.*] I faint, almost, with weariness.

Roque. Plague on your dark nights, and foul ways!—why dost not mend them?

Tocho. Truly, gentlemen, there be those, in this quarter, that might better the foul ways—but, for mending the dark nights, we are, I do confess, ill furnished with workmen.

Roque. Art furnished with a good bed, friend?

Tocho. The best in Spain. We are much and nobly frequented here, Signior—we have, this night, a company of some twenty.

Roque. A murrain light on them! then they have occupied the bedchamber.

Tocho. Why, as luck would have it, they repose in the stable. Each traveller, signior, to his fancy.

Flor. I would to rest, friend.—We have journey'd far:

At sun-rise, we must needs set forth again.
I am nigh sinking with fatigue!

Roque. No wonder, poor heart!—My master's nag, friend, is the roughest pacing beast in Spain. 'Twould tire a devil.

Tocho. Would not the signior cavalier please to refresh? I have the remains of a kid that is delicious—and we are noted here for chicken.

Flor. Oh! I do loath the very name of food.

Tocho. Loath food?—This is a mighty simple youth!

Flor. Prepare my chamber, friend, and fear not you.
Though I betake me supperless to bed,
I will content thee (for I know the custom)
As I had banqueted.

Tocho. The youth is not altogether so simple as I

thought him. Signior Hidalgo, your chamber shall be prepared straight. For an excellent supper, if you eat it not, 'tis your loss; which is hard: if you pay for it not, 'tis mine; which is harder—for I am a poor man, sir, that would willingly grow richer.

Roque. Away, you knave! and obey orders; see to the chamber—look to the horses, and return, anon, with some wine: my master is faint with travel.

Tocho. I shall, friend. This now must be a delicate bit of smock-fac'd nobility. Should Providence rain beards, 'twould do no harm to his face if his chin were thrust out in the shower. [*Exit.*

Flor. Now tell me, Roque,—how far is't to the mountain?

Roque. We are nigh the foot on't, lady—we had founder'd by the way else. Heaven rest those tender joints! for they must needs ache with jolting thus from Seville.

Flor. I care but little for my aching limbs,
Did not my heart ache with them. The encounter
We look will follow this same pilgrimage
Makes me most sad, and heavy.

Roque. 'Tis strange, now, the labour some will undergo to encounter melancholy! and truly, I left Don Octavian in poor plight to amend the spirits of those who wish him well. What between love and loneliness, by living in the woods, he is clean an alter'd man.

Flor. Was't in the wild part of the mountain, Roque,
Where late you saw Octavian?

Roque. Good faith, in the very bosom, here of the Sierra de Ronda. With a full heart, and an empty bottle, was I trudging from Granada to Seville—to bring the sad news of my master, Count Violet, your ladyship's brother, being taken by the Moors; when in crossing the mountain, here, among other game started

by the way, I at last put up a man—(Don Octavian, as your ladyship knows) who sprung from a thicket, and flew from my sight like a wild duck.

Flor. Alas, for pity! after twelve long months,
To meet him thus again! Now hear me, Roque—
I think thou art attach'd to all our house;
For I have heard my late lost father say,
Ere thou couldst lisp thy service had begun in't.

Roque. If my mother's word may pass, lady, I held my first birthday in't up four pair of stairs, in the right-hand garret that looks over the fish-pond: And if ever I prove thankless for being born in the one, I would I might, that moment, be dragg'd through the other.

Flor. I do believe thee, Roque:—therefore, good fellow,
To-morrow, when we seek this mountain's gloom,
Should any ill befal,—and Heaven knows
What may befall me!——

Roque. What! Donna Floranthe! and I with you? —They must fight hard, lady, that would harm you. —And you take the road to dying, madam, by your leave I must go foremost.

Flor. I would not have it so, good Roque. Live thou,
Whate'er betide, to tell my simple story.
Lest slander blot a luckless maiden's fame,
And no one left to clear her memory.

Roque. Truly, madam, I am the worst teller of a story of any in Spain. I can only say, that my old master, your father, bid you love Don Octavian; but as old gentlemen will sometimes change their minds, he, after a while, charged you to love another—which ill suiting Don Octavian's humour, he fairly ran his rival through the body; fled in despair: and had'nt been heard of for a twelvemonth—till I started him here in the woods; when coming to tell you the

news, I found my old master (rest his soul!) at peace; you single; the wounded man recovered, and married to a rich one-eyed widow of Salamanca.

Flor. 'Twill be a faithful history, old soldier.

Roque. I trust not, madam: for I shall then proceed to specify, that you went forth in search of your lover, and died by the way: which I hope, saving your presence, will be one of the roundest lies that ever found passage thro' the mouth of a soldier.

Enter LOPE TOCHO—*with a Bottle and Glass.*

Flor. Now, friend, hast thou prepar'd my chamber?

Tocho. 'Twould ha' done your heart good to see the warmingpan slide between the white sheets; you will sleep in air'd snow, signior. Would it please you take a whet, ere you creep betwixt em?

[*Offering the Wine.*

Flor. Not a drop, host; I will to rest: and, Roque, Get thee to bed. We must away at dawn, host. Refresh thee, Roque,—and so good night good fellow. [*Exit.*

Tocho. Do you not follow your master, to help him undress, friend?

Roque. That is my business, friend.

Tocho. By our Lady, I never found a gentleman know his own business better, and do it worse! What may thy master be, friend?

Roque. That is *his* business, friend: but for me I am a soldier: and have learnt somewhat in the wars.

Tocho. Aye, marry—I would fain know what 'tis.

Roque. 'Tis when I see a knave thrust his nose into the business of another, to tweak it very lustily.

Tocho. Signior, I do reverence a soldier—but I never cared much to see him go through his manœuvres.

Roque. Follow, I shall to the loft, and turn in, an

hour or two. Bring the bottle after me, and place it on the hay-truss, where I lay me down.

[*Exit up the ladder into the loft.*

Tocho. And if I carry my countenance near the finger and thumb of such a nose-tweaker again, I would my face might want a handle ever after. Oons! I shall dream of nothing, all night, but the huge paw of a trooper—Tweak! well—let him but lie one hour in the loft, and he'll be the best flea-bitten bully in Andalusia. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Sierra de Ronda.

Enter VIROLET, ZORAYDA, *and* KILMALLOCK.

Vir. Love, not a word? Good faith, it is no wonder.
Thou must be sadly worn, Zorayda!
Sleep hangs upon those pretty eyes of thine,
And dulls their lustre. Art not wondrous weary?

Zor. The spirit, christian, that did prompt my flight,
Will give me strength, I warrant, to endure it.
'Twere evil in me to forget my father.—
But, were he now less heavy on my thoughts,
I should be found a stouter traveller.

Kilm. What a sweet little moor it is!—Och! she can never be her father's daughter. By Saint Dominick, Count, this same escaping from fatiguing work is mighty hard labour!

Vir. A few leagues more, and we shall reach the town
That skirts this mountain.—There, to horse again;
And thence to Seville: to my friends, Zorayda!
Where the strong power of our holy church
Shall seal my title to the sweetest convert,

That ever yet abjured her heresy,
And shelter'd in its bosom.

Zor. 'Would we were there! for though I have been told
Your duty teaches patience to the sufferer,
I fear this painful march may make me peevish;
And that were sinful. Do not mock me, love;
But I shall prove, I doubt, a sorry christian.

Kilm. Oh, faith, you'll be as good as the best. I never knew a young christian lady, yet, that was not impatient when she was going to be married.—Well, this mountain is what they call the Sierra de Ronda —close to the borders of Andalusia—here we are in the middle of it—with as fine a prospect of a dark night, as a traveller would wish to look round upon.

Vir. 'Would our companions were come up! 'tis strange
They loiter thus.—

Zor. I tremble in these wilds,
For my poor Agnes.

Kilm. And that copper devil, Sadi, too! Certain now, our horses founder'd at the foot of the mountain, that he might stay behind to look after them:—and the girl sat down, weeping, by his side, to help him.

Zor. Poor wench! her heart is stored with kindness.

Kilm. Och it's brimful. But this is the first time I ever heard squatting down to cry was the way to help a man to pull horses out of the mire.

Vir. Wilt forwards, sweet? or shall we tarry for them?

Zor. Sooth, I am weary now—Yet I could on—
And yet I could not.—Shall I tell thee, love;—
I could not leave this honest wench behind,
And sleep in quiet. She is humble born;
But trust me, christian, I do see no cause
Why I should blush in feeling for the lowly.
The peasant, pining, on his bed of straw,

Should draw as warm a tear from melting pity,
As when a monarch suffers.

Vir. Lovely excellence!
Virtue, all sweet before, steals o'er thy lip
As the soft breeze that bends the modest rose,
Grown sweeter in its passage. Thou may'st preach,
When rigid schoolmen fail, and win with gentleness;
Cause even shame to spread the proud man's cheek,
And make the world in love with charity.

[*Drums beat at a distance.*

Hark! heard you not a distant drum, Kilmallock?

Kilm. 'Faith, and it is a drum! It does a soldier's heart good to hear it thump—though to be sure, now, it is not quite so convenient. These Moors, though they are most of 'em penned up in Granada, keep skirmishing and trotting about all over the province. Friends or enemies, it isn't civil in 'em to keep a clatter at this time o'night, and disturb us lodgers in the mountain.

Zor. I sink with terror.

Kilm. Nay, that you shall not. It never shall be said, that a woman sunk in the hour of distress while a man stands by that can hold up her chin.

Zor. Let us not forward now, 'beseech you, Virolet:
Trust me there's danger in't.—Poor Agnes too!
Seek me some covert in this tufted mountain,
Where till the day appears, I may repose,
And rest in safety.

Vir. Come, Zorayda!
And the next bank, o'ercanopied with trees,
Must now, perforce, be thy rude lodging, sweet!
I, and my comrade, will watch near thee, cheerly;
So—cheerly! All will yet be well.

[*Exeunt* VIROLET *and* ZORAYDA.

Kilm. I'll hover about here, as an out-post. When a man watches in the dark, by himself, on a mountain, he's rather apt to be lonesome; but if he chances

to be upon duty there, to serve a friend, and guard female innocence, he needs but call in his own thoughts, to be in mighty agreeable company. This love makes havoc with man, woman, and child! tho' of a truth, the passion is somewhat blunted in me, since I left Tipperary.

SONG.—KILMALLOCK.

At sixteen years old, you could get little good of me;
Then I saw Norah,—who soon understood of me,
I was in love—but myself, for the blood of me,
Could not tell what I did ail.
'Twas dear, dear! what can the matter be!
Och! blood an ouns! what can the matter be!
Och, Gramachree! what can the matter be!
Bother'd from head to the tail.

I went to confess me to Father O'Flannagan;
Told him my case—made an end—then began again:—
Father, says I, make me soon my own man again,
If you find out what I ail.
Dear, dear! says he, what can the matter be!
Och! blood an ouns! can't you tell what can the matter be?
Both cried out—what can the matter be!
Bother'd from head to the tail.

Soon I fell sick—I did bellow and curse again,—
Norah took pity to see me at nurse again:
Gave me a kiss;—Och, zounds! that threw me worse again!
Well she knew what I did ail:—
But dear, dear! says she, what can the matter be!
Och! blood an ouns! my lass, what can the matter be!
Both cried out—what can the matter be!
Bother'd from head to the tail.

'Tis long ago now since I left Tipperary.—
How strange, growing older, our nature should vary!
All symptoms are gone of my ancient quandary—
I cannot tell now what I ail.

Dear, dear! what can the matter be!
Och, blood an ouns! what can the matter be!
Och, Gramachree! what can the matter be!
I'm bother'd from head to the tail. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Sierra de Ronda. In one part of the scene, a Cave, overgrown with bushes: in another, a rude bank, with stumps of trees. [*Day-break.*]

Enter two GOATHERDS.

1*st Goath.* See, yonder, where day peeps. Here is the cave, father; hang your wine-keg at the mouth on't, and then away to tend our goats.

2*d Goath.* Poor gentleman! a sup on't may cheer his heart. [*Hangs the keg at the mouth of the cave.*] 'Tis sorry lodging to be tenant of this cave for a twelvemonth, as he has been, and trust to Providence, and us Goatherds, for board. That a civil, well favoured, cavalier should come to this pass!

1*st Goath.* Civil! plague on him! When a' met me, i'the dusk, as a' straggled a league from this, a' snatch'd a brown loaf from my hand, and gave me a shower of thwacks on the shoulders for payment.

2*d Goath.* Alas! boy, that was in his mood:—his melancholy. 'Twill, as thou know'st, trouble him sore at times; but it rarely lasts.

1*st Goath.* Flesh! I know 'twill at times trouble others—and the soreness lasts a week after it. What affairs should call a melancholy gentleman, like him, to our wild mountains?

2*d Goath.* Diego, I do think I have hit on't.—I do think 'tis love has put him beside himself. Ask thy mother, boy, when she cross'd me in wooing, how I would sometimes start from reason.

1*st Goath.* Troth, father, you have that trick still. I fear me, you have been ill cured.

2d Goath. Out graceless!—Hush!—dost not hear him stir?

1st Goath. Nay then—come away, father; and leave your charity behind you!—an he should be in his mood now, we might as well meet the devil. Run, old man, or melancholy will cudgel thee.—Away, father! Away! [*Exeunt.*

Enter OCTAVIAN. [*From the cave.*]

Octa. I cannot sleep.—The leaves are newly pull'd,
And, as my burning body presses them,
Their freshness mocks my misery.—That frets me—
And then I could outwatch the lynx. 'Tis dawn.—
Thou hot and roiling sun! I rise before thee!
For I have twice thy scorching flames within me,
And am more restless. Now to seek my willow,
That droops his mournful head across the brook:
He is my kalendar; I'll score his trunk
With one more long, long, day of solitude!
I shall lose count, else, in my wretchedness;
And that were pity.—O Octavian!
Where are the times thy ardent nature painted,
When fortune smil'd upon thy lusty youth,
And all was sunshine?—Where the look'd-for years,
Gaily bedeck'd with fancy's imagery,
When the high blood ran frolic through thy veins,
And boyhood made thee sanguine?—Let them vanish—
Prosperity's a cheat—Despair is honest?
And will stick by me steadily—I'll hug it—
Will glut on't—why, the greybeard tore her from me
Even in my soul's fond dotage, Oh! 'tis pastime
To see men, now, tug at each other's hearts:
I fear not—for my strings are crack'd already.
I will go prowl—but look I meet no fathers.
Now, willow!—O Floranthe!

Enter SADI *and* AGNES.

Sadi. A plague on all horses, mountains, and quagmires!—nay, keep a good heart, Agnes! Of all the roads to christianity, this is the vilest that ever good fellow travell'd. How fares it, Agnes?

Agnes. O, Sadi! I shall never live through this mountain.

Sadi. Nay, I warrant we'll do well. Do not flag: Do not give way, thus, for my sake. Consider I must support you, Agnes,—and to see you thus, I can scarce support myself. I have had my load of vexation ere now—but this is the first time I ever carried double; and I know not well how to bear it.

Agnes. Good faith, I do my best, Sadi—and I have one comfort left me still.

Sadi. Aye, I warrant—what is it, Agnes?

Agnes. Why, you are with me, Sadi—should fatigue wear me, and should I die in these wilds, you would close the eyes of your poor Agnes;—and I should go in peace, with one near me who has been so faithful to me.

Sadi. No, truly, Agnes, I could never do thee that office. Close thy eyes! I should have so much need to lift the napkin to my own, I could never see to perform it. What, thou art not faint, Agnes?

Agnes. Trust me, very faint, Sadi:—and sick—sick at heart.

Sadi. With fasting, poor soul! These mountains would teaze hunger into a fever: there are eatables perch'd upon every bush, but not a morsel that isn't alive.

Agnes. Fainter and fainter!

Sadi. Rest you on this clump, Agnes—and if any thing may be found near us, to comfort thee, I'll fight for it through a—eh! a cave! and a keg hung at the mouth on't.—[*Takes it down.*]—Wine, by the Koran! To see what Providence will do for a christian! Were

a mussulman fainting to death, this is the first thing Mahomet would kick out of his way. Drink, drink, Agnes! and much good may it do thy little heart!—[*Holds the keg to her mouth.*]—How dost now?

Agnes. Sooth, it has cheered me; but—

Sadi. Well?

Agnes. Will not you drink, too, Sadi?

Sadi. Now does conscience make a stir within me, to know whether I am qualified to sup this liquor, or not. Dost think, Agnes, I am christian enough, yet, to venture?

Agnes. Go to, man, thou needest it; and there is much virtue in good wine.

Sadi. Nay, an' there be virtue in't—[*Drinks.*]—by Saint Francis, Agnes, thy religion is marvellous comfortable! Would we were safe settled in Andalusia! I shall make as chopping a subject for a christening as ever nurse put into the hands of a friar. Can'st journey onward, think you, Agnes?

Agnes. Shall we overtake the Lady Zorayda?

Sadi. Nay, that's hopeless. We are bewildered here in the woods; and must e'en give up thoughts of seeing her, till we reach Seville.

Agnes. Heaven send the dear lady be safe! I would fain then rest me, Sadi: for, in sooth, my legs fail me sadly.

Sadi. And here stands a cave, yawning, as it would invite sleep. In, Agnes, and I'll keep guard.

Agnes. You will not quit me now?

Sadi. I would quit life first.

[*Puts* AGNES *into the cave.*

Enter OCTAVIAN.

Octa. How now?

Sadi. This, now, by the costliness of his robes, must be lord of this mansion. What would you?

Octa. I would pass——

Deep in yon cave, to hide me from the sun,
His rising beams have tipt the trees with gold—
He gladdens men—but I do bask in sorrow.
Give way!

Sadi. Mark you—I do respect sorrow too much to do it wilful injury. I am a moor, 'tis true—that is, I am not quite a christian—but I never yet saw man bending under misfortune, that I did not think it pleasure to lighten his load. Strive to pass here, and I must add blows to *your* burden;—and that might haply break your back: for, to say truth, I have now a treasure in this cave, that, while I can hinder it, sorrow shall never come nigh.

Octa. Death! Must I burrow here with brutes, and find
My haunts broke in upon! my cares disturb'd!
Reptile! I'll dash thy body o'er the rocks,
And leave thee to the vultures.

Sadi. Friend, you'll find me too tough to be serv'd up to 'em. [*They struggle*—AGNES *rushes from the cave between them.*]

Agnes. O Sadi;—for my sake!—Gentlemen!—hold!

Octa. Woman!

Sadi. Aye; and touch her at your peril.

Octa. Not for the worth of worlds. Thou lovest her?—Mark—
He, who would cut the knot that does entwine,
And link two loving hearts in unison,
May have man's form;—but at his birth,—be sure on't—
Some devil thrust sweet nature's hand aside,
Ere she had pour'd her balm within his breast,
To warm his gross and earthy mould with pity.

Sadi. This fellow now is like a great melon:—with a rough outside, and much sweetness under it. It seems as thou wert sent, ragged ambassador, here, from a strange nation, to treat with the four-foot ci-

tizens of this mountain:—and as we are unknown in these parts, we will e'en throw ourselves on thy protection.

Octa. Some paces hence there is a goatherd's cot, Begirt with brake, and bush—and weather-proof—

Agnes. Let us thither, Sadi.

Sadi. Content.

Octa. I'll lead thee to't: for I am high in office In Cupid's Cabinet:—I bear the torch Before the little god; and 'tis my care To shield from peril true love's votaries.

Sadi. I knew he was a great man—but I never heard mention before of such a place of dignity.—Along, good fellow! and we'll follow thee.

Octa. They shall not part you:—for I know what 'tis,
When worldly knaves step in, with silver beards,
To poison bliss, and pluck young souls asunder.—
Oh! wander, boundless love, across the wild!
Give thy free passion scope, and range the wilderness!
Crib not thyself in cities—for 'tis there
The thrifty, grey, philosopher inhabits,
To check thy glowing impulse in his child.
Gain is the old man's god; he offers up
His issue to't,—and mercenary wedlock
Murders his offspring's peace.—They murder'd mine—
They tore it from my bosom by the roots,
And with it pluck'd out hope! Well, well, no matter—
Despair burns high within me, and its fire
Serves me for heart, to keep my clay in motion.—
Follow my footsteps.

Agnes. Out, alas! his wits are turn'd. Do not venture with him, Sadi; he will do us a mischief.

Sadi. Truly the tenement of his brain seems somewhat out of repair. Wilt lead us safe, now?

Octa. Be sure on't.

Sadi. Tuck thyself under my arm, Agnes. Now out, scimetar!—Bring us to this same Goatherd's, and

thou shalt have the best acknowledgments gratitude can give thee. If thou venturest to harm *her*—[*Pointing to* AGNES.]—I'll quickly stir the fire in thy bosom thou talkest of, and this shall serve for the poker. [*Showing the scimetar.*

Octa. Should the gaunt wolf cross lovers in their path,
I'd rend his rugged jaws, and he should bay
The moon no more with howling. Thread the thicket——
Follow love's messenger. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Goatherds, and Spanish pastoral characters, male and female.

3*d Goath.* On, brother goatherds! by the mass, 'tis broad day! and the blazing sun cries sluggard upon us. Up to the pens. Our goats will choke else—they have needed drink an hour ago.

4*th Goath.* Troth, brother, and so have we. When man has a call for refreshment, 'tis but fit beast should tarry till his better be serv'd before him. We have walk'd a good half league from home—let us wet our whistles, and then we will think on the horns and long beards of our old cuckoldy cattle.

SONG AND CHORUS OF GOATHERDS.

1st Man. *Brother goatherd, mark you me?*
Pledge me, when I drink to thee.
Let us drain the skins of wine,
Till our ruby noses shine.
Mountain grapes, and mountain cheer,
Warm the merry mountaineer.

2d Man. *Let us push the wine about,*
Till the last, last drop is out:
Then each Spanish man go
And dance the Fandango—

When jigging with lasses,
How sweet the time passes,
When mountain grapes, and mountain cheer
Have warm'd the merry mountaineer!

Woman. *Sluggish goatherds, haste away!*
The drooping cattle mourn your stay.
Labour, till the sloping sun
Tells you, that your work is done;
Then your rough brows with chaplets deck,
And trimly dance to the rebeck;
Then each Spanish man go
And move the Fandango—
When jigging with lasses,
How sweet the time passes,
When work is done, and mountain cheer,
Warms the merry mountaineer! [Exeunt.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Sierra de Ronda.

Enter BULCAZIN MULEY, GANEM, *and Moorish Soldiers.*

Ganem. In truth the men must rest, sir.
Bulc. Must?
Ganem. Perforce.
This long and hurried march has made them faint.
We are all nigh to drop.
Bulc. Here sink and rot then—I will on alone—
Sluggard! the blisters, now, that gall thy feet,
Work upward to thy heart, and fester there—
Then thou wilt feel some touch of anguish in't,

Like that which thou hast fix'd in mine. Thou base
Unmindful slave! who, in thy master's absence,
Should'st mark each fly that buzzes through his portal,
Thy vigilance must nod upon its post,
While a vile christian steals away my daughter.
Ganem. Believe me, sir——
Bulc. I will not, wretch, believe thee.
Thou art—Yes, Ganem, yes, I will believe thee.
'Twas all my daughter's doing—'twas her nature;
Her sex's wicked, wanton, subtle nature.
Sure our wise Prophet thought his followers fools,
When he first promised woman for their paradise.
Collect the wide world's womanhood together,
And the huge zone, that does encompass them,
Will bind up half the plagues that vex mankind:
Heap them into a bulk, their airy falsehood
Would poise a solid universe, To fly me!
To fly her father—and so kind a father!
If somewhat rough—that was the trick of battles,
Where I was bred—She knew I doted on her—
When I have thought on what would charm the sense,
Till it would almost ache with tenderness,
Great Alla knows I have named thee, Zorayda!
Then leave me thus—and break my poor old heart!
And with a christian too—Oh death and shame!
Should she now cross me, though she smil'd upon me
Like twenty dimpled cherubims, my rage
Would tear her limb from limb, and her sweet form
Should scatter piece-meal thro' the desert.
Ganem. Sir,
I pray you be advised: think what is best
To cheer your fainting people on the march.—
Your pardon, sir, but this same flow of passion,
Unnerving you, and harrassing your men,
Defeats the purpose of your enterprise.
'Beseech you, sir, give order for your soldiery.
Bulc. A pestilence upon thee! thou'rt a fiend;
That grudgest me my sorrow's luxury,

And goad'st me when I would indulge on torture.
Tell me, again, of what these filth endure,
I'll cleave thy body downward, from thy head,
To teach them how to labour, and be silent.
Ganem. Think, sir, it is in care alone for you
I pour unpleasing truth into your ear;
Which, like a nauseous drug to the diseased,
Is given to work your welfare. 'Tis my duty—
Sooth, sir, they cannot on.
Bulc. Mad, senseless liar!
Thou gallest me past endurance; and hast pulled
Thy death upon thee. [*Draws his scimetar.*
Ganem. [*Kneeling.*] O, sir, take my life!
It is not worth the keeping—I have follow'd you
From infancy till now in honest zeal—
'Twould grieve me, sir, to seek another master;
And, as my truth is grown displeasing to you.
'Twere best you bring my service to a close,
And e'en dispatch me here, at once.
Bulc. [*Softened.*] Why, Ganem—
I tell thee, Ganem—Pshaw! when we are form'd,
So much of mother marks our composition,
It mars our manly resolution.—Ganem,
I have a daughter—think on that, good Ganem!
And she has fled me—I do think thy counsel
Is kindly meant—but spare it now, good fellow,
My passions cannot brook it.—Have we stray'd?
Do we pursue their track?
Ganem. The peasant, sir,
Whom we did question at the mountain's foot,
Pointed this path to Ronda. Thitherward
Your daughter, as we trace it, must have journey'd.
Bulc. They shall not rest. Have I not shared their labour?
He, who first murmurs on his march, dies for it.
By Mahomet I swear! if I do hear
A single moor bewailing the fatigue,
His coward body suffers on the instant.

My scimetar shall search his body through!
March, slaves! away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The outside of a Goatherd's Cottage.

SADI *and* AGNES *discovered before the door, at a table, eating and drinking.*

Sadi. Truly, eating is a mighty refreshing invention! This olla podrida of our friend, the goatherd's, here, has a strange quality in't of raising the spirits. What is the reason on't, Agnes? I never swallowed a meal before, that made me so merry.

Agnes. Out, you goose! 'tis the wine that thou hast drunk. Wine, thou knowest, comforts man, and makes him light of heart, Sadi.

Sadi. What an advantage 'tis to a catholic to be able thus to cork up comfort, and carry his happiness about with him, under his arm, in a flaggon.—Pour some of this light-heartedness down thy sweet throat, Agnes. Had I a hundred vintages of welfare, I would leave them all untapped, if thou wert not by to share them with me. [*Fill and drink.*

Agnes. 'Tis sufficient, Sadi.—[*They rise.*]—Thou knowest not the strength of liquor—too much on't would work to thy brain, and weaken reason.

Sadi. That must be because my skull is not yet altogether christian. It could never happen to a regular head to grow weak with having strength cramm'd into it. Did'st repose well here at the goatherd's, Agnes?

Agnes. Trust me, did I—but it had better pleased me had you not sat and watch'd in the corner of the hut, while I rested.

Sadi. I could watch twenty years, like a cat, to see you sleep so sweetly. What a pretty thing it is to be near the woman one loves, when she's taking a nap,

and check one's inclination of kissing her eye-lids, for fear of awaking her!—Should'st thou ever slumber at night, with thy head upon my shoulder, Agnes, I wouldn't stir to disturb thee, though I were bit all over by a million of musquitos.

Agnes. Away, you giddy pate!—Thou wilt be a right follower of the bottle shortly—when the liquor mounts, then thou wilt flatter me—and prate nonsense, like the best christian toper of them all.

Sadi. Why look thee, sweet! Ere I loved a bottle —I loved a woman.—And I am told he, that sticks fairly to the one, seldom behaves like a knave to the other—My love for wine is but of a few hours growth —yet though I am enamoured at first taste, I mean to stick by it with true christian constancy—for it has let me into a secret, Agnes,—every drop I take of it makes me find out how much delight I have in thy company—I grow fonder and fonder at every tipple.

Agnes. Aye; so it would happen, were any other present but I.

Sadi. No, by Mahom——pish! that's a mussulman oath—and disgraces a mouth that has been washed with wine—by Saint Dominick, then, sweet Agnes,—should all the beauties of Spain be collected together, like a huge row of filberts, I would pick thee from the cluster, nor think another nut in the whole grove worth the cracking.

Agnes. Will thy love hold fast, now; after we are married, Sadi?

Sadi. Aye, marry, will it, and never let go. 'Tis in my nature, wench. You might as soon think to scour ine white, as scrub my love out of me. 'Tis of the lasting kind, Agnes, like my countenance.

Agnes. And, if thy skin grows dusky as thy love strengthens, Sadi, I should think thee pretty, though thy cheeks were as dark as a raven.

Sadi. There is no accounting for the taste of a female. Were all women of thy mind, Agnes, what a

number of vain, copper-faced gentlemen would strut about among the girls in christian countries! We should frisk it through the towns, as merry as dogs in a market—and dingy puppies would be as plenty as those of a lighter complexion.—Shall we into the hut, and look to our poor crazy guide here?

Agnes. O Sadi, my heart bleeds for him! He will sit awhile, and look stedfastly on nothing—and then groan as piteous, as though 'twould rive his very body. 'Would we could comfort him!

Sadi. I will pour a flask of wine down his throat—an' that comfort him not, he is past cure in this world, and must look elsewhere for consolation. Who comes here?

Enter FLORANTHE *and* ROQUE.

Roque. Stand.
Art not a moor and an enemy?

Sadi. I have now near two full flagons of christianity within me, but I am somewhat moorish as to impatience—therefore parley courteously, lest you get nothing but dry blows in exchange.

Flor. Peace, peace, good Roque—and let me question him.
Tell me, beseech you, as you journey'd on,
Has it so chanc'd that there should cross your path
A man—good faith, it cuts my heart in twain
How to describe him.

Sadi. What kind of man?

Flor. Lovely as day he was—but envious clouds
Have dimm'd his lustre. He is as a rock,
Oppos'd to the rude sea that beats against it;
Worn by the waves, yet still o'ertopping them
In sullen majesty.—Rugged, now, his look—
For out, alas! calamity has blurr'd
The fairest pile of manly comeliness,
That ever rear'd its lofty head to heaven!
'Tis not of late that I have heard his voice;

But, if it be not chang'd—I think it cannot—
There is a melody in every tone,
Would charm the tow'ring eagle in her flight,
And tame a hungry lion.

Agnes. Never trust me, Sadi, if he means not our guide.

Sadi. Answer to me to one point, and I can satisfy you.—Is he crazy?

Roque. Crazy!—Now do my fingers itch to beat this unmannerly morsel of dinginess.

Sadi. Hark ye, rough sir—should occasion serve, I can go to cuffs with as good will as another.

Flor. Pr'ythee be calm, Roque.—Now to answer thee—
He, whom we seek, thro' wayward circumstance,
And crosses of the time—tho', in the main,
His reason is most clear—will in some sort—
(We learn it on the skirts, here, of the mountain)
Start into passion—and his matter, then,—
Tho' method ever tempers his discourse,—
May seem, I fear, to those who know him not,
Like idle phantasy.

Sadi. Well, such a man have I seen—such a man, in pure kindness, has conducted us hither—and such a man is now within, in the hut here.

Flor. Here!—Mercy! Heaven!

Roque. Nay, nay, bear up, lady! Our labour now will soon have an end—All will be well, I warrant; lead us in, my good fellow!

Sadi. Good fellow! This is one of your weather-cock knaves, now, that point always as the wind veers. A sudden puff of my information has blown him round to civility.—[*Aside.*]—In, and we'll follow you.—We must wait a while, however, in the outward nook of the hovel:—for to thrust ourselves suddenly into the presence of so moody a gentleman, might haply offend his dignity. Come, Agnes.

Agnes. Have with you, Sadi.

Sadi. Nay, I would not budge an inch without you, sweet—I say, Agnes, this snug little cabin of the goatherd's, with good cheer, and excellent Malaga, is better than trudging over the mountains with tired legs, and empty stomachs.

DUET.—SADI AND AGNES.

I.

Faint, and wearily, the way-worn traveller
Plods, uncheerily, afryid to stop!
Wand'ring, drearily, a sad wayraveller
Of the mazes tow'rd the mountain's top!
Doubting, fearing,
While his course he's steering—
Cottages appearing,
When he's nigh to drop—
Oh! how briskly, then, the way-worn traveller
Threads the mazes tow'rd the mountain's top!

II.

Though so melancholy day has past by,
'Twould be folly, now, to think on't more:—
Blythe, and jolly, he the keg holds fast by,
As he's sitting at the goatherd's door:
Eating, quaffing,
At past labour laughing!
Better, far, by half, in
Spirits than before—
Oh! how merry, then, the rested traveller
Seems, while sitting at the goatherd's door!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Inside of a Goatherd's Cottage.

Enter OCTAVIAN *and a* GOATHERD.

Goath. Neither food nor repose! well, 'tis strange! Will nothing persuade you to take refreshment, gentle sir!

Octa. Nothing that thou can'st say.—Why, thou art old:
And 'tis the trick of age to proffer gifs,
Merely to teaze the wretch that would accept them.

Goath. Nay, by our Lady!

Octa. Hark ye—ere now, there came a hoary cheat,
And plac'd before my eyes the richest fare
That ever tempted glutton:—What dost think!
When I would taste, he whipt it from the board,
And thrust me forth to starve:—but he was fool'd:
For then I drank huge draughts of sorrow down,
And banqueted on tears.

Goath. Mass! 'twas a sorry method of regaling! Were I given to revelry, I would look for liquor of another brewage.

Octa. Thou'dst look for any thing to swell thy store,
Tho' thy full bags were bursting. Were the road
To one poor ducat pav'd with youthful hearts,
Sprinkle grey hairs upon a fellow's pate,
He'd trample o'er them all, to catch at it.
Where are thy children?

Goath. I have but one—one only daughter—and, alas! she has gone I know not whither! Pedro had had my consent to woo her, had he not been altogether poor; and now she has stray'd away in despair, because I would not see her wed unhappily.

Octa. Why, 'twas well done.—'Twas justice on thy avarice,
To doom thyself to living purgatory;
And fix within thy breast the gnawing thought
That thou hast driven forth thy innocent child,
Through the wide globe, a friendless wanderer.
O, thou wilt thrive, now, in the shuffling crowd
Of this world's traffic!—When the drover comes,
Sell him thy rotten goats, and rate them sound
As those of highest market.—Cheat thy neighbour;
Fleece him, and fear not;—glut thyself on plunder;
For thou art sunk so low in hell for this,

There is no guilt in vice's catalogue,
Can plunge thee deeper.
See who 'tis that knocks. [*A knocking without.*

Goath. I will, sir;—but I am not as you would picture me, for all your saying. I have not lived forty years, on the credit of my cattle, to offer rotten rams for sale at this time of day, and pass them current.—I shall to the door, sir. [*Exit.*

Octa. [*Pulls a portrait from his bosom.*] Out, bauble!—let me kiss thee!—sweet Floranthe!
When the cold limner drew thy semblance here,
How charm'd I sat, to mark the modest flush,
That virgin nature threw into thy face,
As the dull clod unmov'd did stare upon thee,
To pencil out thy feature's character!
Those times are past, Floranthe!—yet 'tis comfort
To bring remembrance full upon the eye:—
'Tis soothing to a fond and care-worn heart,
To drop a tear on the lov'd lineaments
Of her it ne'er must hope to meet again!

Enter ROQUE.

Roque. Now know not I how to accost him. Poor gentleman! Times are sadly chang'd with him, since I saw him fresh, and well caparisoned, gazing on my young lady, in my old master's mansion, at Seville.—Signior! do you not remember my countenance?

Octa. No—Providence has slubber'd it in haste.
'Tis one of her unmeaning compositions
She manufactures when she makes a gross.
She'll form a million such—and all alike—
Then send them forth, ashamed of her own work
And set no mark upon them. Get thee gone!

Roque. Get me gone!—Ah! Signior! the time has been, when you would question old Roque kindly after his health, as he lifted up the latch to give you admittance to poor Donna Floranthe!

Octa. Thou hast shot lightning through me!—

That sound was thrilling music! O Floranthe!
I thought not e'en the magic of thy name
Could make a heart, so long benumb'd with misery,
Leap as 'twould burst its prison.—Do not mock me
If thou dost juggle now, I'll tear thee—Hold!
Aye, I remember; and as I peruse thee,
Past times rush in upon me, with thy face;
And many a thought of happiness, gone by,
Does flash across my brain. Let me not wander,
Give me thy hand, Roque. I do know thy errand:
And 'tis of import, when thou journey'st, thus,
The trackless desert to seek sorrow out,
Thou com'st to tell me my Floranthe's dead;—
But we will meet again, sweet!—I will back,
With thee, old honesty; and lay me down,
Heart-broke at last, beside her shrouded corse,
Kiss her cold cheek, then fly to her in heav'n!

Roque. An' this hold, I shall blubber outright, like a female baby. I must muster my own resolution, that I may rally his.—Why, how now, signior? shame on this weakness!—Were all to bend like you, when they meet disappointment, I know not who in this jostling life would walk upright. Pluck up your manly spirits, signior! your Floranthe lives—aye, and is true to you—now, by Saint Dominick, I bring tidings that will glad you.

Octa. I pray you, do not sport with me, old man—
Jeer not the wretched—I have worn away
Twelve weary months in anguish: I have sat,
Darkling, by day, in caverns—and, at night,
Have fix'd my eyes so long upon the moon,
That I do fear my senses are, in part,
Sway'd by her influence. I'm past jesting with.

Roque. I never, signior, was much given to jesting—and he, who sports with the misfortunes of another, though he may bring his head into repute for fancy, does his heart little credit for feeling. Rest you quiet, signior!—there is one waiting without, that I have

brought along with me, who will comfort you. Nay, I pray you, now, be patient—If this be the work of bringing lovers together, Heaven give him joy who makes a trade on't! for in fifty years that time has clapt his saddle on my back, he never so sorely gall'd my old withers as now. [*Exit.*

Octa. Habit does much—I do begin to think,
Since grief has been so close an inmate with me,
That I have strain'd her nearer to my bosom
Than I *had* press'd her, had the chequer'd scene,
Which rouses man, who mixes with his kind,
Kept me from dotage on her.—Our affections
Must have a rest—and, sorrow, when secluded,
Grows strong in weakness.

Enter ROQUE *and* FLORANTHE. ROQUE *points out* OCTAVIAN, *and withdraws.*

Sure I am not mad!
Floranthe's lost—and since my stubborn frame
Will stand the tug—I'll to the heated world—
Fit mingler in the throng, miscall'd society.
[*A pause*—OCTAVIAN *gazes on* FLORANTHE *for some time.*
What art thou?—speak——that face—yet this attire—
Floranthe!—No—it cannot—Oh, good Heaven!
Vex not a poor weak creature thus! Floranthe?
How my sight thickens—Speak—
Flor. Octavian!
Octa. That voice!—It is—So long too—Let me clasp thee—
[*Runs to meet her—staggers and falls on his face.*
Flor. Oh! I did fear this—my Octavian—
To see thee thus! Why, Roque—Alas, Octavian,
Revive, or thou wilt kill me—'Tis Floranthe,
Thy own Floranthe——

Enter ROQUE [*Who assists Octavian.*]

Octa. [*Recovering.*] It has chanc'd, before,
That I have dream't this—and, when I awoke,
Big drops did stand upon my clay-cold front,
As they do now, the vision did so shake me.—
'Tis there again—Brain! brain!—Why, aye, that hand—
Pray let me kiss it—O, 'tis she!—'Tis real—
For my strong pulse is still so sensible
To ev'ry touch of thine, that the sweet contact
Strikes certain to it; and now it throbs intelligence.
How comes this?—are you here to scoff me, lady?
Alas, Floranthe, I am sadly chang'd,
Since last we parted!

Flor. Look not so wildly,
Scoff thee, Octavian! Ah! thou little know'st
How often I have wept away the night
With thinking on thy fortunes—but, alas!
I ne'er thought this!—Oh! what hast thou endur'd!
Wand'ring, expos'd, unsheltered!

Octa. Pish! that's nothing—
I heeded not the storm:—Why, I remember,
When last the forked lightning struck me down,
I lay upon the rock, and smil'd to see
The feeble malice of the elements.
'Tis here,—here only, I am vulnerable,
[*Pointing to his breast.*
I have been gall'd too deep within, Floranthe,
To think upon the petty sufferance
Felt by a holiday and silken fool,
When the rough tempest beats against his body.

Flor. You cut my heart across. 'Pray you, be comforted;
I will pour balm into thy bleeding wounds,
And heal them up for ever.

Octa. Get thee back—
He, who would snatch thee from me, tho' he fell,

Fell by this arm—met not his death by me:
I had not fled three days ere I did learn it—
And sure thy father, whose delight it is
To torture faithful love, has giv'n thee to him.
The thought does mad me; get thee to thy husband.
Flor. Then let me greet him here—for here, Octavian,
In firm and maiden holiness I swear,
If *thou* dost never lead me to the altar,
My life shall waste in cloister'd solitude;
And when the passing-bell proclaims me dead,
Our convent's votarists will chaunt their dirge,
To grace a virgin sister's funeral.
Octa. How's this?—What, has thy father then—impossible!—
Does he relent?
Flor. Alas! he is no more;—
I needs must grieve, for still he was my father—
And he, who stood between thy love and thee,
Is wedded to another.
Octa. Art thou mine then?
[*Bursts into hysterical laughter.*
'Faith I am very weak. pray pardon me,
'Tis somewhat sudden this—I am unus'd
To any touch of joy, and it o'ercomes me.
I shall weep soon, and then I shall be better.
Flor. Nay, calm thy spirits—pr'ythee now—
Octa. Well, well—
Look on me, sweet! my own belov'd Floranthe,
Oh! many a time, in anguish, have I brought
That angel form before my fancy's eye,
Till my hot brain has driv'n me through the wild,
Daring by night the precipice's edge,
To clasp thy airy phantom.—This repays me.
Oh! plunge me, deep, in Ætna's smoky gulf,
And I could wallow, calmly, in her fires,
Like lazy shepherds basking in the sun,
To hold thee thus at last!

Flor. Restrain this passion,
These starts do wear thee sadly. We will leave this gloom.

Octa. Let us on.
As I do cool I shudder at myself;
And look with horror, back, upon this waste,
Where, cheerless, I have stray'd, shut out from man,
A solitary wild inhabitant.
Have with thee, sweet! I know each turn and thicket.
Already have I felt what 'tis to lose thee:
They take my life, who tear thee from me now;
For death alone shall part us. Come, Floranthe!

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The Sierra de Ronda.

Enter VIROLET, ZORAYDA, *and* KILMALLOCK.

Vir. I tell thee, thou dost lead us wrong, Kilmallock.
See here we measure back the self same steps,
That we have trod before.

Kilm. 'Faith, Count, then this falls out according to my old luck. How hard it is upon industrious travellers who follow their noses on a journey, to find out they have only been walking backwards after all! If the world do go round, as they say, certain it has taken a twist extraordinary in the night: else, the two sides of the mountain could never have fairly changed places.

Vir. I pr'ythee be of comfort.

Zor. I will strive
To keep my heart from sinking: yet these perils
Might shake a firmer spirit. As I slept,
I dreamt my father came to me in wrath,
And held a dagger o'er me.

Kilm. I seldom knew a woman go to sleep, that she did not dream upon mischief. Well, 'tis no wonder

we have, at last, lost our road; for the devil of any thing like one is there in this whole abominable Sierra de Ronda.

Vir. Yon rock, which rises in a rugged spire,
O'ertopping his bleak fellows, does appear
The mountain's utmost summit. Could we climb it,
Perchance we might descry some distant town,
To serve us as a beacon on our way.

Kilm. By my soul, now, you have hit on't. What an advantage it is to a head to be gifted with brains! I had ponder'd all day ere I had stumbled on such an expedient—which carries with it only one small objection.

Vir. What is't, Kilmallock?

Kilm. 'Tis so steep and perpendicular, that old Satan himself could never get up.

Vir. Tut, man, I warrant—we'll assist each other.

Kilm. 'Faith, and that's true again: but I defy any human creature living to master it alone, but a cat or a monkey.

Vir. Sure nought can harm her here—sweet, rest awhile:
Straight we will both return;—and bring I trust,
The clue to wind thee, ere the sun has set,
From this same briary labyrinth.
Come, honest comrade, and I swear to thee,
On a rough soldier's word, I know not how
E'er to requite thy friendship.

Kilm. Pish, Count! what, for scrambling up a rock?—when I was a greenhorn I would have gone as far after a bird's nest.—O! Saint Iago! may the man, that falters to risk his neck for a friend, and a female, in a mountain, break it while he's a boy, climbing for eggs in an orchard!

[*Exeunt* VIROLET *and* KILMALLOCK.

Zor. I know not why it is, at this our parting,
My blood should flow so chilly thro' my veins!
I will rest me

Till they come back again—for there is something,
Strange and unwonted, weighs upon my spirit,
Till my weary body totters. [*Rests on a bank.*

Enter BULCAZIN MULEY.

Bulc. Curses on them——
Fortune has pour'd her dregs of malice on me,
And pack'd these weak and halting knaves together
To check my expedition.—Ev'ry moor
Measures his swarthy length upon the ground:
Beneath each bush there lies a fainting soldier.
That Ganem too should drop!
Still I will forward.
Should I o'ertake the changeling, plodding, now,
Her way with this same christian runagate,
Were ev'ry limb unstrung with lassitude,
I think the loathsome sight would nerve my arm
To strike her dead before me. Soft! by Mahomet
'Tis she;—Alone too—she seems weak and sinking.
O my poor child!—my stubborn wayward child!
Shame on't—I shall forget my injuries——
Zorayda!

Zor. [*Rising.*] O heaven and earth!—my father!

Bulc. Aye—look on me—thou canst not—well, that's something—
There is still left some touch of shame within thee—
Tell me, thou viper—what is't chokes me thus?
Oh! thou hast broke thy poor old father's heart!
My curses on thee! thy ingratitude,
Thy infamy—what made thee fly me?

Zor. Conscience—
The holy zeal that led me from thy house
Burns high within me now;—that frown, my father,
Would kill me else.—'Tis true I am your child!—
Stab me—I'll kiss the hand that gives me death—
But I would languish ages out in torture,
Ere I would quit that heaven-directed path

The strong resistless movements of my soul
Do bid me follow.
Bulc. One point, and I have done. Tell me, Zorayda:
I'd have it from thy lips—for circumstance
May hang a doubt upon't—and tell me true—
Is there a——pshaw! I cannot utter it:—
Hast a companion in thy flight?
Zor. My father,
I should disgrace the faith I follow now,
To utter falsehood to thee. One has stray'd
Across this mountain with: Yet, I swear,
I had ne'er follow'd him,
Had he not prov'd himself well school'd in honour,
And a right christian.
Bulc. Pestilence and torture!
Dost own it, wretch? Thou hast disgrac'd in thee
Thy father's blood; and justice which has slept,
Now rouses and will shed it. [*Offers to kill her.*

Enter OCTAVIAN, FLORANTHE, *and* ROQUE.

Octa. Ruffian, hold!
Advance thy arm the tithe part of an hair
To injure helpless woman, by my soul,
(Prove but my weapon true) thy turban'd head
Shall roll a trunkless ball upon the ground,
For crows to peck at.
Bulc. Busy fools, begone!
Ye do seem christian—and it shocks my sight
To look on any of your tribe—get hence—
Nor cross a father's vengeance on his child.
I could have pardon'd her, had she not stoop'd
To mingle with thy herd—but she has fled
Our holy Prophet's laws—fled, like a wanton,
To wander with a dog of thy persuasion.
Octa. Love and religion mingled! brighter flames
Ne'er glow'd within a virgin beauty's bosom:

And thou wouldst smother them.—Thou'rt a true father!
Wretch! Did the savage spirit that gives strength
To twenty thousand moors now brace thy sinews,
I'd grapple with thee, thus, nor quit my hold,
Till I had offer'd thee a sacrifice
On injur'd love's pure altar.

[*They grapple*—OCTAVIAN *overthrows* BULCAZIN MULEY.]

Zor. O heaven! my father—my dear father, save him.

Enter VIROLET *and* KILMALLOCK.

Vir. Zorayda—her father—stop thy hand—
'Twere better thou didst plunge thy weapon here,
Home to my very heart, than let it fall
On him thou hast o'erthrown.—By Heav'n, it is
The lost Octavian!

Octa. Thy word can charm me.
Thou art Floranthe's brother—and, I swear,
For no man else could I restrain the transport
That gushes on my soul, when I have pull'd,
At last one flinty father to my feet,
Who tears the bands of virtuous love asunder,
And strews his children's path with thorns.

[*Gives the scimitar to* VIROLET.

Vir. (*To* BULC.) Sir, this which I restore into your hand,
I fear me, in my absence, has been rais'd
(Receive it now) against a daughter's life:
He, for whose sake you would bereave her of it,
Is bred in christian faith—and it does teach him
To shelter yours, and in the hour of anguish,
To offer succour to his enemy.

Kilm. Spoke, count, like a noble gentleman. Oh! let a christian alone for a good action—he'll do you twenty in a breath, without preaching, when a

mussulman will shut up his koran, to go kick his fellow-creatures about like a parcel of foot-balls.

Bulc. Christian, it seems I owe my life to thee;
'Tis a vast debt that thou hast heap'd upon me,
And I have now a something working here
Does urge me to requite thee—Trust me, christian,
The rough and dusky bosom of a moor
Does carry feeling in it.—My Zorayda,
My child, come hither to me—O this struggle!
Zorayda, thy mother once was catholic—
Her nature haply rises in thee—Well,
I see 'twere vain to check it.—Take her, christian,
But speak not to me now—my heart is full.
I will as far as Ronda with thee—there
We may confer more calmly.

Zor. O my father!

Vir. This is a gift indeed!

Kilm. Oh! it does a man good to see kindness stealing into the breast of a mussulman! I fancy a moor's heart isn't much prone to melting—but when once it begins, 'faith it keeps giving way by degrees, like a cold thaw.

Flor. And now our tossing passions have a pause,
Here let me greet a brother.

Vir. My sister, and Octavian too!—

Flor. By your patience, gentle brother:
'Tis a long history you have to hear:
Yours we would know too—as we journey on,
We will discourse upon't—Mean time, be sure
Our travel ends in peace and honour.

Enter SADI *and* AGNES.

Sadi. Nay, come on, Agnes—With thee under one arm, and a flagon under t'other, a fig for mountains, and let the world wag.

Agnes. Mercy, here's a goodly company!—The lady Zorayda—O happy day!

Sadi. And my old master, the moor, by all the saints in christendom!

Vir. Peace, honest fellow, now thou meet'st all friends;
Let that content you.

Sadi. An' a man be not content when he meets all friends, I know not what will satisfy him—and that friends may not sunder again, here come a whole posse of goatherds at our heels, going our road towards the foot of the mountain.

Octa. Then let us on; and when the shepherd tunes
His rustic pipe along the mountain's side,
We will beguile the way, as we recount
Each turn that Fortune in her sport has mark'd,
As she has led us through Love's labyrinth.

Enter GOATHERDS *and other* PASTORAL CHARACTERS, *male and female.*

FINALE.

As we goatherds trudge along,
O'er the mountain bleak and brown,
Merrily we troll the song,
Till we reach the distant town;

With scrip and wine that sparkling smiles,
The dreary journey each beguiles;
Thro' cold and heat, thro' sun, thro' snow,
We sing to market as we go.

CHORUS. *As we goatherds, &c.*

And each, a female by his side,
Wedded wife, or wish'd for bride,
Cheerily descends the dale,
Whisp'ring soft a true-love tale.

CHORUS. *As we goatherds, &c.*

Bless'd be ev'ry faithful pair!
May no rigid sires control
In the bosoms of the fair
The pure emotions of the soul!

CHORUS. *Thus we goatherds, &c.*

THE END.

IRON CHEST

WILL. PRESERVE IT, YOU ARE JUDGE! MY INNOCENCY
MY LIFE RESTS ON IT
ACT. V. SCENE LAST.

Pub.d by Longman & C.o 1818. Engraved by C.Heath.

THE

IRON CHEST;

A PLAY,

IN THREE ACTS;

By GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

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PATERNOSTER ROW.

are too weak for transplantation to a foreign soil.—The truth of this observation may be proved by comparing "The Iron Chest" with the comedy of "The Poor Gentleman."—In comparing these two plays again, with Mr. Colman's other dramas, the legitimate offspring of his own mind, it will be wished that he would never draw materials from any other repository; or that, like the illustrious Shakspeare, (whose phraseology he sometimes follows) he would stoop to dramatise old ballads, or childish romances, where his talents might act without restraint, and the admiration of his model never sink him into vain imitation.

The finer details in "Caleb Williams" allow of no representation in action: the dramatist was here compelled merely to give the features of the murderer's face; whilst the novelist portrayed every shade of his countenance, every fibre that played in forgetful smiles, or was convulsed by the pangs of remembrance.

The two arts of dramatic and of novel writing are thus beheld at such variance—that the reader of the novel shall enter, with Faulkland, into all his nice, his romantic notions of honour and posthumous fame; though the auditor, or reader, of "The Iron Chest," shall feel no concern, unless to despise it, about all Sir Edward Mortimer's equal enthusiasm for the glory of reputation.

The reason of this difference in consequences, from the self-same story, does not, however, betray the want of skill in the author of the play, but simply argues his

want of space. Narrative, on the stage, must never be diffuse; the play must be comprised in a certain number of pages; and, when the foundation of a fable is of the magnitude of murder, any abridgment of circumstances, requisite to make description both clear and probable, must be of fatal import to all the scenes so founded.—British spectators of a tragedy, moreover, even wish to behold the assassin's dagger reeking, before they listen to his groans of remorse;—and the offence received, is sometimes demanded in exhibition, ere they will sympathize in the thirst of vengeance.

Not these previous events either, as displayed in the novel in question, was it in possibility to bring within the limits of a drama.—All that was possible has strictly been accomplished:—and, amongst the many poetic beauties interspersed, or sacred truths enforced throughout this tragedy, its moral stands pre-eminent;—either to warn the innocent, or to appal the guilty, in this one short simile:—

• •

———"Oh, how will sin
" Engender sin! throw guilt upon the soul,
" And, like a rock dashed on the troubled lake,
" 'Twill form its circles, round succeeding round,
" Each wider than———"*

* See page 67.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER	*Mr. Kemble.*
FITZHARDING	*Mr. Wroughton.*
WILFORD	*Mr. Bannister, jun.*
ADAM WINTERTON	*Mr. Dodd.*
RAWBOLD	*Mr. Barrymore.*
SAMSON	*Mr. Suett.*
BOY	*Master Welsh.*
COOK	*Mr. Hollingsworth.*
PETER	*Mr. Banks.*
WALTER	*Mr. Maddocks.*
SIMON	*Mr. Webb.*
GREGORY	*Mr. Truman.*
ARMSTRONG	*Mr. Kelly.*
ORSON	*Mr. R. Palmer.*
FIRST ROBBER	*Mr. Dignum.*
SECOND ROBBER	*Mr. Sedgwick.*
THIRD ROBBER	*Mr. Bannister.*
ROBBER'S BOY	*Master Webb.*
HELEN	*Miss Farren.*
BLANCH	*Mrs. Gibbs.*
DAME RAWBOLD	*Miss Tidswell.*
BARBARA	*Signora Storace.*
JUDITH	*Miss De Camp.*

SCENE—In the New Forest, in Hampshire, and on its Borders.

THE

IRON CHEST.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Inside of RAWBOLD'S *Cottage.*

Several CHILDREN, *squalid and beggarly, discovered in different Parts of the Room: some asleep.* DAME RAWBOLD *seated, leaning over the Embers of the Fire.* BARBARA *seated near her.* SAMSON *standing in the Front of the Stage. A narrow Staircase in the Back Scene. A Taper burning. The whole Scene exhibits poverty and wretchedness.*

GLEE.

Sam. *Five times, by the taper's light,*
The hour-glass I have turn'd to-night.
1 Boy. *Where's father?*
Sam. *He's gone out to roam:*
If he have luck,
He'll bring a buck,
Upon his lusty shoulders, home.

THE DIFFERENT VOICES.

Home! home!
He comes not home!
Hark! from the woodland vale below,
The distant clock sounds, dull, and slow!
Home! home! home!

Sam. Five o'clock, and father not yet returned from New Forest! An he come not shortly, the sun will rise, and roast the venison on his shoulders.—Sister Barbara!—Well, you rich men have no bowels for us lowly! they little think, while they are gorging on the fat haunch of a goodly buck, what fatigues we poor honest souls undergo in stealing it.—Why, sister Barbara!

Barb. I am here, brother Samson. [*Getting up.*

Sam. Here!—marry, out upon you for an idle baggage! why, you crawl like a snail.

Barb. I pr'ythee, now, do not chide me, Samson!

Sam. 'Tis my humour. I am father's head man in his poaching. The rubs I take from him, who is above me, I hand down to you, who are below me. 'Tis the way of office:—where every miserable devil domineers it over the next more miserable devil that is under him. You may scold sister Margery, an you will; she's your younger by a twelvemonth.

Barb. Truly, brother, I would not make any one unhappy for the world. I am content to do what I can to please, and to mind the house.

Sam. Truly, a weighty matter! thou art e'en ready to hang thyself, for want of something to while away time. What hast thou much more to do than to trim the faggots, nurse thy mother, boil the pot, patch our jackets, kill the poultry, cure the hogs, feed the pigs, and comb the children?

Barb. Many might think that no small charge, Samson.

Sam. A mere nothing:—while father and I (bate us but the mother and children) have the credit of purloining every single thing that you have the care of. We are up early, and down late, in the exercise of our industry.

Barb. I wish father, and you, would give up the calling.

Sam. No;—there is one keen argument to prevent us.

Barb. What's that, brother?

Sam. Hunger. Wouldst have us be rogues, and let our family starve? Give up poaching and deer-stealing! Oons! dost think we have no conscience? Yonder sits mother, poor soul!—old, helpless, and crazy.

Barb. Alas, brother, 'tis heart-aching to look upon her! This very time three years she got her maim. It was a piteous tempest!

Sam. Ay,—'twas rough weather.

Barb. I never pass the old oak, that was shivered that night, in the storm, but I am ready to weep. It remembers me of the time when all our poor family went to ruin.

Sam. Pish!—no matter: The cottage was blown down;—the barn fired;—father undone:——Well, landlords are flinty hearted;—no help!—what then? we live, don't we? [*Sullenly.*

Barb. Troth, brother, very sadly. Father has grown desperate; all is fallen to decay. We live by pilfering on the Forest;—and our poor mother distracted, and unable to look to the house. The rafter, which fell in the storm, struck so heavy upon her brain, I fear me 'twill never again be settled. The little ones too,—scarce clothed—hungry—almost starving!—Indeed, we are a very wretched family! [*A Knock at the Cottage Door.*

Sam. Hark! methought I heard a tread.

[SAMSON *opens the Door.*

Enter RAWBOLD.

Raw. Bar the door. So! softly.

Sam. What success, father?

Raw. Good: my limbs ache for't. How you stand? [*To* SAMSON.] The chair, you gander!

Sam. [*To* BARBARA.] Why, how you stand! the chair, you gander!

[*They bring* RAWBOLD *a Chair.—He sits.*

Raw. Here—take my gun—'tis unscrewed. The keepers are abroad;—I had scarce time to get it in my pocket. [*He pulls a Gun from a Pocket under his Coat, in three Pieces, which* SAMSON *screws together, while they are talking.*] Fie! 'tis sharp work! Barbara, you jade, come hither!

Sam. Barbara, you jade, come hither!

Raw. Who bid thee chide her, lout? Kiss thy old father, wench. Kiss me, I say.—So;—why dost tremble?—I am rough as a tempest; evil fortune has blown my lowring nature into turbulence; but thou art a blossom that dost bend thy head so sweetly under my gusts of passion, 'tis pity they should ever harm thee.

Barb. Indeed, father, I am glad to see you safe returned.

Raw. I believe thee. Take the keys; go to the locker, in the loft, and bring me a glass to recruit me.

[BARBARA *goes out.*

Sam. Well, father, and so?——

Raw. Peace.—I ha' shot a buck.

Raw. O rare! Of all the sure aims, on the borders of the New Forest, here, give me old Gilbert Rawbold; though I, who am his son, say it, that should not say it.—Where have you stowed him, father?

Raw. Under the furze, behind the hovel. Come night again, we will draw him in, boy. I have been watched.

Sam. Watched! O, the pestilence! our trade will

be spoiled if the groom keepers be after us. The law will persecute us, father.

Raw. Dost know Mortimer!

Sam. What, Sir Edward Mortimer? Ay, sure. He is head keeper of the forest. 'Tis he who has shut himself up in melancholy;—sees no rich, and does so much good to the poor.

Raw. He has done me nought but evil. A gun cannot be carried on the border, here, but he has scent on't, at a league's distance. His scouts this night were after me—all on the watch. I'll be revenged—I'll;—so, the brandy.—

Enter BARBARA, *with the Liquor.*

Raw. [*After drinking.*] 'Tis right, i'faith!

Sam. That 'tis, I'll be sworn; for I smuggled it myself. We do not live so near the coast for nothing.

Raw. Sir Edward Mortimer, look to it!

Barb. Sir Edward Mortimer! O, dear father, what of him?

Raw. Ay, now thou art all agog! Thou wouldst hear somewhat of that smooth tongued fellow, his secretary,—his clerk, Wilford; whom thou so often meet'st in the forest. I have news on't. Look how you walk thither again. What, thou wouldst betray me to him, I warrant;—corspire against your father!

Sam. Ay! conspire against your father!—and your tender loving brother, you viper, you!

Barb. Beshrew me, father, I meant no harm; and, indeed, indeed, Wilford is as handsome a—I mean as good a youth as ever breathed. If I thought he meant ill by you, I should hate him.

Raw. When didst thou see him last?—Speak!

Barb. You terrify me so, father, I am scarce able to speak. Yesternoon, by the copse: 'twas but to read with him the book of sonnets, he gave me.

Sam. That's the way your sly, grave, rogues work into the hearts of the females. I never knew any good

come of a girl's reading sonnets, with a learned clerk, in a copse.

Raw. Let me hear no more of your meetings. I am content to think you would not plot my undoing.

Barb. I?—O father!

Raw. But he may plot yours. Mark me;—Fortune has thrust me forth to prowl, like the wolf;—but the wolf is anxious for its young:—I am an outcast, whom hunger has hardened. I violate the law; but feeling is not dead within me: and, callous villain as I am accounted, I would tear that greater villain piecemeal, who would violate my child, and rob an old man of the little remains of comfort wretchedness has left him. [*A knocking at the Door. A Voice without.*] Hilliho! ho!

Raw. How now!

Sam. There! an they be not after us already. I'll —We have talked, too, till 'tis broad day light.

Wilford. [*Without.*] Open, good Master Rawbold; I would speak to you, suddenly.

Barb. O Heaven! 'tis the voice of Wilford, himself.

Raw. Wilford! I'm glad on't:—Now he shall—I'm glad on't. Open the door: quickly, I say;—he shall smart for it.

Sam. Are you mad, father? 'Tis we shall smart for it. Let in the keeper's head man! The buck, you have just shot, you know, is hard at hand.

Raw. Open, I say.

Sam. O lord! I defy any secretary's nose not to smell stolen venison, now, the moment 'tis thrust near our hovel. [SAMSON *opens the Door.*

Enter WILFORD.

Wilf. 'Save you, good people! You are Gilbert Rawbold, as I take it.

Raw. I am. Your message here, young man, bodes

me no good: but I am Gilbert Rawbold;—and here's my daughter. Dost know her?

Wilf. Ah, Barbara, good wench! how fares it with you?

Raw. Look on her well;—then consult your own conscience;—'tis difficult, haply, for a secretary to find one. You are a villain.

Wilf. You lie:—Hold, I crave pardon. You are her father; she is innocent, and you are unhappy: I respect virtue and misfortune too much to shock the one or insult the other.

Raw. 'Sdeath! why meet my daughter in the forest?

Wilf. Because I love her.

Raw. And would ruin her.

Wilf. That's a strange way of showing one's love, methinks. I have a simple notion, Gilbert, that the thought of having taken a base advantage of a poor girl's affection might go nigh to break a man's sleep, and give him unquiet dreams: now, I love my night's rest, and shall do nothing to disturb it.

Raw. Wouldst not poison her mind?

Wilf. 'Tis not my method, friend, of dosing a patient. Lookye, Gilbert; Her mind is a fair flower, stuck in the rude soil, here, of surrounding ignorance, and smiling in the chill of poverty:—I would fain cheer it with the little sunshine I possess of comfort and information. My parents were poor like hers: should occasion serve, I might, haply, were all parties agreed, make her my wife. To make her aught else would affect her, you, and myself; and I have no talent at making three people uneasy at the same time.

Raw. Your hand:—on your own account, we are friends.

Barb. O dear father!

Raw. Be silent. Now to your errand. 'Tis from Mortimer.

Wilf. I come from Sir Edward.

Raw. I know his malice. He would oppress me with his power; he would starve me, and my family. Search my house.

Sam. No, father, no. You forget the buck under the furze. [*Aside.*

Raw. Let him do his worst: but let him beware: —a tyrant! a villain!

Wilf. Harkye!—he is my master. I owe him my gratitude;—every thing:—and had you been any but the father of my Barbara, and spoken so much against him, my indignation had worked into my knuckles, and crammed the words down your rusty throat.

Sam. I do begin to perceive how this will end. Father will knock down the secretary, as flat as a buck.

Raw. Why am I singled out? Is there no mark for the vengeance of office to shoot its shaft at but me? This morning, as he dogged me in the forest——

Wilf. Hush, Rawbold:—keep your counsel. Should you make it public, he must notice it.

Raw. Did he not notice it?

Wilf. No matter;—but he has sent me, thus early, Gilbert, with this relief to your distresses, which he has heard of. Here are twenty marks, for you, and your family.

Raw. From Sir Edward Mortimer?

Wilf. 'Tis his way;—but he would not have it mentioned. He is one of those judges who, in their office, will never warp the law to save offenders: but his private charity bids him assist the needy, before their necessities drive them to crimes, which his public duty must punish.

Raw. Did Mortimer do this! did he! Heaven bless him! Oh, young man, if you knew half the misery —my wife—my children!—Shame on't! I have stood many a tug, but the drops, now, fall in spite of me

I am not ungrateful; but——I cannot stand it. We will talk of Barbara when I have more man about me.

[*Exit, up the Staircase.*

Wilf. Farewell. I must home to the lodge quickly. Ere this, I warrant, I am looked for. Adieu, Barbara.

Barb. Farewell.

QUINTETTO.

Wilf. *The sun has tipt the hills with red;*
The lout now flourishes his flail;
The punchy parson waddles from his bed,
Heavy, and heated, with his last night's ale.
Adieu! adieu! I must be going;
The dapper village cock is crowing.
Adieu, my little Barbara!

Barb. *Adieu!—and should you think upon*
The lowly cottage, when you're gone,
Where two old oaks, with ivy deckt,
Their branches o'er the roof project,
I pray, good sir, just recollect
That there lives little Barbara.

Sam. *And Samson too, good sir, in smoke and smother;*
Barbara's very tender, loving brother.

1 Boy. [*To* SAMSON.] *Brother, look! the sun, aloof,*
Peeps through the crannies of the roof.
Give us food, good brother, pray!
For we ate nothing yesterday.

Children. *Give us food, good brother, pray!*

Sam. *Oh, fire and faggot! what a squalling!*

Barb. *Do not chide 'em.—*

Sam. *Damn their bawling!*
Hungry stomachs there's no balking:
I wish I could stop their mouths with talking;
But very good meat is, (cent per cent,)
Dearer than very good argument.

Wilf. *Adieu, adieu! I must be going;*
The dapper village cock is crowing
Adieu my little Barbara!
Barb. *Oh, think on little Barbara!*
Children. *Give us food!*
Sam. *Curse their squalling!*
Wilf. and Barb. *Adieu! adieu!*
Sam. *Damn their bawling!*

SAMSON, WILFORD, BARBARA.

Adieu, my little Barbara!
Oh, think on little Barbara!
You'll think on little Barbara.

SCENE II.

An old fashioned Hall, in SIR EDWARD MORTIMER'S *Lodge.*

Table and two Chairs.—Several SERVANTS *cross the Stage, with Flaggons, Tankards, cold Meat, &c. &c.*

Enter ADAM WINTERTON.

Wint. Softly, varlets, softly:—see you crack none of the stone flaggons. Nay, 'tis plain your own breakfast be toward, by your skuttling thus.—A goodly morning! Why, you giddy pated knave, [*To one of the* SERVANTS.] is it so you carry a dish of pottery? no heed of our good master's, Sir Edward Mortimer's, ware? Fie, Peter Pickbone, fie!

Serv. I am in haste, master steward, to break my fast.

Wint. To break thy fast!—to break thy neck, it should seem. Ha! ha! good i'faith!—Go thy ways,

knave! [*Exit* SERVANT.] 'Tis thus the rogues ever have me. I would fain be angry with them, but, straight, a merry jest passeth across me, and my choler is over. To break thy neck, it should seem! ha! ha! 'twas well conceited, by St. Thomas!——My table book, for the business of the day. Ah, my memory holds not as it did;—it needs the spur. [*Looking over his Book.*] Nine and forty years have I been house steward and butler. It is a long lease. Let me see—my tables. [*Looking over them, and singing.*

When birds do carol on the bush,
With a heigh no nonny——heigho!

These fatigues of office somewhat wear a man. I have had a long lease on't. I ha' seen out Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and King James. 'Tis e'en almost time that I should retire, to begin to enjoy myself. Eh! by St. Thomas! hither trips the fair mistress Blanch. Of all the waiting gentlewomen I ever looked on, during the two last reigns, none stirred my fancy like this little rose-bud.

Enter BLANCH.

Blanch. A good day, good Adam Winterton.

Wint. What, wag! what, dulip! I never see thee but I am a score of years the younger.

Blanch. Nay, then, let us not meet often, or you will soon be in your second childhood.

Wint. What, you come from your mistress, the Lady Helen, in the forest here; and would speak with Sir Edward Mortimer, I warrant?

Blanch. I would. Is his melancholy worship stirring yet?

Wint. Fie, you madcap! He is my master, and your lady's friend.

Blanch. Yes, truly, it seems, her only one, poor lady: he protects her now she is left an orphan.

Wint. A blessing on his heart! I would it were

merrier! Should they happen to marry) and I have my fancies on't) I'll dance a galliard with thee, in the hall, on the round oak table. 'Sbud! when I was a youth, I would ha' capered with St. Vitus, and beat him.

Blanch. You are as likely to dance now, as they to marry. What has hindered them, if the parties be agreed?—yet I have, now, been with my mistress these two years, since Sir Edward first came hither, and placed her in the cottage, hard by his lodge.

Wint. Tush! family reasons:—thou knowest nothing: thou art scarce catched. Two years back, when we came from Kent, and Sir Edward first entered on his office, here, of head Keeper, thou wert a colt, running wild about New Forest. I hired you myself, to attend on Madam Helen.

Blanch. Nay, I shall never forget it. But you were as frolicsome, then, as I, methinks. Dost remember the box on the ear I gave thee, Adam?

Wint. Peace, peace, you pie! an you prate, thus, I'll stop your mouth. I will, by St. Thomas!

Blanch. An I be inclined to the contrary, I do not think you are able to stop it.

Wint. Out, you baggage! thou hast more tricks than a kitten. Well, go thy ways. Sir Edward is at his study, and there thou wilt find him. Ah, mistress Blanch! had you but seen me sixty years ago, in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign!

Blanch. How old art thou now, Adam?

Wint. Four score, come Martlemas: and, by our lady, I can run with a lapwing.

Blanch. Canst thou?—well said!—Thou art a merry old man, and shalt have a kiss of me, on one condition.

Wint. Shall I? odsbud! name it and 'tis mine.

Blanch. Then, catch me. [*Runs off.*

Wint. Pestilence on't! there was a time when my legs had served me—I was a clean limbed stripling, when

I first stood behind Sir Marmaduke's arm chair, in the old oak eating room.

Enter WILFORD.

Wilf. Every new act of Sir Edward's charity sets me a thinking; and the more I think, the more I am puzzled. 'Tis strange, that a man should be so ill at ease, who is continually doing good. At times, the wild glare of his eye is frightful;—I would stake my life there's a secret, and I could almost give my life to unravel it. I must to him, for my morning's employment. [*Crossing the Stage.*

Wint. Ah, boy! Wilford! secretary! whither away, lad?

Wilf. Mr. Winterton!—Ay, marry, this good old man has the clue, could I but coax him to give it to me.—A good morning to you, sir!

Wint. Yea, and the like to thee, boy.—Come, thou shalt have a cup of canary, from my corner cupboard, yonder.

Wilf. Not a drop.

Wint. 'Troth, I bear thee a good will for thy honest, old, dead father's sake.

Wilf. I do thankfully perceive it, sir. Your placing me in Sir Edward's family, some nine months ago, when my poor father died, and left me friendless, will never out of my memory.

Wint. Tut, boy, no merit of mine, in assisting the friendless!—'tis our duty. I could never abide to see honest industry chop-fallen. I love to have folks merry about me, to my heart.

Wilf. I would you could instil some mirth into our good master, Sir Edward. You are an old domestic—the only one he brought with him, two years back, from Kent, and might venture to give his spirits a jog. He seems devoured with spleen and melancholy.

Wint. You are a prying boy; go to—I have told

thee, a score of times, I would not have thee curious about our worthy master's humour.

Wilf. I should cease to pry, sir, would you but once, (as I think you have more than once seemed inclined,) gratify my much-raised curiosity.

Wint. What, green-horn, dost think to trap the old man? Go thy ways, boy, I have a head—Old Adam Winterton can sift a subtle speech to the bottom.

Wilf. Ah! good sir, you need not tell me that—Young as I am, I can admire that experience in another, which I want myself.

Wint. There is something marvellous engaging in this young man! Sixty years ago, in Queen Elizabeth's time, I was just such another.—Well, beware how you offend Sir Edward.

Wilf. I would not willingly, for the world—He has been the kindest master to me: but whilst my fortunes ripen in the warmth of his goodness, the frozen gloom of his countenance chills me.

Wint. Well, well, take heed how you prate on't.—Out on these babbling boys! There is no keeping a secret with younkers in a family.

Wilf. [*Very eagerly.*] What then, there is a secret?

Wint. Why, how now, hot head?—Mercy on me! an this tinder-box boy do not make me shake with apprehension! Is it thus you take my frequent counsel?

Wilf. Dear sir, 'tis your counsel which most I covet:—Give me but that—admit me to your confidence—steer me with your advice, (which I ever held excellent) and, with such a pilot, I may sail prosperously through a current, which otherwise, might wreck me.

Wint. Well, well, I'll think on't, boy.

Wilf. The old answer—yet he softens apace——could I but clench him now—[*Aside.*]—'Faith, sir, 'tis a raw morning, and I care not, if I taste the canary, your kindness offered.

Wint. Aha, lad! say'st thou so? Here's the key of the corner cup-board yonder—See, you do not crack the bottle, you heedless goose, you! [WILFORD *takes out the Bottle and Glasses.*] Ha! fill it up—Od, it sparkles curiously.—Here's to——I pr'ythee, tell me now, Wilford—didst ever in thy life, see a waiting gentlewoman with a more inviting eye, than the little Mrs. Blanch?

Wilf. Here's Mrs. Blanch! [*Drinks.*

Wint. Ah, wag! well, go thy ways—Well, when I was of thy age——Ah, well, that's all over now——but here's little Mrs. Blanch! [*Drinks.*

Wilf. 'Tis thought, here, Sir Edward means to marry her lady, Madam Helen.

Wint. Nay, I know not. She has long been enamoured of him, poor lady! when he was the gay, the gallant Sir Edward, in Kent. Ah, well, two years make a wondrous change!

Wilf. Yes, 'tis a good tough love, now-a-days, that will hold out a couple of twelvemonths!

Wint. Away, I mean not so, you giddy pate! He is all honour!—yet I wonder, sometimes, he can bear to look upon her.

Wilf. Eh? why so? Did he not bring her, under his protection, to the forest, since, 'tis said, she lost her relations?

Wint. Hush, boy! on your life do not name her uncle—I would say, her relations.

Wilf. Her uncle? wherefore? Where's the harm in having an uncle, dead, or alive?

Wint. Peace, peace! in that uncle lies the secret!

Wilf. Indeed! how, good Adam Winterton? I pr'ythee, how? Let us drink Sir Edward's health.

Wint. That I would, though 'twere a mile to the bottom! [*Drinks.*] Ha, 'tis cheering, i'faith!

Wilf. And this uncle, you say——

Wint. Of Madam Helen;—ah, there lies the mischief!

Wilf. What mischief can there be in him? why, he is dead.

Wint. Come nearer:—see you prate not now, on your life! Our good master, Sir Edward, was arraigned on his account, in open court.

Wilf. Arraigned! how mean you?

Wint. Alas, boy! tried!—Tried for—nearer yet—his murder.

Wilf. Mu—mur—murder!

Wint. Why, what!—why, Wilford! out, alas, the boy's passion will betray all! what, Wilford, I say!

Wilf. You have curdled my blood!

Wint. What, varlet, thou darest not think ill of our worthy master?

Wilf. I—I am his secretary—often alone with him at dead midnight, in his library:—the candles in the sockets—and a man glaring upon me, who has committed mur—ugh!

Wint. Committed! Thou art a base, lying knave, to say it! Well, well; hear me, pettish boy, hear me, —Why, look now, thou dost not attend.

Wilf. I—I mark—I mark.

Wint. I tell thee, then, our good Sir Edward was beloved in Kent, where he had returned, a year before, from his travels. Madam Helen's uncle was hated by all the neighbourhood, rich and poor:—a mere brute—dost mark me?

Wilf. Like enough: but when brutes walk upon two legs, the law of the land, thank Heaven, will not suffer us to butcher them!

Wint. Go to, you fire-brand! Our good master laboured all he could, for many a month, to sooth his turbulence, but in vain. He picked a quarrel with Sir Edward, in the public county assembly; nay, the strong ruffian struck him down, and trampled on him. Think on that, Wilford!—on our good master, Sir Edward, whose great soul was nigh to burst with the indignity.

Wilf. Well, but the end on't?

Wint. Why, our young master took horse for his own house, determined, as it appeared, to send a challenge to this white-livered giant, in the morning.

Wilf. I see—he killed him in a duel.

Wint. See, now, how you fly off! Sir Edward's revenge, boy, was baffled; for his antagonist was found dead in the street, that night; killed, by some unknown assassins, on his return from the assembly.

Wilf. Indeed! unknown assassins!

Wint. Nay 'tis plain, our good Sir Edward had no hand in the wicked act: for he was tried, as I told you, at the next assize. Heaven be thanked, he was cleared, beyond a shadow of doubt!

Wilf. He was?—I breathe again—'Twas a happy thing: 'twas the only way left of cleansing him from a foul suspicion.

Wint. But, alas, lad, 'tis his principal grief! He was once the life of all company, but now——

Sir Edward. [*Without.*] Winterton!

Wint. Hark! some one calls. Out on thee! thou hast sunk my spirits into my heels. Who calls merry old Adam Winterton?

Sir Edward. [*Without.*] Adam Winterton! come hither to me.

Wint. Nay, by our lady, 'tis Sir Edward himself! —Pestilence on't! if I seem sad now, 'twill be noted. I come, good Sir Edward.

When birds——(not a word, on thy life)——
do carol on the bush

Now, I charge thee, Wilford, do not speak of it, on thy life!

With a hey no nonny—Mercy on me! [*Exit.*

Wilf. This accounts, then, for all. Poor, unhappy

gentleman! This unravels all, from the first day of my service—when a deep groan made me run into the library, and I found him locking up his papers, in the iron chest, as pale as ashes.—Eh?—What can be in that chest?—Perhaps, some proof of——no, I shudder at the suggestion!—'Tis not possible one so good, can be guilty of——I know not what to think—nor what to resolve on.—But, curiosity is roused, and, come what may, I'll have an eye upon him. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Library.

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER *discovered at a Writing Table.*—ADAM WINTERTON *attending.*—*a Pistol on the Table.*—*An Iron Chest, and the Key in it, at the End of the Room.*

Sir E. 'Tis his first trespass, so, we'll quit him, Adam:
But caution him, how he offend again.
As keeper of the forest, I should fine him.
Wint. Nay, that your worship should. He'll prove, ere long,
Mark but my words, a sturdy poacher, well,
'Tis you know best.
Sir E. Well, well, no matter, Adam;
He has a wife and child.
Wint. Ah, bless your honour!
Sir E. They kill'd his dog?
Wint. Ay, marry, sir—a lurcher.
Black Martin Wincot, the groom keeper shot him;
A perilous good aim!—I warrant me,
The rogue has lived this year upon that lurcher.
Sir E. Poor wretch!—Oh, well bethought! Send Walter to me;

I would employ him: he must ride for me,
On business of much import.
Wint. Lackaday!
That it should chance so! I have sent him forth,
To Winchester, to buy me flannel hose;
For winter's coming on. Good lack! that things
Should fall so crossly!
Sir E. Nay, nay, do not fret:
'Tis better, that my business cool, good Adam,
Than thy old limbs.
Wint. Ah! you've a kindly heart!
Sir E. Is Wilford waiting?
Wint. Wilford! mercy on me!
I tremble now to hear his name.—[*Aside.*]—He is—
Here, in the hall, sir.
Sir E. Send him in, I pr'ythee!
Wint. I shall, sir. Heaven bless you! Heaven bless you! [*Exit.*
Sir E. This honest soul
Would fain look cheery in my house's gloom;
And, like a gay and sturdy evergreen,
Smiles, in the midst of blast and desolation,
Where all around him withers.—Well, well, Wither!
Perish this frail and fickle frame!—this clay,
That, in its dross-like compound, doth contain
The mind's pure ore and essence.—Oh, that mind!
That mind of man! that godlike spring of action!
That source, whence learning, virtue, honour, flow!
Which lifts us to the stars; which carries us
O'er the swoln waters of the angry deep,
As swallows skim the air!—That fame's sole fountain!
That doth transmit a fair, and spotless name,
When the vile trunk is rotten:—Give me that!
Oh, give me but to live in after-age,
Remember'd and unsullied!—Heaven and earth!
Let my pure flame of honour shine in story,
When I am cold in death; and the slow fire,

That wears my vitals now, will no more move me,
Than 'twould a corpse within a monument!
[*A Knock at the Door of the Library.*
How now? Who's there? Come in.

Enter WILFORD.

Wilford, is't you? you were not wont to knock.
Wilf. I fear'd I might surprise you, sir.
Sir E. Surprise me!
Wilf. I mean—disturb you, sir:—yes, at your studies——
Disturb you at your studies.
Sir E. Very strange!
You were not used to be so cautious.
Wilf. No—
I never used—but I—hum—I have learnt——
Sir E. Learnt!
Wilf. Better manners, sir. I was quite raw,
When, in your bounty, you first shelter'd me:
But, thanks to your great goodness, and the lessons
Of Mr. Winterton, I still improve,
And pick up something, daily.
Sir E. Ay, indeed!
Winterton—No, he dare not—[*Aside.*]—Hark you sir!— [*Stepping up to him*
Wilf. Sir!
Sir E. [*Retreating from him.*] What am I about
Oh! honour! honour!
Thy pile should be so uniform, displace
One atom of thee, and the slightest breath
Of a rude peasant, makes thy owner tremble
For his whole building—Reach me
The volume I was busied in, last night.
Wilf. Last night, sir?
Sir E. Ay; it treats of Alexander.
Wilf. Oh, I remember, sir;—of Macedon.
I made some extracts, by your order.
[*Goes to the Bookcase*

Sir E. Books
(My only commerce now), will, sometimes, rouse me
Beyond my nature. I have been so warm'd,
So heated by a well-turn'd rhapsody,
That I have seem'd the hero of the tale,
So glowingly described. Draw me a man
Struggling for fame, attaining, keeping it,
Dead ages since, and the historian
Decking his memory, in polish'd phrase,
And I can follow him through every turn,
Grow wild in his exploits, myself, himself,
Until the thick pulsation of my heart
Wakes me—to ponder on the thing I am!

Wilf. [*Giving him the Book.*] To my poor thinking, sir, this Alexander,
Would scarcely rouse a man to follow him.

Sir E. Indeed! why so, lad? He is reckon'd brave,
Wise, generous, learn'd, by older heads than thine.

Wilf. I cannot tell, sir: I have but a gleaning.
He conquer'd all the world; but left unconquer'd,
A world of his own passions: and they led him,
(It seems so there) on petty provocation,
Even to murder.

[SIR EDWARD *starts.*—WILFORD *and he exchange looks—both confused.*

I have touch'd the string;
'Twas unawares—I cannot help it. [*Aside.*

Sir E. [*Attempting to recover himself.*] Wilford—
Wilford, I—you mistake the character—
I—mark you—he—death, and eternal tortures!

[*Dashes the Book on the Floor, and seizes* WILFORD,
Slave! I will crush thee! pulverise thy frame,
That no vile particle of prying nature
May——Ha! ha! ha!——I will not harm thee, boy——
O, agony! [*Exit.*

Wilf. Is this the high-flown honour, and delicate feeling, old Winterton talked of, that cannot bear a

glance at the trial? This may be guilt. If so—well, what have I to do with the knowledge on't?—what could I do? cut off my benefactor—who gives me bread! who is respected for his virtues, pitied for his misfortunes, loved by his family—blessed by the poor —Pooh, he is innocent! This is his pride and shame. —He was acquitted;—thousands witnessed it—thousands rejoiced at it—thousands—eh? the key left in the iron chest! Circumstance and mystery tempt me at every turn.—Ought I?—no matter. These are no common incitements, and I submit to the impulse— It opens with a spring, I see—I tremble in every joint

[*Goes to the Chest.*

Enter SIR EDWARD MORTIMER.

Sir E. I had forgot the key, and——ha! by hell!

[*Sees* WILFORD; *snatches a Pistol from the Table, runs up to him, and holds it to his Head.*—WILFORD *on his Knees, claps down the Lid of the Trunk, which he has just opened. After an apparent Struggle of Mind,* SIR EDWARD *throws the Pistol from him.*

Sir E. Begone!—Come back!—Come hither to me!

Mark me;—I see thou dost at every turn,—
And I have noted thee too. Thou hast found
(I know not how) some clew to my disgrace:—
Ay, my disgrace; we must not mince it now:
Public dishonour! trod on—buffetted!
Then tried, as the foul demon, who had foil'd
My manly means of vengeance. Anguish gnaws me!
Mountains of shame are piled upon me!—Me,
Who have made fame my idol. 'Twas enough;
But something must be superadded: You,
A worm, a viper I have warm'd, must plant,
In venom'd sport, your sting into my wounds,
Too tender, e'en for tenderness to touch,
And work me into madness. Thou wouldst question

My very—(slave!)—my very innocence?—
Ne'er doubted yet, by judges, nor arraigners.
Wretch! you have wrung this from me! be content:
I am sunk low enough.

Wilf. [*Returning the Key.*] Oh, sir! I ever
Honour'd, and loved you; but I merit all.
My passions hurried me, I know not whither.
Do with me as you please, my kind, wrong'd master!
Discard me—thrust me forth—nay, kill me?

Sir E. Kill you!

Wilf. I know not what I say,—I know but this,
That I would die to serve you.

Enter GREGORY.

Greg. Sir, your brother
Is just alighted at the gate.

Sir E. My brother!
He could not time it worse. Wilford, remember!
Come, show me to him. [*Exit, with* GREGORY.

Wilf. Remember! I shall never, while I live, forget it: nay, I shall never, while I live, forgive myself.—My knees knock together still; and the cold drops stand on my forehead, like rain-water on a pent-house.

Enter BARBARA.

Barb. Oh dear, should any of the servants see me now!—Wilford!

Wilf. Eh? Barbara! How camest thou here?

Barb. With my father, who waits below, to see Sir Edward.

Wilf. He——he is busied; he cannot see him now; he is with his brother.

Barb. 'Troth, I am sorry for it! My poor father's heart is bursting with gratitude, and he would fain ease it, by pouring out his thanks to his benefactor.—Oh, Wilford, yours is a happy lot, to have such a master as Sir Edward!

Wilf. Happy? Oh, yes!—I—I am very happy.

Barb. Mercy! has any ill befallen you?

Wilf. No; nothing.

Barb. Nay, I'm sure there's more in this. Bless me, you look pale! I couldn't bear to see you ill, or uneasy, Wilford.

Wilf. Couldn't you, Barbara? Well, well, I shall be better presently.—'Tis nothing of import.

Barb. Trust me, I hope not!

Wilf. Well, question me no more on't now, I beseech you, Barbara!

Barb. Believe me, I would not question you, but to console you, Wilford. I would scorn to pry into any one's grief, much more yours, Wilford, to satisfy a busy curiosity: Though, I am told, there are such in the world who would.

Wilf. I—I am afraid there are, Barbara. But come, no more of this. 'Tis a passing cloud on my spirits, and will soon blow over.

Barb. Ah! could I govern your fortunes, foul weather should ne'er harm you.

Wilf. Should it not, sweet? Kiss me. [*Kisses her.*] The lips of a woman are a sovereign remedy for melancholy.

DUET.—WILFORD *and* BARBARA.

Wilf. *Sweet little Barbara, when you are advancing,*
Sweet little Barbara, my cares you remove!
Barb. *Poor little Barbara can feel her heart dancing,*
When little Barbara is met by her love.
Wilf. *When I am grieved, love, oh, what would you say?*
Barb. *Tattle to you, love,*
And prattle to you, love,
And laugh your grief and care away.
Wilf. *Sweet little Barbara, &c.*
Barb. *Poor little Barbara, &c.*

Wilf. *Yet, dearest Barbara, look all through the nation,*
Care, soon or late, my love, is every man's lot.
Barb. *Sorrow and melancholy, grief and vexation,*
When we are young and jolly, soon is forgot.
Wilf. *When we grow old, love, then, what will you say?*
Barb. *Tattle to you, love,*
And prattle to you, love,
And laugh your grief and care away.
Wilf. *Sweet little Barbara, &c.*
Barb. *Poor little Barbara, &c.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The New Forest.

Enter ARMSTRONG *and* ORSON.

Arm. Go to:—I tell thee, Orson, as I have told thee more than once, thou art too sanguinary.

Orson. And I tell you, Captain Armstrong, but always under favour, you being our leader, you are too humane.

Arm. Humanity is scarcely counted a fault; if so, 'tis a fault on the right side.

Orson. Umph—perhaps not with us!—we are robbers.

Arm. And why should robbers lack humanity? They, who plunder most, respect it as a virtue, and make a show on't, to gild their vices. Lawyers, phy-

sicians, placemen, all, all plunder and slay, but all pretend to humanity.

Orson. They are regulars, and plunder by license.

Arm. Then let us quacks set the regulars a better example.

Orson. This humanity, Captain, is a high horse you are ever bestride upon. Some day, mark my word, he'll fling you.

Arm. Cruelty is a more dangerous beast: when the rider is thrown, his brains are kicked out, and no one pities him.

Orson. Like enough; but your tough horseman, who ventures boldly, is never dismounted. When I am engaged in a desperate chase, as we are, Captain, I stick at nothing. I hate milk-sops.

Arm. And love mutiny. Take heed, Orson; I have before cautioned you not to glance at me.

Orson. I say nothing: but if some escape to inform against us, whom we have robbed, 'tis none of my fault. Dead men tell no tales.

Arm. Wretch! Speak that again, and you shall tell none. [*Holds a Carbine to his Head.*

Orson. Flash away!—I don't fear death.

Arm. More shame for thee: for thou art unfit to meet it.

Orson. I know my trade. I set powder, ball, and rope, at defiance.

Arm. Brute! you mistake headstrong insensibility for courage. Do not mistake my horror of it for cowardice; for I, who shudder at cruelty, will fell your boldness to the earth, when I see you practise it.—Submit.

Orson. I do:—But my courage was never yet doubted, Captain.

Arm. Your nerves, fool!—Thou art a mere machine. Could I but give it motion, I would take an oak from the forest here, clap a flint into it for heart

and make as bold a fellow as thou art. Listen to my orders.

Orson. I obey.

Arm. Get thee to our den—put on thy disguise; then hie thee to the market-town, for provison for our company. Here—here is part of the spoil we took yesternight: see, you bring an honest account of what you lay out. [*Giving Money.*

Orson. My honour!——

Arm. Well, I do not doubt thee here.—Our profession is singular; its followers do not cheat one another. You will not be back till dusk; see, you fall not on any poor straggling peasant, as you return.

Orson. I would fain encounter the solitary man, who is sometimes wandering by night about the forest;—he is rich.

Arm. Not for your life; 'tis Sir Edward Mortimer, the head keeper:—Touch him not—'tis too near home; besides, he is no object for plunder. He is good, too, to the poor, and should walk unmolested, by charity's charter. 'Twere pity that he, who administers to necessity all day, should be rifled by necessity at night. An thou shouldst meet him, I charge thee, spare him.

Orson. I must, if it be your order. The profession will soon tumble into decay, when thieves grow tender hearted. When a man drives the trade of a wolf, he should not go like a lamb to his business. [*Exit.*

Arm. This fellow is downright villain—hardened and relentless. I have felt, in my penury, the world trample on me: it has driven me to take that, desperately, which, wanting, I should starve. Death! my spirit cannot brook to see a sleek knave walk, negligently, by his fellow in misery, and suffer him to rot. I will wrench that comfort from him, which he will

not bestow:—But nature puts a bar; let him administer to my wants, and pass on:—I have done with him. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Hall, in SIR EDWARD MORTIMER'S *Lodge.*

Enter FITZHARDING.

Fitz. Well, business must be minded:—but he stays
A tedious time, methinks——You, fellow!
[*To a* SERVANT, *crossing the Hall.*

Serv. Sir!

Fitz. Where is Sir Tristful? Where's Don Melancholy?

Serv. Who, sir?

Fitz. My brother, knave, Sir Edward Mortimer.

Serv. He was with you, but now, sir.

Fitz. Sir, I thank you;—
That's information. Louts, and serving men,
Can never parley straight.
Who brought in my luggage?

Serv. It was not I, sir.

Fitz. There! they never can!
Go to your master—pray him to despatch
His household work: tell him I hate fat folios.
Plague! when I cross the country, here, to see him,
He leaves me, ramm'd into an elbow chair,
With a huge heavy book, that makes me nod,
Then tumbles on my toes. Tell him, dost hear,
Captain Fitzharding's company has tired me.

Serv. Whose company?
Fitz. My own, knave.
Serv. Sir, I shall. [*Exit.*
Fitz. A book to me's a sovereign narcotic;
A lump of opium—every line a dose.
Edward is all deep reading. Poor fellow!
Grief will do much!—well, some it drives to reading,
And some to drinking.
Plague upon't! this house
Appears the very cave of melancholy!
Nay, hold, I lie—here comes a petticoat.

Enter BLANCH.

Od! a rare wench! This is the best edition
In Edward's whole collection. Here, come hither—
Let me peruse you.
Blanch. Would you speak to me, sir?
Fitz. Ay, child; I am going now to read you.
Blanch. Read me!
You'll find me full of errors, sir.
Fitz. No matter.
Come nearer, child: I cannot see to read
At such a distance.
Blanch. You had better, sir,
Put on your spectacles.
Fitz. Ay, there she has me!
A plague upon old Time! old scythe and hourglass
Has set his mark upon me. Harkye, child!
You do not know me. You and I must have
Better acquaintance.
Blanch. O, I've heard of you.
You are Sir Edward's kinsman, sir; his brother.
Fitz. Ay—his half brother—by the mother's side—
His elder brother.
Blanch. Yes, sir, I see that.
Fitz. This gipsy's tongue is like her eye: I know not
Which is the sharpest. Tell me, what's your name?

Blanch. My name is Blanch, sir; born here in the forest.

Fitz. Sbud! I must be a keeper in this forest,
Whither art going, sweet one?

Blanch. Home, sir.

Fitz. Home?
Why, is not this thy home?

Blanch. No, sir; I live
Some half mile hence; with Madam Helen, sir.
I brought a letter from her to Sir Edward.

Fitz Odso, with Helen!—so—with her!—the object
Of my grave brother's groaning passion. Plague,
I would, 'twere in the house! I do not like
Your pastoral, rheumatic assignations,
Under an elm, by moonlight. This will end
In flannels and sciatica. My passion
Is not Arcadian. Tell me, pretty one,
Shall I walk with you home?

Blanch. No, sir, I thank you;
It would fatigue you, sadly.

Fitz. Fatigue me!
Oons! this wild forest filly, here, would make me
Grandfather to Methusaleh. Look here;
Here is a purse of money.

Blanch. O, the father!
What, will you give me any?

Fitz. Gold I find
The universal key; the *passe par tout.*
It will unlock a forest maiden's heart,
As easy as a politician's. Here;
Here are some pieces, rose-bud; buy a top-knot;
Make thyself happy with them.

Blanch. That I will.
The poor old woman, northward of the lodge,
Lies sick in bed. I'll take her this, poor soul,
To comfort her.

Fitz. Hold!—hey, the devil!—hold!
This was not meant to comfort an old woman.
Blanch. Why, wouldn't you relieve her, sir?
Fitz. Um?——yes:—
But—pshaw! pooh, pr'ythee—there's a time for all things.
Why tell me of her now,—of an old fool,—
Comforting the aged now?
Blanch. I thought
That you might have a fellow feeling, sir.
Fitz. This little rural devil's laughing at me!
Oons! come and kiss me, jade. I am a soldier,
And justice of the peace.
Blanch. Then, shame upon you!
Your double calling might have taught you better.
I see your drift, now. Take your dirt again,
[*Throws down the Money.*
Good Captain Justice!—stoop for it;—and think
How an old soldier, and a justice, looks,
When he is picking up the bribes he offers,
To injure those he should protect. [*Exit.*
Fitz. I warrant me,
Could I but see my face, now, in a glass,
That I look wondrous sheepish. I'm ashamed
To pick up the two pieces;—let them lie.—
I would not wrong the innocent;—good reason;
There be so few that are so:—she is honest;
I must make reparation. Odso! Wilford!

Enter WILFORD.

How fares it, boy?
Wilf. I thank you, sir. I hope you have enjoy'd
Your health, these three months past, since last you honour'd us
With your good presence, at the lodge.
Fitz. Indifferent.
Some cramps and shooting pains, boy. I have dropp'd

Some cash here, but I am afraid to bend,
To pick it up again, lest it should give me
An awkward twinge. Stoop for it, honest Wilford,
There's a good lad!
Wilf. Right willingly, sir. [*Picks up the Money*
Fitz. So!
The soldier and the justice save their blushes.—
Now, carry it, I pr'ythee, at your leisure,
To an old gossip, near the lodge here,—northward;—
I've heard of her—she's bed-ridden, and sick.
You need not say who sent you.
Wilf. I conceive:
'Tis private bounty; that's true charity.
Fitz. Nay, pish!—my charity!——
Wilf. Nay, I could swear
'Tis not the first time you have offer'd this
In secret.
Fitz. Um!—why, no!—not quite the first.
But tell me, lad, how jogs the world here, eh?
In Rueful Castle?—
Harkye, Wilford, harkye!
Thou'rt a sly rogue! What, you could never tell me
Of Helen's waiting maid; the little cherry;—
Of——plague upon her name!—of——
Wilf. Blanch, sir?
Fitz. Blanch:
That's she;—the forest-fairy.—You and I
Must have some talk about her.
Come hither. [*They retire to the Back of the Scene.*

Enter SIR EDWARD MORTIMER.

Sir E. Now for my brother, and—Ha!—Wilford with him!
That imp is made my scourge. They whisper too!
Wilford!
Wilf. Who calls?—eh!—'tis Sir Edward.
Fitz. Mum!
Sir E. I seem to interrupt you.

Wilf. [*Earnestly.*] No, indeed.
No, on my life, sir:—we were only talking
Of——
Fitz. Hold your tongue. Oons, boy, you must not tell!
Sir E. Not!
Fitz. Not! no, to be sure:—why, 'tis a secret.
Wilf. You shall know all, sir.—'Twas a trifle; nothing;
In faith, you shall know all.
Fitz. In faith, you lie.
Be satisfied, good Edward: 'tis a toy:
But, of all men, I would not have thee know on't;
It is a tender subject.
Sir E. Ay, indeed!
Fitz. May not I have my secret? Oons! good brother,
What would you say now, should a meddling knave
Busy his brains with matters, though but trivial,
Which concern you alone?
Sir E. I'd have him rot:
Die piecemeal; pine; moulder in misery.
Agent, and sacrifice to Heaven's wrath,
When castigating plagues are hurl'd on man,
Stands lean, and lynx-eyed curiosity,
Watching his neighbour's soul;—sleepless himself,
To banish sleep from others. Like a leech,
Sucking the blood-drops from a care-worn heart,
He gorges on't,—then renders up his food,
To nourish calumny, his foul-lung'd mate,
Who carries Rumour's trumpet: and whose breath,
Infecting the wide surface of the world,
Strikes pestilence and blight. Oh, fie on't! fie!
Whip me the curious wretch from pole to pole!
Who writhes in fire, and scorches all around him,
A victim, making victims!
Fitz. By the mass,
'Twere a sound whipping that, from pole to pole!

From constable to constable might serve.
E'en you, yourself, were like to prove, but now,
This leech, that's yoke-fellow, you say, to scandal
The bad breath'd trumpeter.
Sir E. Your pardon, brother;
I had forgot. Wilford, I've business for you.
Wait for me—ay—an hour after dinner,
Wait for me in the library.
Wilf. The library!
I sicken at the sound. [*Aside.*] Wait there for you—
and—
Captain Fitzharding, sir?
Sir E. For me alone.
Wilf. Alone, sir;
Sir E. Yes;—begone.
Wilf. I shall, sir;—but,
If I have ever breath'd a syllable
That might displease you, may—
[*Aside to* MORTIMER.
Sir E. Fool! breathe no more.
Wilf. I'm dumb.
I'd rather step into a lion's den,
Than meet him in the library!—I go, sir. [*Exit.*
Fitz. Brother, you are too harsh with that poor boy.
Sir E. Brother, a man must rule his family
In his own way.
Fitz. Well, well, well;—don't be touchy.
I speak not to offend: I only speak
On a friend's privilege. The poor are men,
And have their feelings, brother.
Sir E. So have I!
Fitz. One of the best that we can show, believe me,
Is mildness to a servant. Servants, brother,
Are born with fortune's yoke about their necks;
And that is galling in itself enough;
We should not goad them under it.

Sir E. Brother, your hand. You have a gentle nature;
May no mischance e'er ruffle it, my brother!
Trust me, dear friend,
If admiration of thy charity
May argue charity in the admirer,
I am not destitute.
Fitz. You!—I have seen you
Sometimes o'erflow with it.
Sir E. And what avails it?
Honour has been my theme; good will to man
My study. I have labour'd for a name
As white as mountain snow; dazzling, and speckless:
Shame on't, 'tis blurr'd with blots! Fate, like a mildew,
Ruins the virtuous harvest I would reap,
And all my crop is weeds.
Fitz. Why, how now, brother!
This is all spleen. You mope yourself too much,
In this dull forest, here.
Come, come, rouse you, man!
I came on purpose, thirty miles from home,
To jog your spirits. Pr'ythee, now, be gay!
And, pr'ythee, too, be kind to my young favourite!
To Wilford there.
Sir E. Well, well; I hope I have been.
Fitz. No doubt, in actions: but in words, and looks.
A rugged look's a damper to a greenhorn.
I watch'd him, now, when you frown'd angrily,
And he betray'd——
Sir E. Betray'd!
Fitz. Ten thousand fears.
Sir E. Oh!
Fitz. The poor devil couldn't have shown more scared

Had you e'en held a pistol to his head.
[SIR EDWARD *starts*.
Why, heyday! what's the matter?
Sir E. Brother!——
Question me not; my nerves are aspin-like;
The slightest breath will shake them. Come, good brother!
Fitz. You'll promise to be gay?
Sir E. I'll do my best.
Fitz. Why, that's well said! A man can do no more.
Od! I believe my rattling talk has given you
A stir already.
Sir E. That it has, indeed!
Come, brother! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

HELEN'S *Cottage.*

Enter HELEN *and* SAMSON.

Helen. Are you he that wish to enter in my service?
Sam. Yes, so please you, Madam Helen, for want of a better.
Helen. Why, I have seen you in the forest—at Rawbold's cottage. He is your father, as I think.
Sam. Yes, so please you, madam, for want of a better.
Helen. I fear me, you may well say that. Your

as I have heard, bears an ill name in the fo-

Sam. Alas, madam! he is obliged to bear it—for of a better. We are all famished, madam: and naked, and hungry, have seldom many friends to look well of them.

Helen. If I should hire thee, who will give thee a character?

Sam. My father, madam.

Helen. Why, sirrah, he has none of his own.

Sam. The more fatherly in him, madam, to give his son what he has need of for himself. But a knave is often applied to, to vouch for a good servant's honesty. I will serve you as faithfully as your last footman; who, I have heard, ran away this morning.

Helen. Truly, he did so.

Sam. I was told on't, some half hour ago; and ran, hungrily, hither, to offer myself. So please you, let not poverty stand in the way of my preferment.

Helen. Should I entertain you, what could you do to make yourself useful?

Sam. Any thing. I can wire hares, snare partridges, shoot a buck, and smuggle brandy for you, madam.

Helen. Fie on you, knave! 'Twere fitter to turn you over to the verderors of the forest, for punishment, than to encourage you in such practices.

Sam. I would practise any thing better, that might get me bread. I would scrape trenchers, fill buckets, and carry a message. What can a man do!—he can't starve.

Helen. Well, sirrah, to snatch thee from evil, I care not if I make a trial of thee.

Sam. No! will you?

Helen. Nineteen in twenty might question my prudence for this:—but, whatever loss I may suffer from thy roguery, the thought of having opened a path, to

lead a needy wanderer back to virtue, will more than repay me.

Sam. Oh, bless you, lady! If I do not prove virtuous, never trust in man more. I am overjoyed!

Helen. Get thee to the kitchen. You will find a livery there will suit you.

Sam. A livery! Oh, the father! Virtuous and a livery, all in a few seconds! Heaven bless you!

Helen. Well, get you to your work.

Sam. I go, madam. If I break any thing to-day, beseech you, let it go for nothing; for joy makes my hand tremble. Should you want me, please to cry, Samson! and I am with you in a twinkling. Heaven bless you! Here's fortune! [*Exit.*

Helen. Blanch stays a tedious time. Heaven send Mortimer's health be not worse! He is sadly altered since we came to the forest. I dreamed last night, of the fire he saved me from; and I saw him, all fresh, in manly bloom, bearing me through the flames, even as it once happened.

Enter BLANCH.

How now, wench? You have almost tired my patience.

Blanch. And my own legs, madam. If the old footman had not made so much of his, by running away, they might have spared mine.

Helen. Inform me of Sir Edward Mortimer. Hast seen him?

Blanch. Yes, I have, madam.

Helen. Say; tell me;
How look'd he? how's his health? is he in spirits?
What said he, Blanch? Will he be here to-day?

Blanch. A little breath, madam, and I will answer all, duly.

Helen. O! fie upon thee, wench!
T'ese interrogatories should be answer'd
Quicker than breath can utter them.

Blanch. That's impossible, lady.

Helen. Thou wouldst not say so, hadst thou ever loved.

Love has a fleeter messenger than speech,
To tell love's meaning. His expresses post
Upon the orbs of vision, ere the tongue
Can shape them into words. A lover's look
Is his heart's Mercury. O! the eye's eloquence,
Twin-born with thought, outstrips the tardy voice,
Far swifter than the nimble lightning's flash
The sluggish thunder peal that follows it.

Blanch. I am not skill'd in eye-talking, madam. I have been used to let my discourse ride upon my tongue; and, I have been told, 'twill trot at a good round pace, upon occasion.

Helen. Then let it gallop, now, beseech you, wench, And bring me news of Mortimer.

Blanch. Then, madam, I saw Sir Edward in his library: and delivered your letter. He will be here, either in the evening, or on the morrow: 'tis uncertain which;—for his brother, Captain Fitzharding, is arrived, on a visit to him. But Sir Edward's letter may chance to specify further particulars.

Helen. His letter? Has he written?—fie upon thee!
Why didst not give it me, at once? Where is it?
Thou art turn'd dreamer, wench!—Come; quickly.

Blanch. You talk'd to me so much of reading eyes, madam, that I e'en forgot the letter. Here it is.

Helen. Come to me, shortly, in my cabinet:
I'll read it there.—I am almost unfit
To open it. I ne'er receive his letters,
But my hand trembles. Well, I know 'tis silly,
And yet I cannot help it. I will ring;
Then come to me, good Blanch;—not yet. My Mortimer,
Now for your letter! [*Exit.*

Blanch. I would they were wedded once, and all this trembling would be over. I am told your married lady's feelings are little roused in reading letters from a husband.

Enter SAMSON, *dressed in a Livery.*

Sam. This sudden turn of fortune might puff some men up with pride. I have look'd in the glass already:—and if ever man look'd braver in a glass than I, I know nothing of finery.

Blanch. Hey day! who have we here?

Sam. Oh, lord! this is the maid.——I mean the waiting woman. I warrant we shall be rare company, in a long winter's evening.

Blanch. Why, who are you?

Sam. I'm your fellow-servant:—the new comer. The last footman cast his skin, in the pantry, this morning, and I have crept into it.

Blanch. Why, sure, it cannot be!—Now I look upon you again, you are Samson Rawbold—old Rawbold's son, of the forest, here.

Sam. The same; I am not like some upstarts; when I am prosperous, I do not turn my back on my poor relations.

Blanch. What, has my lady hired thee?

Sam. She has taken me, like a pad nag, upon trial.

Blanch. I suspect you will play her a jade's trick, and stumble in your probation. You have been caught tripping, ere now.

Sam. An I do not give content 'tis none of my fault. A man's qualities cannot come out all at once. I wish you would teach me a little how to lay a cloth.

Blanch. You are well qualified for your office, truly, not to know that.

Sam. To say truth, we had little practice that

way, at home. We stood not upon forms;—we had sometimes no cloth for a dinner.

Blanch. And, sometimes, no dinner for a cloth.

Sam. Just so. We had little order in our family.

Blanch. Well, I will instruct you.

Sam. That's kind. I will be grateful. They tell me I have learnt nothing but wickedness, yet: but I will instruct you in any thing I know, in return.

Blanch. There I have no mind to become your scholar. But be steady in your service, and you may outlive your beggary, and grow into respect.

Sam. Nay, an riches rain upon me, respect will grow of course. I never knew a rich man yet, who wanted followers to pull off their caps to him.

SONG.—SAMSON.

A traveller stopt at a widow's gate;
She kept an Inn, and he wanted to bait:——
But the landlady slighted her guest:
For when Nature was making an ugly race,
She certainly moulded the traveller's face
As a sample for all the rest.

The chamber-maid's sides they were ready to crack,
When she saw his queer nose, and the hump at his back;—
A hump isn't handsome, no doubt;—
And, though 'tis confess'd that the prejudice goes,
Very strongly, in favour of wearing a nose,
Yet a nose shouldn't look like a snout.

A bag full of gold on the table he laid;—
'T had a wondrous effect on the widow and maid;
And they quickly grew marvellous civil.
The money, immediately, alter'd the case;
They were charm'd with his hump, and his snout, and his face,
Tho' he still might have frighten'd the devil.

He paid like a prince—gave the widow a smack—
Then flopp'd on his horse, at the door, like a sack
While the landlady, touching the chink,
Cried—" Sir, should you travel this country again
" I heartily hope that the sweetest of men
" Will stop at the widow's to drink."

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The Library.

WILFORD *discovered.*

Wilf. I would Sir Edward were come! The dread of a fearful encounter is often, as terrible as the encounter itself. Eh!—He's coming.—No. The old wainscot cracks, and frightens me out of my wits: and, I verily believe, the great folio dropt on my head, just now, from the shelf, on purpose to increase my terrors.

Enter SIR EDWARD MORTIMER, *at one door of the Library, which he locks after him.* WILFORD *turns round on hearing him shut it.*

Wilf. What's that?—'Tis he himself! Mercy on me! he has lock'd the door!—What is going to become of me.!

Sir E. Wilford!—Is no one in the picture gallery?

Wilf. No——not a soul, sir;——not a human soul;—

None within hearing, if I were to bawl
Ever so loud.
Sir E. Lock yonder door.
Wilf. The door, sir!
Sir E. Do as I bid you.
Wilf. What, sir? lock——
[SIR EDWARD *waves with his hand.*
I shall, sir. [*Going to the Door, and locking it.*
Sir E. Wilford, approach me.—What am I to say
For aiming at your life!—Do you not scorn me,
Despise me for it?
Wilf. I! Oh, sir!——
Sir E. You must;
For I am singled from the herd of men,
A vile, heart-broken wretch!
Wilf. Indeed, indeed, sir,
You deeply wrong yourself. Your equal's love,
The poor man's prayer, the orphan's tear of gratitude,
All follow you:—and I!—I owe you all!
I am most bound to bless you.
Sir E. Mark me, Wilford:—
I know the value of the orphan's tear;
The poor man's prayer; respect from the respected;
I feel to merit these, and to obtain them,
Is to taste here, below, that thrilling cordial
Which the remunerating Angel draws,
From the eternal fountain of delight,
To pour on blessed souls, that enter Heaven.
I feel this:—I!—How must my nature, then,
Revolt at him who seeks to stain his hand,
In human blood?—and yet it seems, this day,
I sought your life.—Oh! I have suffer'd madness!
None know my tortures;—pangs!—but I can end them:
End them as far as appertains to thee.—
I have resolv'd it.—Hell born struggles tear me?
But I have ponder'd on't,—and I must trust thee.

Wilf. Your confidence shall not be——

Sir E. You must swear.

Wilf. Swear, sir!—will nothing but an oath, then——

Sir E. Listen.

May all the ills that wait on frail humanity
Be doubled on your head, if you disclose
My fatal secret! May your body turn
Most lazar-like, and loathsome; and your mind
More loathsome than your body! May those fiends
Who strangle babes, for very wantonness,
Shrink back, and shudder at your monstrous crimes,
And, shrinking, curse you! Palsies strike your youth!
And the sharp terrors of a guilty mind
Poison your aged days; while all your nights,
As on the earth you lay your houseless head,
Out-horror horror! May you quit the world
Abhorr'd, self-hated, hopeless for the next,
Your life a burden, and your death a fear!

Wilf. For mercy's sake, forbear! you terrify me!

Sir E. Hope this may fall upon thee;—Swear thou hopest it,
By every attribute which Heaven, earth, hell,
Can lend, to bind, and strengthen conjuration,
If thou betray'st me.

Wilf. Well I—— [*Hesitating.*

Sir E. No retreating!

Wilf. [*After a Pause.*] I swear, by all the ties that bind a man,
Divine, or human,—never to divulge!

Sir E. Remember you have sought this secret;—Yes,
Extorted it. I have not thrust it on you.
'Tis big with danger to you; and to me,
While I prepare to speak, torment unutterable.
Know, Wilford that,——damnation!

Wilf. Dearest sir!
Collect yourself. This shakes you horribly.
You had this trembling, it is scarce a week,
At Madam Helen's.
Sir E. There it is.—Her uncle—
Wilf. Her uncle!
Sir E. Him. She knows it not;—None know it;—
You are the first ordain'd to hear me say,
I am——his murderer.
Wilf. O, Heaven!
Sir E. His assassin.
Wilf. What you that—mur—the murder—I am choak'd!
Sir E. Honour, thou blood-stain'd god! at whose red altar
Sit War and Homicide, O, to what madness
Will insult drive thy votaries! By Heaven!
In the world's range there does not breathe a man
Whose brutal nature I more strove to sooth,
With long forbearance, kindness, courtesy,
Than his who fell by me. But he disgraced me,
Stain'd me,—oh, death, and shame!—the world look'd on,
And saw this sinewy savage strike me down;
Rain blows upon me, drag me to and fro,
On the base earth, like carrion. Desperation,
In every fibre of my frame, cried vengeance!
I left the room, which he had quitted: Chance,
(Curse on the chance!) while boiling with my wrongs,
Thrust me against him, darkling, in the street:—
I stabb'd him to the heart:—and my oppressor
Roll'd, lifeless, at my foot.
Wilf. Oh! mercy on me!
How could this deed be cover'd!
Sir E. Would you think it?
E'en at the moment when I gave the blow,

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Butcher'd a fellow creature in the dark,
I had all good men's love. But my disgrace,
And my opponent's death, thus link'd with it,
Demanded notice of the magistracy.
They summon'd me, as friend would summon friend,
To acts of import, and communication.
We met: and 'twas resolved, to stifle rumour,
To put me on my trial. No accuser,
No evidence appear'd, to urge it on:—
'Twas meant to clear my fame.—How clear it then?
How cover it? you say.—Why, by a lie:—
Guilt's offspring, and its guard. I taught this breast,
Which Truth, once, made her throne, to forge a lie;
This tongue to utter it;—rounded a tale,
Smooth as a Seraph's song from Satan's mouth;
So well compacted, that the o'erthrong'd Court
Disturb'd cool Justice, in her judgment-seat,
By shouting "innocence!" ere I had finish'd.
The Court enlarged me; and the giddy rabble
Bore me, in triumph, home. Ay!—look upon me.—
I know thy sight aches at me.

Wilf. Heaven forgive me!
It may be wrong;—
Indeed I pity you.

Sir E. I disdain all pity.—
I ask no consolation. Idle boy!
Think'st thou that this compulsive confidence
Was given to move thy pity?—Love of fame
(For still I cling to it) has urged me, thus,
To quash thy curious mischief in its birth.
Hurt honour, in an evil, cursed hour,
Drove me to murder;—lying:—'twould again.
My honesty,—sweet peace of mind,—all, all!
Are barter'd for a name. I will maintain it.
Should slander whisper o'er my sepulchre,
And my soul's agency survive in death,
I could embody it with Heaven's lightning,

And the hot shaft of my insulted spirit
Should strike the blaster of my memory
Dead, in the churchyard. Boy, I would not kill
—— thee;
Thy rashness and discernment threaten'd danger;
To check them there was no way left but this—
Save one;—your death:—you shall not be my victim.
Wilf. My death! What, take my life?—My life! to prop
This empty honour.
Sir E. Empty? Groveling fool!
Wilf. I am your servant, sir: child of your bounty,
And know my obligation. I have been
Too curious haply; 'tis the fault of youth.
I ne'er meant injury: if it would serve you,
I would lay down my life; I'd give it freely:
Could you, then, have the heart to rob me of it?
You could not;—should not.
Sir E. How!
Wilf. You dare not.
Sir E. Dare not!
Wilf. Some hours ago you durst not. Passion moved you;
Reflection interposed, and held your arm.
But, should reflection prompt you to attempt it,
My innocence would give me strength to struggle,
And wrest the murderous weapon from your hand.
How would you look to find a peasant boy
Return the knife you levell'd at his heart;
And ask you which in heaven would show the best,
A rich man's honour, or a poor man's honesty?
Sir E. 'Tis plain I dare not take your life. To spare it,
I've endanger'd mine. But dread my power;
You know not its extent. Be warn'd in time;
Trifle not with my feelings. Listen, sir!
Myriads of engines, which my secret working

Can rouse to action, now encircle you.
Your ruin hangs upon a thread: provoke me,
And it shall fall upon you. Dare to make
The slightest movement to awake my fears,
And the gaunt criminal, naked, and stake-tied,
Left on the heath, to blister in the sun,
Till lingering death shall end his agony,
Compared to thee, shall seem more enviable
Than cherubs to the damn'd.

Wilf. O, misery!
Discard me, sir! I must be hateful to you.
Banish me hence. I will be mute as death;
But let me quit your service.

Sir E. Never.—Fool!
To buy this secret, you have sold yourself.
Your movements, eyes, and, most of all, your breath,
From this time forth, are fetter'd to my will.
You have said, truly: you are hateful to me:—
Yet you shall feel my bounty:—that shall flow,
And swell your fortunes; but my inmost soul
Will yearn with loathing when—hark! some one knocks!
Open the door.

[WILFORD *opens the Door, and* WINTERTON *comes in.*]

Sir E. How now, Winterton?
Did you knock more than once? Speak—did you listen—
—I mean, good Adam, did you wait?—Ay, wait
Long at the door, here?

Wint. Bless your honour! no.
You are too good to let the old man wait.

Sir E. What, then, our talk, here—Wilford's here and mine—
Did not detain you at the door!—Ha!—did it?

Wint. Not half a second.

Sir E. Oh!—well, what's the matter?

Wint. Captain Fitzharding, sir, entreats your company.
I've placed another flaggon on the table.
Your worship knows it—Number thirty-five:—
The supernaculum.

Sir E. Well, well:—I come.
What, has he been alone?

Wint. No—I've been with him.
Od! he's a merry man! and does so jest!
He calls me first of men, 'cause my name's Adam.
Well, 'tis exceeding pleasant, by St. Thomas!

Sir E. Come, Adam; I'll attend the Captain.—
Wilford,
What I have just now given you in charge,
Be sure to keep fast lock'd. I shall be angry,—
Be very angry, if I find you careless.
Come, Adam.

[*Exit* MORTIMER—WINTERTON *following.*

Wilf. This house is no house for me. Fly I will, I am resolved:—but whither? His threats strike terror into me; and, were I to reach the pole, I doubt whether I should elude his grasp. But to live here a slave! slave to his fears, his jealousies!—Night is coming on. Darkness be my friend! for I will forth instantly. The thought of my innocence will cheer me, as I wander thro' the gloom. Oh! when guilty Ambition writhes upon its couch, why should bare-foot Integrity repine, though its sweet sleep be canopied with a ragged hovel!

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The inside of an Abbey, in ruins: Part of it converted into an Habitation for Robbers. Various Entrances to their Apartment, through the broken Arches of the Building, &c.

Enter JUDITH *and a* BOY.

Jud. Well, sirrah! have you been upon the scout? Are any of our gang returning?

Boy. No, Judith! not a soul.

Jud. The rogues tarry, thus to fret me.

Boy. Why, indeed, Judith, the credit of your cookery is lost among thieves. They never come punctual to their meals.

Jud. No tiding of Orson yet, from the market town?

Boy. I have seen nothing of him.

Jud. Brat! thou dost never bring me good news.

Boy. Judith, you are ever so cross with me!

Jud. That wretch, Orson, slights my love of late. Hence, you hemp-seed, hence! Get to the broken porch of the abbey, and watch. 'Tis all you are good for.

Boy. You know I am but young yet, Judith! but, with good instructions, I may be a robber, in time.

Jud. Away, you imp! you will never reach such preferment. [*A whistle without.*] So! I hear some of our party. [*Whistle again; the* BOY *puts his Fingers in his Mouth, and whistles, in Answer.*]

Jud. Why must you keep your noise, sirrah?

Boy. Nay, Judith, 'tis one of the first steps we boys learn in the profession. I shall never come to good, if you check me so. Huzza! here come two!

Enter Two ROBBERS, *through the broken Part of the Scene.*

Jud. So! you have found your road, at last. A murrain light upon you! is it thus you keep your hours?

1 *Rob.* What, hag, ever at this trade! Ever grumbling?

Jud. I have reason. I toil to no credit; I watch with no thanks. I trim up the table, for your return, and no one returns, in due time, to notice my industry. Your meat is scorch'd to cinders. Rogues, 'would it were poison for you!

1 *Rob.* What a devil in petticoats is this! I never knew a woman turn to mischief, that she did not outdo a man, clean.

Jud. Did any of you meet Orson, on your way?

1 *Rob.* Ay, there the hand points. When that fellow is abroad, you are more savage than customary; and that is needless.

2 *Rob.* None of our comrades come yet? They will be finely soak'd.

1 *Rob.* Ay, the rain pours, like a spout, upon the ruins of the old abbey wall, here.

Jud. I'm glad on't. May it drench them, and breed agues! 'twill teach them to keep time.

1 *Rob.* Peace, thou abominable railer! A man had better dwell in purgatory, than have thee in his habitation.—Peace, devil! or I'll make thee repent.

Jud. You! 'tis as much as thy life is worth to move my spleen.

1 *Rob.* What, you will set Orson, your champion, upon me?

Jud. Coward! he should not disgrace himself with chastising thee.

1 *Rob.* Death and thunder!——[*Draws his Sword.*

Jud. Ay, attack a woman, do! it suits your hen-hearted valour. Assault a woman!

1 *Rob.* Well—passion hurried me. But I have a respect for the soft sex, and am cool again. [*Returns his Sword to the Scabbard.*] Come Judith, be friends.—Nay, come, do; and I will give thee a farthingale, I took from a lawyer's widow.

Jud. Where is it?

1 *Rob.* You shall have it.

Jud. Well—I——Hark!

2 *Rob.* Soft! I think I hear the foot of a comrade.

MUSICAL DIALOGUE, AND CHORUS.

ROBBERS *and* JUDITH.

Listen! No; it is the owl,
That hoots upon the mould'ring tow'r.
Hark! the rain beats, the night is foul;
Our comrades stay beyond their hour.
Listen!
All's hush'd around the abbey wall.——
Soft! Now I hear a robber's call!
Listen!
They whistle!—Answer it!—'Tis nigh!
Again! A comrade comes.—'Tis I!
And here another; and here another!
Who comes? A brother. Who comes?
A brother.
Now they all come pouring in;
Our jollity will soon begin.

Sturdy partners, all appear!
We're here! and here, and here, and here!
Thus we stout freebooters prowl,
Then meet to drain the flowing bowl.

[At different Periods of the Music, the ROBBERS *enter through various Parts of the Ruins, in Groups.*

Enter ORSON, *with Luggage on his Back, as returned from Market.*

1 *Rob.* See; hither comes Orson at last. He walks in, like Plenty, with provision on his shoulder.

Jud. O Orson!—why didst tarry, Orson? I began to fear. Thou art cold and damp. Let me wring the wet from thy clothes. O! my heart leaps to see thee!

Orson. Stand off! this hamper has been wearisome enough. I want not thee on my neck.

Jud. Villain! 'tis thus you ever use me. I can revenge:—I can——do not, dear Orson! do not treat me thus.

Orson. Let a man be ever so sweet temper'd, he will meet somewhat to sour him. I have been vex'd to madness.

2 *Rob.* How now, Orson, what has vex'd thee, now?

Orson. A prize has slipt through my fingers.

3 *Rob.* Ay! marry, how?

Orson. I met a straggling knave on foot, and the rogue resisted. He had the face to tell me that he was thrust on the world to seek his fortune; and that the little he had about him was his all. Plague on the provisions at my back! I had no time to rifle him:—but I have spoil'd him for fortune seeking I warrant him.

3 *Rob.* Orson, you are ever disobeying our Captain's order. You are too remorseless, and bloody.

Orson. Take heed, then, how you move my anger, by telling me on't. The affair is mine; I will answer to the consequence.

4 *Rob.* I hear our Captain's signal. Here he comes. Ha!—he is leading one who seems wounded.

Enter ARMSTRONG, *supporting* WILFORD.

Arm. Gently, good fellow! come, keep a good heart!

Wilf. You are very kind. I had breathed my last, but for your care. Whither have you led me?

1 *Rob.* Where you will be well treated, youngster. You are now among as honourable a knot of men as ever cried "Stand" to a traveller.

Wilf. How! among robbers!

1 *Rob.* Why, so the law's cant calls us gentlemen, who live at large.

Wilf. So! For what am I reserved!

Arm. Fear nothing. You are safe in this asylum. Judith, lead him in.

Jud. I do not like the office. You are ever at these tricks. 'Twill ruin us in the end. What have we to do with charity? Well, I shall. Come, fellow,—since it must be so.

[*Exit* WILFORD, *led out by* JUDITH.

Arm. I would I knew which of you had done this. Well, time must discover him: for he, who had brutality enough to commit the action, can scarcely have courage enough to confess it.

Orson. Courage, captain, is a quality, I take it, little wanted by any here. What signify words;—I did it.

Arm. I suspected thee, Orson. 'Tis scarce an hour since he, whom thou hast wounded, quitted the service of Sir Edward Mortimer, in the forest, here; and inquiry will doubtless be made.

2 *Rob.* Nay, then we are all discover'd.

Arm. Now mark what thou hast done. Thou hast endanger'd the safety of our party; thou hast broken my order ('tis not the first time by many,) in attacking a passenger:—and what passenger? One whose unhappy case should have claim'd thy pity. He told you he had displeased his master,—left the house of comfort, and, with his scanty pittance, was wandering round the world to mend his fortune. Like a butcher, you struck the forlorn boy to the earth, and left him to languish in the forest. Would any of our brave comrades have done this?

All.—None! None!

Arm. Comrades, in this case, my voice is single. But, if it have any weight, this brute, this Orson, shall be thrust from our community, which he has disgraced. Let it not be said, brothers, while want drives us to plunder, that wantonness prompts us to butchery.

Robbers. O brave captain! away with him!

Orson. You had better ponder on't, ere you provoke me.

Arm. Rascal! do you mutter threats? You cannot terrify us. Begone.

Orson. Well, if I must, I must. I was ever a friend to you all: but, if you are bent on turning me out,—why—fare you well.

Robbers. Ay, ay—Away, Away!

Orson. Farewell, then. [*Exit.*

Arm. Come, comrades! Think no more of this. Let us drown the choler we have felt, in wine, and revelry.

FINALE.

Jolly Friars tippled here,
Ere these Abbey walls had crumbled;
Still the ruins boast good cheer,
Though long ago the cloisters tumbled.
The Monks are gone!——
Well! well!
That's all one:——
Let's ring their knell.
They set an example,
We'll follow the sample,
And all go to bed most religiously drunk.
Huzza! Huzza! we'll drink and we'll sing!
We'll laugh, and we'll quaff,
And make the welkin ring!

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Room in SIR EDWARD MORTIMER'S *Lodge.*

MORTIMER *and* HELEN *discover'd.*

Helen. Sooth, you look better now, indeed you do,
Much better, since your sudden
Sickness, I came to visit you.

Sir E. Thou'rt a sweet flatterer!
Helen. Ne'er trust me, then,
If I do flatter. This is wilfulness.—
Thou wilt be sick, because thou wilt be sick.
I'll cure you of this fancy, Mortimer.
Sir E. And what wouldst thou prescribe?
Helen. I would distil
Each flower that lavish happiness produced,
Through the world's paradise, ere disobedience
Scatter'd the seeds of care; then mingle each,
In one huge cup of comfort for thee, love,
To chase away thy dulness. Thou shouldst wanton
Upon the wings of Time, and mock his flight,
As he sail'd with thee tow'rd Eternity.
I'd have each hour, each minute of thy life,
A golden holiday; and should a cloud
O'ercast thee, be it light as gossamer,
That Helen might disperse it with her breath,
And talk thee into sunshine!
Sir E. Sweet, sweet Helen!
Death, soften'd with thy voice, might dull his sting,
And steep his darts in balsam. Oh! my Helen,
These warnings which that grisly monarch sends,
Forerunners of his certain visitation,
Of late, are frequent with me. It should seem
I was not meant to live long.
Helen. Oh, Mortimer,
I could not talk so cruelly to you!
I would not pain you, thus, for worlds!
Sir E. Nay, come;
I meant not this. I did not mean to say
There's danger now; but 'tis the privilege
Of sickness to be grave, and moralize
On that which sickness brings. I pr'ythee, now,
Be comforted. Believe me, I shall mend;
I feel I shall, already.
Helen. Do you, Mortimer?

Do you, indeed, feel so?
Sir E. Indeed, I do.
Helen. I knew you would:—I said it. Did I not?
I see it in your looks, now, you are better.
Sir E. Scarce possible, so suddenly!
Helen. O, yes;
There is no little movement of your face
But I can mark, on the instant;—'tis my study.
I have so gazed upon it, that, I think
I can interpret ev'ry turn it has,
And read your inmost soul.
Sir E. What?
Helen. Mercy on me!
You change again.
Sir E. 'Twas nothing.—Do not fear;
These little shocks are usual.—'Twill not last.
Helen. 'Would you could shake them off!
Sir E. I would I could!
Helen. I pr'ythee, now, endeavour.—This young man,
This boy—this Wilford—he has been ungrateful;
But do not let his baseness wear you thus.
Ev'n let him go.
Sir E. I'll hunt him through the world!
Helen. Why, look you there now! Pray be calm.
Sir E. Well, well;
I am too boisterous: 'Tis my unhappiness
To seem most harsh where I would show most kind.
The world has made me peevish.—This same boy
Has somewhat moved me.
Helen. He's beneath your care.
Seek him not now, to punish him. Poor wretch!
He carries that away, within his breast,
Which will embitter all his life to come,
And make him curse the knowledge on't.
Sir E. The knowledge!——
Has he, then, breathed?——Carries within his breast!

What does he know?

Helen. His own ingratitude.

Sir E. O,—very true.

Helen. Then leave him to his conscience.
Believe me, love,
There is no earthly punishment so great,
To scourge an evil act, as man's own conscience,
To tell him he is guilty.

Sir E. 'Tis a hell!
I pray you talk no more on't.—I am weak;—
I did not sleep last night.

Helen. Would you sleep now?

Sir E. No; Helen, no. I tire thy patient sweetness.

Helen. Tire me! nay, that you do not. Who comes here?

Enter WINTERTON.

What, Winterton! How dost thou, old acquaintance?
How dost thou, Adam?

Wint. Bless your goodness, well.
Is my good master better?

Helen. Somewhat, Adam.

Wint. Now, by our lady, I rejoice to hear it!
I have a message——

Helen. O, no business now!

Wint. Nay, so I said. Quoth I, his honour's sick;
Perilous sick! but the rogue press'd, and press'd;
I could refuse no longer.

Helen. Who has thus importuned you?

Wint. To say the truth, a most ill-favour'd varlet.
But he will speak to none but his worship.
I think 'tis forest business.

Sir E. O, not now:
Another time;—to-morrow;—when he will.
I am unfit.—They tease me!

Wint. Ev'n as you please, your worship. I should think,
From what he dropt, he can give some account
Of the poor boy.
Sir E. Of Wilford? [*Starting up.*
Wint. Troth, I think so.
The knave is shy; but Adam has a head.
Sir E. Quick; send him hither on the instant! Haste!
Fly, Adam, fly!
Wint. Well now, it glads my heart
To hear you speak so briskly.
Sir E. Well, despatch!
Wint. I go. Heaven bless you both! Heaven send you well,
And merry days may come again. [*Exit.*
Helen. I fear, this business may distract you Mortimer:
I would you would defer it, till to-morrow.
Sir E. Not so, sweet. Do not fear. I pr'ythee, now,
Let me have way in this. Retire a while;
Anon, I'll come to thee.
Helen. Pray now, be careful.
I dread these agitations. Pray, keep calm,
Now do not tarry long. Adieu, my Mortimer!
Sir E. Farewell, a while, sweet!
Helen. Since it must be so,—
Farewell! [*Exit* HELEN.
Sir E. Dear, simple innocence! thy words of comfort
Pour oil upon my fires. Methought her eye,
When first she spake of conscience, shot a glance
Like her dead uncle on me. Well, for Wilford!
That slave can play the Parthian with my fame,
And wound it while he flies. Bring him before me,
Place me the runagate within my gripe,

And I will plant my honour on its base,
Firmer than adamant, tho' hell and death
Should moat the work with blood!—Oh, how will sin
Engender sin! Throw guilt upon the soul,
And, like a rock dash'd on the troubled lake,
'Twill form its circles, round succeeding round,
Each wider than the——

Enter ORSON.

How now! What's your business?

Orson. Part with your office in the forest: part Concerns yourself in private.

Sir E. How myself?

Orson. Touching a servant of your house; a lad, Whose heels, I find, were nimbler than his duty.

Sir E. Speak; what of him? Quick;—Know you where he is?
Canst bring me to him?

Orson. To the very spot.

Sir E. Do it.

Orson. Nay, softly.

Sir E. I'll reward you;—amply;—
Ensure your fortunes.

Orson. First ensure my neck.
'Twill do me little good, else. I've no heirs;
And, when I die, 'tis like, the law will bury me
At its own charge.

Sir E. Be brief, and to your purpose.

Orson. Then, to the business which concerns your office,
Here, in the forest.

Sir E. Nay, of that anon.
First of my servant.

Orson. Well, ev'n as you please.
'Tis no rare thing; let public duty wait,
Till private interests are settled. But
My story is a chain. Take all together;

'Twill not unlink.

Sir E. Be quick then. While we talk,
This slave escapes me.

Orson. Little fear of that.
He's in no plight to journey far, to-day.

Sir E. Where is he hid?

Orson. Hard by; with robbers.

Sir E. Robbers!——
Well, I'm glad on't. 'Twill suit my purpose best.
[*Aside.*
—What, has he turn'd to plunder?

Orson. No; not so.
Plunder has turn'd to him. He was knock'd down,
Last night, here, in the forest; flat and sprawling;
And the milk-hearted captain of our gang
Has shelter'd him.

Sir E. It seems, then, thou'rt a thief?

Orson. I served in the profession: but, last night,
The scurvy rogues cashier'd me. 'Twas a plot,
To ruin a poor fellow in his calling,
And take away my means of getting bread.
I come, now, in revenge. I'll hang my comrades,
In clusters, on the forest's oaks, like acorns.

Sir E. Where lies their haunt?

Orson. Give me your honour, first.——

Sir E. I pledge it, for your safety.

Orson. Send your officers
To the old abbey ruins; you will find
As bold a gang as e'er infested woods,
And fatten'd upon pillage.

Sir E. What, so near me!
In some few minutes, then, he's mine? Ho! Winterton!
Now for his lurking place! Hope dawns again.
Remain you here! I may have work for you.
[*To* ORSON.
O! I will weave a web so intricate,
For this base insect! so entangle him!——

Why, Winterton!—Thou jewel, Reputation!
Let me secure thee, bright and spotless, now,
And this weak, care-worn body's dissolution,
Will cheaply pay the purchase! Winterton!

[*Exit.*

Orson. There may be danger in my stay here. I will, even, slink off, in the confusion I have raised. I value not reward. I hang all my acquaintance, and that shall content me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Lodge.

Enter FITZHARDING.

Fitz. The hue and cry is up! I am half tempted
To wish the game too nimble for the dogs,
That hunt him at the heels. Wilford dishonest!
I'll ne'er trust looks again.—I'll mix with none,
In future, but the ugly: honest men,
Who can out-grin a Griffin! or the head
Carved on the prow of the good ship, the Gorgon.
I'm for carbuncled, weather-beaten faces,
That frighten little children, and might serve
For knockers to hall-gates.—Now;—who are you?

Enter SAMSON.

Sam. Head serving-man to madam Helen, sir.

Fitz. Well, I may talk to thee; for thou dost answer
To the description of the sort of men
I have resolved to live with.

Sam. I am proud, sir,
To find I have your countenance.

Fitz. Canst tell me
The news of Wilford?

Sam. He is turn'd a rogue, sir,
An errant knave, sir. 'Tis a rare thing, now,
To find an honest servant:—We are scarce.
Fitz. Where lies the abbey, where they go to seek him!
Dost know it?
Sam. Marry, do I; in the dark
I have stood near it, many a time, in winter,
To watch the hares, by moonlight.
Fitz. A cold pastime!
Sam. Ay, sir; 'twas killing work. I've left it off.
Fitz. Think you they will be back soon?
Sam. On the instant:
It is hard by, sir.—Hark! I hear their horses.
They are return'd, I warrant.
Fitz. Run you, fellow;——
If Wilford's taken, send him here, to me.
Sam. Why, he's a rogue, sir. Would your worship stoop
To parley with a rogue!
Fitz. Friend, I will stoop
To prop a sinking man, that's call'd a rogue,
And count him innocent, till he's found guilty.
I learn'd it from our English laws, where Mercy
Models the weights that fill the scales of Justice;
And Charity, when Wisdom gives her sentence,
Stands by to prompt her. Till detection come,
I side with the accused.
Sam. Would I had known
Your worship sooner. You're a friend, indeed!
All undiscover'd rogues are bound to pray for you:
—So, Heaven bless you!
Fitz. Well, well—bustle; stir:——
Do as I bid thee.
Sam. Ay, sir.—I shall lean
Upon your worship in my time of need.
Heaven reward you!——Here's a friend to make!
[*Exit.*

Fitz. I have a kind of movement, still, for Wilford,
I cannot conquer. What can be this charge
Sir Edward brings against him?—Should the boy
Prove guilty!—Well; why should I pity guilt?
Philosophers would call me driveller.—Let them.
I cannot hoop my heart about with iron,
Like an old beer-butt. I would have the vessel
What some call weak—I'd have it ooze a little.
Better compassion should be set abroach,
Till it run waste, than let a system-monger
Bung it with Logic; or a trencher cap
Bawl out his ethics on it, 'till his thunder
Turns all the liquor sour.—So! Here he comes.

Enter WILFORD.

Wilf. I am inform'd it is your pleasure, sir,
To speak with me.
Fitz. Ay, Wilford. I am sorry—
'Faith, very sorry,—you and I meet thus.
How could you quit my brother thus abruptly?
Wilf. I was unfit to serve him, sir.
Fitz. Unfit!
Wilf. I was unhappy, sir. I fled a house
Where certain misery awaited me,
While I was doom'd to dwell in't.
Fitz. Misery!
What was this certain misery?
Wilf. Your pardon,—
I never will divulge.
Fitz. Indeed!
Wilf. No, never.
Pray do not press me. All that I can say
Is, that I have a strong, and rooted reason,
Which has resolved me. 'Twere impossible
I should be tranquil here, I feel it, sir,
A duty to myself to quit this roof.
Fitz. Harkye, young man. This smacks of mystery;

And now looks foully. Truth and Innocence,
Walk round the world in native nakedness;
But Guilt is cloak'd.

Wilf. Whate'er the prejudice
My conduct conjures up, I must submit.

Fitz. 'Twere better now you conjured up your friends:
For I must tell you——No there is no need
You learn'd it, doubtless, on the way, and know
The danger you, now, stand in.

Wilf. Danger, sir!
What! How? I have learn'd nothing, sir; my guides
Dragg'd me in silence hither.

Fitz. Then 'tis fit
I put you on your guard. It grieves me, Wilford,
To say there is a heavy charge against you,
Which, as I gather, may affect your life.

Wilf. Mine!—O, good Heaven!

Fitz. Pray be calm:—for, soon,
Here, in the face of all his family,
My brother will accuse you.

Wilf. He!—What, He!
He accuse me! O monstrous! O look down
You who can read men's hearts!——A charge against me!
Ha, ha! I'm innocent! I'm innocent! [*Much agitated.*]

Fitz. Collect your firmness. You will need it all.

Wilf. I shall, indeed! I pray you tell me, sir,
What is the charge?

Fitz. I do not know its purport.
I would not hear on't: for on my voice rests
The issue of this business;—and a judge
Should come unbiass'd to his office. Wilford,
Were twenty brothers waiting my award,
You should have even and impartial justice.

—Farewell! and may you prosper! [*Exit.*

Wilf. Let me recall my actions.—My breast is unclogg'd with crime.—Then, why should I fear? Let him inflict his menaces upon me, in secret; he shall not, cannot, touch my good name.

Enter BARBARA.

Barb. O, Wilford! [*Falls on his Neck.*

Wilf. Barbara! at such a time, too!

Barb. To be brought back, thus, Wilford! and to go away without seeing me; without thinking of me!

Wilf. It was not so.—I was hastening to your cottage, Barbara, when a ruffian, in the forest, encounter'd and wounded me.

Barb. Wounded you!

Wilf. When I was dragg'd hither; the whole troop escaped, or they had vouch'd for the truth on't.

Barb. Bethink you, Wilford—the time is short: I know your heart is good; but, if in a hasty moment you have done aught to wrong Sir Edward, throw yourself on his mercy;—sue for pardon.

Wilf. For pardon! I shall go mad! Pardon! I am innocent.—Heaven knows I am innocent.

Barb. Heaven be thank'd.—The family is all summon'd. O, Wilford! my spirits sink within me.

Wilf. [*Aside.*] I am, now, but a sorry comforter. Be of good cheer. I go arm'd in honesty, Barbara. This charge is to be open in the eye of the world and of the law; then, wherefore should I fear? I am native of a happy soil, where justice guards equally the life of its poorest and richest inhabitant. [*Exit.*

Barb. Alas! I tremble for his safety!—should they tear him from me!———

SONG.—BARBARA.

Down by the river there grows a green willow;
Sing all for my true love! my true love, O!
I'll weep out the night there, the bank for my pillow;
And all for my true love, my true love, O!
When bleak blows the wind, and tempests are beating,
I'll count all the clouds, as I mark them retreating,
For true lovers' joys, well a day! are as fleeting.
Sing, O for my true love, &c.
Maids come, in pity, when I am departed,
Sing all for my true love, &c.
When dead, on the bank, I am found broken hearted,
And all for my true love, &c.
Make me a grave, all while the wind's blowing,
Close to the stream, where my tears once were flowing;
And over my corse keep the green willow growing,
'Tis all for my true love, &c.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Lodge.

FITZHARDING, WILFORD, *and various Domestics discovered.—To them enter* ADAM WINTERTON.

Fitz. Is not Sir Edward coming, Adam? —Oh, he's here.

Enter SIR EDWARD MORTIMER.

Now, brother.—You look pale,

And faint with sickness.
Here's a chair.
Sir E. No matter.—To our business, brother.
Wilford,
You may well guess the struggle I endure
To place you here the mark of accusation.
I gave you ample warning: caution'd you,
When many might have scourg'd: and, even now,
While I stand here to crush you,—ay, to crush
you,—
My heart bleeds drops of pity for your youth,
Whose rashness plucks the red destruction down,
And pulls the bolt upon you.
Wilf. You know best
The movements of your heart, sir. Man is blind,
And cannot read them; but there is a Judge,
To whose all-seeing eye our inmost thoughts
Lie open. Think to Him you, now, appeal.
Omniscience keeps Heaven's register;
And, soon or late, when Time unfolds the book,
Our trembling souls must answer to the record,
And meet their due reward, or punishment.
Fitz. Now, to the point, I pray you.
Sir E. Thus it is, then.
I do suspect—By Heaven, the story lingers
Like poison, on my tongue—but he will force it—
Fitz. What is it you suspect?
Sir E. ———That he has robb'd me.
Wilf. Robb'd! I? O, horrible!
Fitz. Pray tell me, brother,
How ground you this suspicion?
Sir E. Briefly, thus.——
You may have noticed, in my library,
A chest [WILFORD *starts.*]—You see he changes at
the word.
Wilf. And well I may! [*Aside.*
Sir E. Where I have told you, brother,
The writings which concern our family,

With jewels, cash, and other articles,
Of no mean value, were deposited.
Fitz. You, oftentimes, have said so.
Sir E. Yesterday,
Chance call'd me, suddenly, away; I left
The key in't—but as suddenly return'd;
And found this Wilford,
Fix'd o'er the chest, upon his knees, intent,
As now I think, on plunder. Confusion
Shook his young joints, as he let fall the lid,
And gave me back the key.
Fitz. Did you not search
Your papers on the instant?
Sir E. No:—for, first,
(Habit so long had fix'd my confidence)
I deem'd it boyish curiosity;—
But told him this would meet my further question:
And, at that moment, came a servant in,
To say you were arrived. He must have mark'd
Our mix'd emotion.
Fitz. Is that servant here?
Serv. 'Twas I, sir.
Sir E. Was it you? Well, saw you aught
To challenge your attention!
Serv. Sir, I did.
Wilford was pale, and trembling; and our master
Gave him a look as if 'twould pierce him through,
And cried, "Remember."—Then he trembled more,
And we both quitted him.
Sir E. When first we met,
You found me somewhat ruffled.
Fitz. 'Tis most true.
Sir E. But somewhat more when, afterwards, I saw
Wilford conversing with you!—like a snake,
Sunn'd by your looks, and basking in your favour.
I bade him quit the room, with indignation,
And wait my coming in the library.

Fitz. I witness'd that, with wonder.
Sir E. O, good brother!
You little thought, while you so gently school'd me,
For my harsh bearing tow'rd him, on what ground
That harshness rested. I had made my search,
In the brief interval of absence from you,
And found my property had vanish'd.
Fitz. Well——
You met him in the library?
Sir E. Oh never
Can he forget that solemn interview.
Wilf. Ay, speak to that:—it was a solemn interview.
Sir E. Observe, he does acknowledge that we met.
Guilt was my theme:—he cannot, now, deny it.
Wilf. It was a theme of—No. [*Checking himself.*
Sir E. He pleaded innocence:
While every word he spake belied his features,
And mock'd his protestation.
Fitz. What said you to him?
Sir E. "Regulate your life,
"In future, better. I, now, spare your youth;
"But dare not to proceed. All I exact,
"('Tis a soft penance)—that you tarry here;
"Attempt not flight;
"Flight ripens all my doubt to certainty,
"And justice to the world unlocks my tongue."—
He fled, and I arraign him.
Fitz. Trust me, brother,
This charge is staggering. Yet accidents,
Sometimes, combine to cast a shade of doubt
Upon the innocent. May it be so here!
Here is his trunk: 'twas brought here at my order.
'Tis fit it be inspected.
Wilf. Take the key;
E'en take it, freely.—You'll find little there
I value; save a locket, which my mother

Gave me upon her death-bed; and she added
Her blessing to't. Perhaps her spirit now
Is grieving for my injuries.
Fitz. How now? What's there?
The very watch Sir Edward's father wore!
And, here, our mother's jewels.
Wilf. I am innocent.
Just Heaven hear me! I am innocent.
Fitz. Make it appear so.—But look there; look there! [*Pointing to the Trunk.*
Wilf. Do you not know———
Sir E. What?
Wilf. ———'Tis no matter, sir.
But I could swear———
Sir E. Nay, Wilford, pause a while.
Reflect that oaths are sacred. Weigh the force
Of these asseverations. Mark it well.
"I swear, by all the ties that bind a man,
Divine or human!" Think on that, and shudder.
Wilf. The very words I utter'd; I am tongue tied. [*Aside.*
Fitz. Wilford, if there be aught that you can urge,
To clear yourself, advance it.
Wilf. O, I could!
I could say much, but must not.—No, I will not.
Do as you please.—I have no friend—no witness,
Save my accuser. Did he not—pray ask him—
Did he not menace, in his pride of power,
To blast my name, and crush my innocence?
Fitz. What do you answer, sir?
Sir E. I answer—No.—
More were superfluous, when a criminal
Opposes empty volubility
To circumstantial charge. A stedfast brow
Repels not fact, nor can invalidate
These dumb, but damning, witnesses, before him.
[*Pointing to the Trunk.*

Wilf. By the just Pow'r, that rules us, I am ignorant
How they came there!—but, 'tis my firm belief,
You placed them there to sink me.
Fitz. O, too much!
You steel men's hearts against you!
Call the officers.—
He shall meet punishment. [SERVANTS *going.*
Sir E. Hold! 'pray you, hold.
Justice has, thus far, struggled with my pity,
To do an act of duty to the world.
I would unmask a hypocrite; lay bare
The front of guilt, that men may see, and shun it:
'Tis done, and I will, now, proceed no further.
Let him depart, and freely.
Fitz. Lookye, brother;
This act
Is so begrimed with black, ungrateful malice,
That I insist on justice. Fly, knaves! run,
And let him be secured. [*Exeunt* SERVANTS.] You tarry here. [*To* WILFORD.
Sir E. I will not have it thus.
Fitz. You must—You shall—
Does not this rouse you, too?—Look on these jewels;———
Look at this picture;—'twas our mother's: Stay,
Let me inspect this nearer. What are here?
Parchments——— [*Inspecting the Trunk.*
Sir E. O, look no further—They are deeds,
Which, in his haste, no doubt, he crowded there.
Not knowing what—to look o'er at his leisure.—
Family deeds—They all were in my chest.
Wilf. O, 'tis deep laid!—These, too, to give a colour! [*Aside.*
Fitz. What have we here?
Here is a paper
Of curious enfolding;—slipt, as 'twere,
By chance, within another. This may be

Of note upon his trial.——What's this drops?
A knife, it seems!
Sir E. What! [*Starting.*
Fitz. Marks of blood upon it.
Sir E. Touch it not. Throw it back!—bury it—sink it!
Oh, carelessness and haste! Give me that paper.
Darkness and hell! Give back the paper.
[SIR EDWARD *attempts to snatch it;* WILFORD *runs between the Two Brothers, falls on his Knees, and prevents him, holding* FITZHARDING.
Wilf. [*Rapidly.*] No.
I see—I see!—Preserve it. You are judge!
My innocence, my life, rests on it!
Sir E. Devils
Foil me at my own game!—Fate!—Ha! ha! ha!
Sport, Lucifer!——He struck me——
[SIR EDWARD *is fainting, and falling;* WILFORD *runs and catches him.*
Wilf. I'll support him.——
Read! read! read!
Fitz. What is this?—My mind misgives me!
It is my brother's hand!—*This paper to be destroyed before death.*
[Reads.] *Narrative of my murder of*——Oh, great Heav'n!
If, ere I die, my guilt should be disclosed,
May this contribute to redeem the wreck
Of my lost honour!—I am horror-struck!
Wilf. Plain, plain!——Stay! he revives.
Sir E. What has been——soft;
I have been wand'ring with the damn'd, sure.—Brother!—
And—ay—'tis Wilford. Oh! thought flashes on me,
Like lightning. I am brain scorch'd. Give me leave.
I will speak—Soon I will——a little yet——

Come hither, boy.—Wrong'd boy! O Wilford, Wilford!

[*Bursts into Tears, and falls on* WILFORD'S *Neck.*

Wilf. Be firm, sir; pray be firm! my heart bleeds for you—

Warms for you! Oh! all your former charity
To your poor boy, is in my mind.—Still, still,
I see my benefactor.

Sir E. Well, I will—
I will be firm. One struggle, and 'tis over:
I have most foully wrong'd you! Ere I die—
And I feel death struck—let me haste to make
Atonement.—Brother, note. The jewels,
Yes, and that paper—Heaven, and accident,
Ordain'd it so!—were placed—Curse on my flesh,
To tremble thus!—were placed there by my hand.

Fitz. O, mercy on me!

Sir E. More. I fear'd this boy;
He knew my secret; and I blacken'd him,
That, should he e'er divulge the fatal story,
His word might meet no credit. Infamy
Will brand my mem'ry for't: Posterity,
Whose breath I made my god, will keep my shame
Green in her damning record. Oh! I had—
I had a heart o'erflowing with good thoughts
For all mankind! One fatal, fatal turn,
Has poison'd all! Where is my honour, now?
To die!—To have my ashes trampled on,
By the proud foot of scorn! Polluted! Hell—
Who dares to mock my guilt? Is't you—or you?
Rack me that grinning fiend! Damnation!
Who spits upon my grave? I'll stab again—
I'l ——Oh! [*Falls.*

Fitz. This rives my heart in twain. Why, brother, brother!
His looks are ghastly.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, the officers.

Fitz. Away, knave! Send them hence; the boy is innocent.
Tell it your fellows. Hence.
Send in some help;
Your master's ill o' the sudden. Send some help!
[*Exit* SERVANT.

Wilf. 'Twere best to raise him, sir.

Fitz. Soft, who comes here?

Enter HELEN.

Helen. Where is he? Ill! and on the ground! Oh, Mortimer!
Oh, Heaven! my Mortimer. O, raise him.—Gently.
Speak to me; love. He cannot!

Sir E. Helen—'Twas I that killed——

[*He struggles to speak, but appears unable to utter.*

Helen. Oh, he's convulsed!

Fitz. Say nothing. We must lead him to his chamber.
'Beseech you to say nothing! Come, good lady.
[FITZHARDING *and* HELEN *lead* MORTIMER *out.*

Enter BARBARA, *on the Opposite Side.*

Barb. O, Wilford! I have flown to you! You are innocent—The whole house now has it, you are innocent. How—how was it, dear, dear Wilford?

Wilf. I cannot tell you now, Barbara. Another time; but it is so.—I cannot speak, now.

Barb. Nor I, scarce, for joy. See! hither come your fellows, to greet you. I am so happy!

Enter SERVANTS, *&c. &c. &c.*

Wilf. Peace, peace, I pray you. Our master is taken ill: So ill, my fellows, that I fear me, he stands in much danger. That you rejoice in my acquittal,

I perceive, and thank you. Clamour not now your congratulations to me, I entreat you: Rather, let the slow, still, voice of gratitude be lifted up to Providence, for that care she ever bestows upon those deserving her protection!

FINALE.

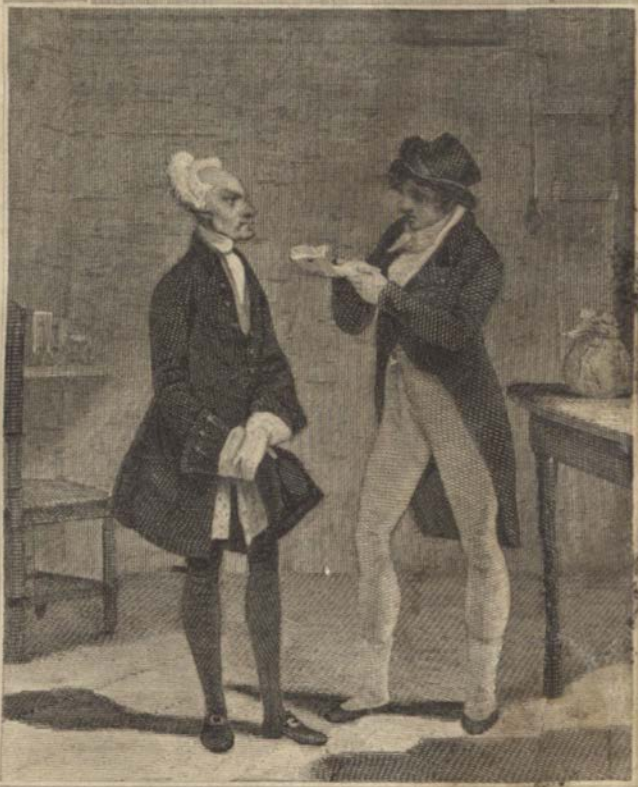
Where gratitude shall breathe the note,
To white-robed Mercy's throne,
Bid the mild strain on ether float,
A soft and dulcet tone.

Sweet, sweet and clear the accents raise,
While mellow flutes shall swell the song of praise.
Melody! Melody!
A soft and dulcet melody!

Where fever droops his burning head;
Where sick men languish on their bed;
Around let ev'ry accent be,
Harmony! Harmony!
A soft and dulcet harmony!

THE END.

HEIR AT LAW



DICK DOWLAS — RESPECT HIM FOR HE'S AN LL.D. AND MOREOVER AN A. DOUBLE S.

A. C. P. H. PINX. 1.

THE

HEIR AT LAW;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

WILLIAM SAVAGE, PRINTER,
LONDON.

As the following Address, by MR. COLMAN, *the younger, was written purposely to appear with "The Heir at Law," in this weekly publication of Plays, though accidental circumstances affixed it first to that Comedy published singly, it is now reprinted here, both in compliance with the original design of the author, and to render intelligible the Reply which follows it.*

TO

MRS. INCHBALD.

MADAM,

When I, lately, sold the copy-right of "The Heir at Law," (with two or three other dramatic manuscripts,) I required permission to publish any prefatory matter, which might appear eligible to me, in the first *genuine* impression of the plays in question. I had reason to suppose that they would be put forth in a series of dramas, with *Critical Remarks, by Mrs. Inchbald.** On this account

* The publishers had, certainly, expressed their intention to publish these pieces in their British Theatre; but have been induced by circumstances,* with which Mr. Colman has no concern, to alter their determination, and to print them in octavo.

L. & CO.

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* The above note is my *due*;—but, I should not have troubled my readers, nor Mrs. Inchbald, had I not addressed her in consequence of the intentions originally expressed by the booksellers.—Having written the letter, before they altered their minds, e'en let it go to press.

G. C.

I, more particularly, urged my *postulatum*.—I make no apology for writing Latin to you, madam; for, as a scholiast, you, doubtless, understand it, like the learned Madame Dacier, your predecessor.

Did not the opportunity, thus, occur, of addressing you;—did it not, absolutely, fall in my way;—I should have been silent:—but, as your *critique* on the present play, will, probably, go hand in hand with this letter, I would say a little relative to those dramas of mine which have, already, had the honour to be somewhat singed, in passing the fiery ordeal of feminine fingers:—fingers, which it grieves me to see destined to a rough task, from which your manly contemporaries in the drama would naturally shrink. Achilles, when he went into petticoats, must have made an awkward figure among the females;—but the delicate Deidamia never wielded a battle-axe, to slay and maim the gentlemen.

My writings (if they deserve the name) are replete with error;—but, dear madam! why would you not apply to *me*?—I should have been as zealous to save you trouble, as a beau to pick up your fan.—I could have, easily, pointed to *twenty* of my blots, in the *right* places, which have escaped you, in the labour of discovering *one*, in the wrong.

But, madam, I tire you.—A word or two, first, for my *late* FATHER;—then, for myself,—and I have done. In your *criticism* upon "*The Jealous Wife*," (a sterling comedy, which must live on the English stage, till taste and morality expire,) YOU say, that, after this play, "it appears Mr. Colman's talents for dramatic writing *failed;* or, AT LEAST, his *ardour abated.*"—Fy, on these bitters, madam, which you sprinkle with honey!—Whether his talent did, or did not fail, (I presume to say *not*,) is no point in question: but you have gone out of the way to assert it; mixing, *ad libitum*, the biographer with the critic.—Oh, madam!—is this *grateful*?—is it *graceful*,

from an ingenious lady, who was originally encouraged, and brought forward, as an authoress, by that *very man*, on whose tomb she idly plants this poisonous weed of remark, to choke the laurels which justly grace his memory?

As to the history of my father's writing "The Clandestine Marriage," jointly, with Mr. Garrick, it is a pity, (since you chose to enter into it,) that you had not proceeded to all the inquiry within your reach, instead of trusting to vague report, or your own conjecture. I should have been gratified, madam, in giving you every information on that subject, which I received from my father's lips; and you have no reason, I trust, to suspect that I should depart from his known veracity.—How happened, madam, this omission of *duty*, to your publishers, and the public?

As to my own trifling plays, which you have done me the honour to notice, allow me, merely, to ask a few questions.

Inkle and Yarico.—Pray, madam, why is it an "important fault" to bring *Yarico* from America, instead of Africa; when *Ligon*, (whence the story in the Spectator is taken,) records the circumstance as a *fact*?*—Pray, madam, why did you not, rather, observe, that it is a worse fault (excusable only in the carelessness of youth) to put lions and tigers in the woods of America, and to give Wowski a Polish denomination?

* *Yarico* is not a solitary evidence, to clear me from this *important fault* of resorting to the Main of America for a slave. —"As for the *Indians*, we have but few, and those fetched from other countries; some from the neighbouring islands, some from the Main, *which we make slaves*," &c. &c.

Ligon's History of Barbadoes.

After this, it would be well for Mrs. Inchbald to reflect, that it may, *sometimes*, be necessary for a CRITIC on one book to have read another! G. C.

Mountaineers.—Pray, madam, why should you kill the *Mountaineers* with *Mr. Kemble*?—Pray, madam, has not Octavian been acted repeatedly (though, certainly, never so excellently as by Mr. Kemble,) to very full houses, without him?—Pray, madam, did you ever ask the Treasurer of the Haymarket Theatre this question?

Poor Gentleman.—Pray, madam, do you mean a compliment, or rebuke, when you say this comedy exacts *rigid criticism*?—"*not from its want of* INGENUITY *or* POWERS OF AMUSEMENT, *but that both these requisites fall* INFINITELY, *here, below the talents of the author.*"—Pray, do not the subjects, which present themselves to all authors, make all authors, sometimes, appear unequal?—And when *you*, madam, as an author, have shewn *ingenuity*, and *powers of amusement*, to "auditors and readers," have they not been content,—and have not you been content, too?

John Bull.—You have taken him only by the tip of his horns, madam:—but if Irish bog-trotters, and Yorkshire clowns, were (according to your prescription) to talk like gentlemen, pray, madam, might not a lady invite them, very innocently, some afternoon, to a ball and supper?

You, really, clothe your *Remarks*, madam, in very smooth language.—Permit me to take my leave in a quotation from them, with some little alteration:—

"*Beauty*, with all its charms, will not constitute a good *Remarker*. A very inferior *Dramatic Critique* may be, in the highest degree, pointed."

I have the honour to be,

Madam,

(with due limitation,)

Your admirer, and obedient servant,

GEORGE COLMAN,

January, 1808. THE YOUNGER.

TO

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

MY DEAR SIR,

As I have offended you, I take it kind that you have publicly told me so, because it gives me an opportunity thus openly to avow my regret, and, at the same time, to offer you all the atonement which is now in my power.

In one of those unfortunate moments, which leaves us years of repentance, I accepted an overture, to write from two to four pages, in the manner of preface, to be introduced before a certain number of plays, for the perusal, or information, of such persons as have not access to any diffuse compositions, either in biography or criticism, but who are yet very liberal contributors to the treasury of a theatre.—Even for so humble a task I did not conceive myself competent, till I submitted my own opinion to that of the proprietors of the plays in question.

To you, as an author, I have no occasion to describe the force of those commendations which come from the lips of our best patrons, the purchasers of our labour. Dr. Johnson has declared—"An author is always sure to hear truth from a bookseller; at least, as far as his judgment goes, there is no flattery." The judgment on which I placed my reliance on this occasion was—that many readers might be amused and informed, whilst no one dramatist could possibly be offended, by the cursory remarks of a female observer, upon works which had gone through various editions, had received the unanimous applause of every british theatre, and the final approbation or

censure of all our learned Reviews;—and that, any injudicious critique of such female might involve her own reputation, (as far as a woman's reputation depends on being a critic,) but could not depreciate the worth of the writings upon which she gave her brief intelligence, and random comments.

One of the points of my agreement was, that I should have no control over the time or the order in which these prefaces were to be printed or published, but that I should merely produce them as they were called for, and resign all other interference to the proprietor or editor of the work.—You ask me, "Do not the subjects, which present themselves to all authors, make all authors, sometimes, appear unequal?"—I answer, yes; and add—that here, in the capacity of a periodical writer, I claim indulgence upon this your interrogation, far more than you. Confined to a stated time of publication, such writers may be compelled, occasionally, to write in haste; in ill health; under depressed spirits; with thoughts alienated by various cares, or revolting from the subject before them. The Remarks on your "Mountaineers" were written beneath the weight of almost all those misfortunes combined. The play was sent to the press, whilst not a sentence could my fancy suggest, which my judgment approved to send after it.—In this perplexity, recollection came to my aid, and I called to mind, and borrowed in my necessity, your own reported words to Mr. Kemble, upon the representation of this identical drama.—As I speak only of report, should your memory supply no evidence in proof of what I advance, ask yourself, whether it was not probable, that, on some occasion, during a season of more than hoped for success, such acknowledgments, or nearly such, as I have intimated, might not have escaped you, towards the evident promoter of your good fortune?—or if, at any period of a later date, you can bring to your

remembrance the having lavished unwary compliments even on minor actors, and upon minor events, do not once doubt but that you actually declared your sentiments, to the original performer of Octavian, in eulogiums even more fervid than those which I took the liberty to repeat.

The admiration I have for "Inkle and Yarico," rendered my task here much lighter. Yet that very admiration warned me against unqualified praise, as the mere substitute for ridicule; and to beware, lest suspicions of a hired panegyrist should bring disgrace upon that production, which required no such nefarious help for its support.—Guided by cautions such as these, I deemed it requisite to discover one fault in this excellent opera. You charge me with having invented that one which never existed, and of passing over others which blemish the work—yet you give me no credit for this tenderness;—though, believe me, dear sir, had I exposed any faults but such as you could easily argue away, (and this, in my Preface, I acknowledged would be the case,*) you would have been too much offended to have addressed the present letter to me; your anger would not have been united with pleasantry, nor should I have possessed that consciousness which I now enjoy—of never having intended to give you a moment's displeasure.

Humility, and not vanity, I know to be the cause of that sensation which my slight animadversions have excited: but this is cherishing a degree of self-contempt, which I may be pardoned for never having supposed, that any one of my "manly contemporaries in the drama" could have indulged.

Of your respected father, I have said nothing that he would not approve, were he living. He had too high an opinion of his own talents, to have repined under criticisms such as mine; and too much respect for other pur-

* See Preface to Inkle and Yarico.

suits, to have blushed at being cloyed with the drama: —Yet you did me justice, when you imagined that the mere supposition of my ingratitude to him would give me pain. This was the design meditated in your accusation; for, had I either wronged or slighted his memory, you would have spared your reproach, and not have aimed it at a heart too callous to have received the impression.—But, in thus acknowledging my obligations to Mr. Colman, the elder, let it be understood, that they amounted to no more than those usual attentions which every manager of a theatre is supposed to confer, when he first selects a novice in dramatic writing, as worthy of being introduced, on his stage, to the public.

I should thank you for reminding me of my duty to my employers, but that it has been the object of my care even to the most anxious desire of minutely fulfilling the contract between us; in which, as you were not a party consulted, you cannot tell but that I might stipulate, to give no other information in those prefaces, but such as was furnished me from their extensive repository of recorded facts. Nor did the time or space allotted me for both observations and biography, (for biography of the deceased was part of my duty, and not introduced at my discretion,) admit of any farther than an abridgement, or slight sketch, of each.—Your attention, and wishes of having been applied to on this subject, however, give a value to these trifles, I never set on them before. The novelty of the attempt was their only hoped for recommendation. The learned had for ages written criticisms—the illiterate were now to make a trial—and this is the era of dramatic prodigies!—Adventurers, sufficiently modest, can be easily enticed into that field of speculation, where singularity may procure wealth, and incapacity obtain fame.

Permit me, notwithstanding this acquiescence in your contempt for my literary acquirements, to ap-

prize you—that, in comparing me, as a critic, with Madame Dacier, you have, inadvertently, placed yourself, as an author, in the rank with Homer. I might as well aspire to write remarks on "The Iliad," as Dacier condescend to give comments on "The Mountaineers."—Be that as it may, I willingly subscribe myself an unlettered woman; and as willingly yield to you, all those scholastic honours, which you have so excellently described in the following play.

I am,

Dear Sir,

(with too much pride at having been admitted a dramatist along with the two Colmans, father and son, to wish to diminish the reputation of either,)

Yours,

Most truly and sincerely,

ELIZABETH INCHBALD.

March, 1808.

REMARKS.

This comedy will be found highly entertaining, both on the stage and in the closet: yet, compared with some of Mr. Colman's former works—"Surrender of Calais," "Inkle and Yarico," et cetera—it is but his "Night-gown and Slippers," opposed to their full dress of original thought, elevated sentiment, and natural occurrence.

Pangloss is, however, so happy a satire upon pedantry, that it is impossible not to pardon him the caricature which he gives of real pedants; and to suffer his distortion of mind and manners to overwhelm, with farcical humour, the more chaste and natural habits of the persons with whom he keeps company.

This humorous extravagance is, perhaps, the very best method by which the follies and vices of the times can be reformed:—for, when solemn sentences and sprightly wit are found ineffectual, the ludicrous will often prove of import;—and laudable design, with skilful execution, on the part of the author, have here placed this laughable and immoral scholar, by exciting the derision of an audience, among the most genuine moral characters of the drama.

The remainder of the characters are true pictures of common life; but, except two or three of them, (who have little character at all,) their language is too much deformed by dialect, to produce that literary entertainment, which is always to be expected and desired from the perusal of a book. An intended translator and foreigner, might be compelled, in consequence, to cast the present work aside in despair;—and, though it is proper that such persons as the author has introduced should speak in exactly such provincial style as they do, yet, surely, a paucity of ill-taught rustics would render their ignorance less burthensome, and more conducive to mirth, than when a continual round of bad spelling or uncouth sounds pervade, without mercy, the eye or the ear.

Invention, observation, good intention, and all the powers of a complete dramatist, are perhaps in this comedy displayed, except one—*taste* seems wanting;—but this failure is evidently not an error in judgment, but an escape from labour.—The finer colours for more polished mankind, would demand the artist's more laborious skill.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DANIEL DOWLAS, *alias* BARON DUBERLY	*Mr. Suett.*
DICK DOWLAS	*Mr. Palmer.*
DOCTOR PANGLOSS	*Mr. Fawcett.*
HENRY MORLAND	*Mr. C. Kemble.*
STEDFAST	*Mr. Aickin.*
ZEKIEL HOMESPUN	*Mr. Munden.*
KENRICK	*Mr. Johnstone.*
JOHN	*Mr. Abbot.*
WAITER (at the Hotel)	*Mr. Chippendale.*
WAITER (at the Blue Boar)	*Mr. Waldron, jun.*
DEBORAH DOWLAS, *alias* LADY DUBERLY	*Mrs. Davenport.*
CAROLINE DORMER	*Miss De Camp.*
CICELY HOMESPUN	*Mrs. Gibbs.*

SCENE—London.

THE

HEIR AT LAW.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in LORD DUBERLY'S *House.*

LORD *and* LADY DUBERLY *discovered at Breakfast.*

Lord D. But what does it matter, my lady, whether I drink my tea out of a cup or a saucer?

Lady D. A great deal in the polite circles, my lord. We have been raised by a strange freak of fortune, from nothing, as a body may say; and—

Lord D. Nothing!—as reputable a trade as any in all Gosport. You hold a merchant as cheap as if he trotted about with all his property in a pack, like a pedlar.

Lady D. A merchant, indeed! Curious merchandise you dealt in, truly!

Lord D. A large assortment of articles:—coals, cloth, herrings, linen, candles, eggs, sugar, treacle, tea, bacon, and brick-dust;—with many more, too tedious to mention, in this here advertisement.

Lady D. Well, praise the bridge that carried you over; but you must now drop the tradesman, and learn life. Consider, by the strangest accident, you have been raised to neither more nor less than a peer of the realm.

Lord D. Oh! 'twas the strangest accident, my lady, that ever happened on the face of the universal yearth.

Lady D. True, 'twas indeed a windfall: and you must now walk, talk, eat, and drink, as becomes your station. 'Tis befitting a nobleman should behave as sich, and know summut of breeding.

Lord D. Well, but I ha'n't been a nobleman more nor a week; and my throat isn't noble enough yet to be proof against scalding. Hand over the milk, my lady.

Lady D. Hand over!—Ah! what's bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh, my lord.

Lord D. Pshaw! here's a fuss indeed! When I was plain Daniel Dowlas, of Gosport, I was reckon'd as cute a dab at discourse as any in our town. Nobody found fault with me, then.

Lady D. But, why so loud? I declare the servants will hear.

Lord D. Hear! and what will they hear but what they know? Our story a secret!—Lord help you!—tell 'em Queen Anne's dead, my lady. Don't every body know that old Lord Duberly was supposed to die without any hair to his estate—as the doctors say, of an implication of disorders; and that his son, Henry Morland, was lost, some time ago, in the salt sea?

Lady D. Well, there's no occason to—

Lord D. Don't every body know that lawyer Ferret, of Furnival's Inn, owed the legatees a grudge, and popt a bit of an advertisement into the news?—"Whereas, the heir at law, if there be any reviving, of

the late Baron Duberly, will apply—so and so—he'll hear of summut greatly to his advantage."

Lady D. But, why bawl it to the—

Lord D. Didn't he hunt me out, to prove my title? and lug me from the counter to clap me into a coach? a house here in Hanover-square, and an estate in the country, worth fifteen thousand per annum?—Why, bless you, my lady, every little black devil, with a soot-bag, cries it about the streets, as often as he says sweep.

Lady D. 'Tis a pity but my lord had left you some manners with his money.

Lord D. He! what my cousin twenty thousand times removed? He must have left them by word of mouth. Never spoke to him, but once, in all my born life—upon an electioneering matter:—that's a time when most of your proud folks make no bones of tippling with a tallow-chandler, in his back-room, on a melting-day: but he!—except calling me cousin, and buying a lot of damaged huckaback, to cut into kitchen towels, he was as cold and as stiff, as he is now, though he has been dead and buried these nine months, rot him!

Lady D. There, again, now!—Rot him!

Lord D. Why, blood and thunder! what is a man to say, when he wants to consecrate his old stiff-rumped relations? [*Rings the Bell.*

Lady D. Why, an oath, now and then, may slip in, to garnish genteel conversation: but, then, it should be done with an air to one's equals, and with a kind of careless condescension to menials.

Lord D. Should it?—well, then—here, John!—

Enter JOHN.

My good man, take away the tea, and be damn'd to you.

John. Yes, my lord. [*Exit.*

Lady D. And now, my lord, I must leave you

for the concerns of the day. We elegant people are as full of business as an egg's full of meat.

Lord D. Yes, we elegant people find the trade of the tope, as they call it, plaguy fatiguing. What, you are for the wis a wis this morning? Much good may do you, my lady. Damme, it makes me sit stuck up, and squeezed, like a bear in a bathing tub.

Lady D. I have a hundred places to call at.—Folks are so civil since we came to take possession! There's dear Lady Littlefigure, Lord Sponge, Mrs. Holdbank, Lady Betty Pillory, the Hon. Mrs. Cheatwell, and—

Lord D. Ay, ay; you may always find plenty in this here town, to be civil to fifteen thousand a year, my lady.

Lady D. Well, there's no learning you life. I'm sure they are as kind and friendly. The supper Lady Betty gave to us, and a hundred friends, must have cost her fifty good pounds, if it cost a brass farden; and she does the same thing, I'm told, three times a week. If she isn't monstrous rich, I wonder, for my part, how she can afford it?

Lord D. Why, ecod, my lady, that would have puzzled me too;—if they hadn't hooked me into a damned game of cocking and punting, I think they call it; where I lost as much, in half an hour, as would keep her and her company in fricassees and whip sullibubs for a fortnight. But I may be even with her some o' these a'ternoons. Only let me catch her at Put;—that's all.

Enter JOHN.

John. Doctor Pangloss is below, my lord.

Lord D. Odsbobs, my lady! that's the man as learns me to talk English.

Lady D. Hush! consider—

[*Pointing to the* SERVANT.

Lord D. Hum! I forgot—Curse me, my honest fellow, show him up stairs, d'ye hear. [*Exit* JOHN. There, was that easy?

Lady D. Tolerable.

Lord D. Well, now, get along, my lady: the doctor and I must be snug.

Lady D. Then I bid you a good morning, my lord. As Lady Betty says, I wish you a bon repos. [*Exit.*

Lord D. A bone repos! I don't know how it is, but the women are more cuter at these here matters nor the men. My wife, as every body may see, is as genteel already as if she had been born a duchess. This Dr. Pangloss will do me a deal of good in the way of fashioning my discourse. So—here, he is.

Enter PANGLOSS.

Doctor, good morning—I wish you a bone repos!—Take a chair, doctor.

Pang. Pardon me, my lord; I am not inclined to be sedentary; I wish, with permission, "erectos ad sidera tollere vultus."—Ovid.—Hem!

Lord D. Tollory vultures!—I suppose that means you had rather stand?

Pang. Fie, this is a locomotive morning with me. Just hurried, my lord, from the Society of Arts; whence, I may say, "I have borne my blushing honours thick upon me."—Shakspeare.—Hem!

Lord D. And what has put your honours to the blush, this morning, doctor?

Pang. To the blush!—A ludicrous perversion of the author's meaning.—He, he, he!—Hem!—you shall hear, my lord,—"Lend me your ears."—Shakspeare, again.—Hem!—'Tis not unknown to your lordship, and the no less literary world, that the Caledonian University of Aberdeen, long since conferred upon me the dignity of LL. D.; and, as I

never beheld that erudite body, I may safely say they dubbed me with a degree from sheer consideration of my celebrity:—

Lord D. True.

Pang. For nothing, my lord, but my own innate modesty, could suppose the Scotch college to be swayed by one pound fifteen shillings and three-pence three-farthings, paid on receiving my diploma, as a handsome compliment to the numerous and learned heads of that seminary.

Lord D. Oh, damn it, no, it wasn't for the matter of money.

Pang. I do not think it was altogether the "auri sacra fames."—Virgil.—Hem!—But this very day, my lord, at eleven o'clock A. M. the Society of Arts, in consequence, as they were pleased to say, of my merits,—He, he, he!—my merits, my lord—have admitted me as an unworthy member; and I have, henceforward, the privilege of adding to my name the honourable title of A double S.

Lord D. And I make no doubt, doctor, but you have richly deserved it. I warrant a man doesn't get A double S tacked to his name for nothing.

Pang. Decidedly not, my lord.—Yes, I am now Artium Societatis Socius.—My two last publications did that business.—"Exegi monumentum ære perennius."—Horace.—Hem!

Lord D. And what might them there two books be about, doctor?

Pang. The first, my lord, was a plan to lull the restless to sleep, by an infusion of opium into their ears: the efficacy of this method originally struck me in St. Stephen's chapel, while listening to the oratory of a worthy country gentleman.

Lord D. I wonder it wa'n't hit upon before by the doctors.

Pang. Physicians, my lord, put their patients to sleep in another manner. He, he, he!—"To die—

to sleep;—no more."—Shakspeare.—Hem! My second treatise was a Proposal for erecting Dovehouses, on a principle tending to increase the propagation of pigeons. This, I may affirm, has received considerable countenance from many who move in the circles of fashion.—"Nec gemere cessabit turtur."—Virgil.—Hem!—I am about to publish a third edition, by subscription. May I have the honour to pop your lordship down, among the pigeons?

Lord D. Ay, ay; down with me, doctor.

Pang. My lord, I am grateful. I ever insert names and titles at full length. What may be your lordship's sponsorial and patronymic appellations; [*Taking out his Pocket-book.*

Lord D. My what?

Pang. I mean, my lord, the designations given to you by your lordship's godfathers and parents.

Lord D. Oh! what my christian and surname?—I was baptized Daniel.

Pang. "Abolens baptismate labem."—I forgot where—no matter—Hem! the Right Honourable Daniel— [*Writing.*

Lord D. Dowlas.

Pang. [*Writing.*] Dowlas! "Filthy Dow....." Hem!—Shakspeare.—The Right Honourable Daniel Dowlas, Baron Duberly.—And now, my lord, to your lesson, for the day. [*They sit.*

Lord D. Now for it, doctor.

Pang. The process which we are now upon, is to eradicate that blemish in your lordship's language, which the learned denominate cacology, and which the vulgar call slip-slop.

Lord D. I'm afraid, doctor, my cakelology will give you a tolerable tight job on't.

Pang. "Nil desperandum."—Horace.—Hem! We'll begin in the old way, my lord. Talk on;—when you stumble, I check. Where was your lordship yesterday evening?

Lord D. At a consort.

Pang. Umph! Tête-à-tête with Lady Duberly, I presume?

Lord D. Tête-à-tête with five hundred people, hearing of music.

Pang. O, I conceive:—your lordship would say a concert. Mark the distinction:—a concert, my lord, is an entertainment visited by fashionable lovers of harmony. Now a consort is a wife; little conducive to harmony, in the present day; and seldom visited by a man of fashion, unless she happens to be his friend's or his neighbour's.

Lord D. A devil of a difference, indeed!—Between you and I, doctor, (now my lady's out of hearing,) a wife is the devil.

Pang. He, he, he!—There are plenty of Jobs in the world, my lord.

Lord D. And a damned sight of Jezabels too, doctor. But patience, as you say, for I never gives my lady no bad language. Whenever she gets in her tantrums, and talks high, I always sits mum-chance.

Pang. "So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard."—Milton.—Hem!—[*They rise.*]—Silence is most secure, my lord, in these cases; for if once your lordship opened your mouth, 'tis twenty to one but bad language would follow.

Lord D. O, that's a sure thing; and I never liked to disperse the women.

Pang. As-perse.

Lord D. Humph!—There's another stumble! A'ter all, doctor, I shall make but a poor progress in my vermicular tongue.

Pang. Your knowledge of our native, or vernacular language, my lord, time and industry may meliorate. Vermicular is an epithet seldom applied to tongues, but in the case of puppies who want to be wormed.

Lord D. Ecod, then, I a'n't so much out, doctor. I've met plenty of puppies since I came to town, whose tongues are so troublesome, that worming might chance to be of service. But, doctor, I've a bit of a proposal to make to you, concerning of my own family.

Pang. Disclose, my lord.

Lord D. Why, you must know, I expect my son, Dicky, in town this here very morning. Now, doctor, if you would but mend his cakelology, mayhap, it might be better worth while than the mending of mine.

Pang. I smell a pupil. [*Aside.*] Whence, my lord, does the young gentleman come?

Lord D. You shall hear all about it. You know, doctor, though I'm of a good family distraction—

Pang. Ex.

Lord D. Though I'm of a good family extraction, 'twas but t'other day I kep a shop at Gosport.

Pang. The rumour has reached me.—"Fama volat, viresque."——

Lord D. Don't put me out.

Pang. Virgil.—Hem!—Proceed.

Lord D. A tradesman, you know, must mind the main chance; so when Dick began to grow as big as a porpuss, I got an old friend of mine, who lives in Derbyshire, close to the Devil's——humph! close to the Peak—to take Dick 'prentice at half-price. He's just now out of his time; and, I warrant him, as wild and as rough as a rock:—now, if you, doctor, —if you would but take him in hand, and soften him a bit—

Pang. Pray, my lord—"To soften rocks!"—Congreve.—Hem!—Pray, my lord, what profession may the Honourable Mr. Dowlas have followed?

Lord D. Who, Dick? He has served his clerkship to an attorney, at Castleton.

Pang. An attorney!—Gentlemen of his profession, my lord, are very difficult to soften.

Lord D. Yes, but the pay may make it worth while. I'm told that lord Spindle gives his eldest son, master Drumstick's tutorer, three hundred a year; and, besides learning his pupil, he has to read my lord to sleep of an afternoon, and walk out with the lap-dogs, and children. Now, if three hundred a year, doctor, will do the business for Dick, I shan't begrudge it you.

Pang. Three hundred a year!—say no more, my lord. LL. D. A double S, and three hundred a year!—I accept the office.—"Verbum sat."—Horace.—Hem!—I'll run to my lodgings—settle with Mrs. Sudds—put my wardrobe into a—no, I've got it all on, and— [*Going.*

Lord D. Hold! hold! not so hasty, doctor; I must first send you for Dick, to the Blue Boar.

Pang. The Honourable Mr. Dowlas, my pupil, at the Blue Boar!

Lord D. Ay, in Holborn. As I an't fond of telling people good news before hand, for fear they may be baulked, Dick knows nothing of my being made a lord.

Pang. Three hundred a year!—

"I've often wish'd that I had, clear,
For life, six"——no; three——
——"three hundred——"

Lord D. I wrote him just afore I left Gosport, to tell him to meet me in London with—

Pang. "Three hundred pounds a year!"—Swift.—Hem!

Lord D. With all speed upon business, d'ye mind me.

Pang. Dr. Pangloss, with an income of!——no lap-dogs, my lord?

Lord D. Nay, but listen, doctor;—and as I didn't

know where old Ferret was to make me live in London, I told Dick to be at the Blue Boar this morning, by the stage-coach.—Why, you don't hear what I'm talking about, doctor.

Pang. O, perfectly, my lord—three hundred——Blue Boars—in a stage-coach!

Lord D. Well, step into my room, doctor, and I'll give you a letter which you shall carry to the inn, and bring Dick away with you. I warrant the boy will be ready to jump out of his skin.

Pang. Skin! jump!—zounds, I'm ready to jump out of mine! I follow your lordship—Oh, Doctor Pangloss! where is your philosophy now?—I attend you, my lord.—"Æquam memento . . ."—Horace.—"Servare mentem . . ."—Hem! Bless me, I'm all in a fluster.—LL. D., A double S, and three hundred a——I attend your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Blue Boar Inn, Holborn.

Enter WAITER, *showing in* ZEKIEL HOMESPUN, *and* CICELY HOMESPUN; ZEKIEL *carrying a Portmanteau.*

Waiter. This way, if you please, sir.

Zek. So here we be, at last, in London, at the ——What be your sign, young man?

Waiter. The Blue Boar, sir; one of the oldest houses in Holborn.

Zek. Oldest! why, as you do say, young man, it do seem in a tumble-downish kind of a condition, indeed!

Waiter. Shall I put your portmanteau on the table, sir? [*Offering to take it.*

Zek. [*Jerking it from him.*] No, but you don't tho'. I ha' heard o' the tricks o' London, though I ne'er sat foot in't afore. Master Blue Boar, you ha' gotten the wrong sow by the ear, I can tell ye.

Cicely. La! brother Zekiel! I dare say the young man is honest.

Zek. Haply he may be, Cicely; but the honest chaps o' this town, as I be told, do need a deal o' looking a'ter. Where can Dick Dowlas, now, be a loitering so long, in the yard?

Waiter. The gentleman that came in the coach with you, sir?

Zek. Yes, yes; the gentleman wi' all his clothes in his hand, tied up in a little blue and white pocket handkerchief.

Waiter. Shall I bid him come up, sir?

Zek. Ay, be so kind, will ye?

Waiter. I shall, sir. [*Exit.*

Zek. I ha' nothing left but this portmanteau and you, Cicely: if I was to lose either of you, what would become of poor Zekiel Homespun?

Cicely. Dear, now! this was the cry all along upon the road. Don't be down-hearted, brother; there be plenty of ways of getting bread, in London.

Zek. Oh, plenty, plenty!—but many of the ways, they do say, be so foul, and the bread be so dirty, it would turn a nice stomach to eat on't.

Cicely. Well, I do declare, it seems a pure place! with a power of rich gentlefolks, for certain; for I saw No. 945 upon one of their coach-doors, as we came along; and, no doubt, there be more of them still. I do so like it, Zekiel!

Zek. Don't ye, now—don't ye, Cicely—pray don't

ye be so merry! You scare me out o' my senses! Think what a charge I have of ye, Cicely: Father and mother dead—no kin to help us—both thrown a top of the wide world, to seek our fortunes,—and only I to take care of ye.—Indeed, indeed, I do love ye, Cicely! You would break your poor brother's heart if any harm was to befall you. You wou'dn't do that, would you, Cicely?

Cicely. I, Zekiel! I wou'dn't hurt a hair of your head, if I was to be made my Lord Mayor's lady for it. You have been a kind brother to me, Zekiel; and if I have the luck to get a service first, I'd work my fingers to the bone to maintain you.

Zek. Buss me, Cicely.—Od rabbit it, girl! I be only chicken-hearted on your account.

Cicely. Well, but let us hope for the best, Zekiel. Poor father has followed mother to the cold grave, sure enough; and the squire, out of the spite he owed us, has turned us out of the Castleton farm; but—

Zek. That were bad enough!—though I could ha' stomached that—but damn him! (Heaven forgive us) he spoke ill o' father's memory. I'd as big a mind to lick 'Squire, as ever I had i' my life;—and then, as you do say, to turn us adrift!

Cicely. But we are young and strong, brother Zekiel, and able to get our living.

Zek. Why that be true enough, Cicely.

Cicely. Well then, come now, pluck up a spirit! Be lightsome and jovial a bit, Zekiel,—do now!

Zek. Well I—I'll do my best. Dang it, if we had but a friend, now!

Cicely. Why, haven't we?

Zek. None that I do know of, bating Dick Dowlas, who be come up wi' us in the Castleton coach.

Cicely. Well, brother, I'm sure he'd go through fire and water to serve us. He has told me so, Zekiel,

fifty good times, by the side of old Dobbin's pond, by moonlight.

Zek. Ay, I do know he ha' kep you company, Cicely. I told him, when father died, that I was agreeable to his having of you, provided matters got a little more smoothish with you.

Cicely. Did you?—La, Zekiel!

Zekiel. Dick be an honest fellow.

Cicely. That he is, indeed, brother! [*Eagerly.*

Zek. I ha' known him, now, seven good years, since first he came to Castleton; and we ha' been for all the world like brothers. Dick be a little rantipolish, but as generous a lad—

DICK DOWLAS [*singing and talking without.*]

" O London is a fine town,
A very famous city!"——

Take care of my bundle, d'ye hear.

Enter DICK [*singing.*]

" Where all the streets are paved with gold,
And all the maidens pretty."

Well, shan't we have a bit of something to eat?—just a snack, Zekiel, eh?—Here, you Waiter! [*Enter* WAITER, *with a Bundle.*] What, Cis, my girl?—Come, get some cold beef, you.—How dost do, after the journey?—Ay, cold beef—put down the bundle;—mustard, vinegar, and all that, you know;—Cis likes a relish.

Waiter. Directly, sir.

[*Puts* DICK's *Bundle down, and exit.*

Dick. Ay, jump about, my tight fellow,—Zounds! how the rumbling of the old coach keeps whirling in my head!

Zek. I do think, Dick, your head be always a little upon the whirligig order.

Dick. If I hadn't got out to take the reins in hand now and then, I should have been as muzzy as a methodist parson. Didn't I knock the tits along nicely, Cis?

Cicely. Ay, indeed, Dick;—except bumping us up against the turnpike-gates, we went as pure and pleasant!

Dick. Pshaw! that was an accident. Well, old Domine hasn't call'd for me here, yet.—Can't think what the old boy wants with me in London;—bad news, I'm afraid.

Cicely. No, don't you say so, Dick!

Zek. Hap what will, Dick, I'll stand by ye. I be as poor as Job, but—

Dick. Tip us your daddle, Zekiel; you've as tender a heart as ever got into the tough carcase of a Castleton farmer.—Yes, the old boy's last letter but one told me that things were going on but badly. Damn that chandler's shop!—bacon, eggs, coals, and candles, have laid him low. A bankruptcy, I warrant; and he is come up to town to whitewash.

Zek. And to consult wi' you, mayhap, as you be in the laa, about the business.

Dick. Gad, then, it will be like consulting most people in the law—he'll get nothing from me that's satisfactory. Old Latitat had as little business as I had inclination in the practice.

Zek. Well, but Dick, sure you can do somewhat in your calling. You can draw up a will, or a lease of a farm, now?

Dick. I can shoot a wild-duck with any lawyer's clerk in the county.—I can fling a bar—play at cricket—

Zek. That you can;—I used to notch for you, you do know.

Dick. I can make a bowl of punch—

Zek. That you can:—I used to drink it wi' you, you do know.

Dick. I can make love—

Cicely. That you can, Dick.

Dick. I can catch gudgeons—

Zek. Ay, ay, that be part o' your trade. Catching o' gudgeons be a lawyer's chiefest employment, they do say.

Dick. Well, now to business:—here's a newspaper I pick'd up at the bar;—there is something in it, I think, that will suit Cis. Read it.

Zek. [*Reading.*] *Wanted—a maid—*

Dick. That's a difficult thing to be found in London, I take it.

Zek. So far 'twill do for our Cicely.

Cicely. Yes:—I'd better make haste and get the place, for fear any thing should happen, you know.

Zek. Let's read it, Cicely. *Wanted a maid-servant, by a young lady—*

Cicely. Dear!—a young lady!—

Zek. Who lives very retired at the West-end of the town—must be clean in her person;—Cicely, be very clean.

Dick. As any lass in Derbyshire.

Zek. And good-natured—Cicely be as good-natured a girl as ever—Umph! Well, let's see—*and willing to do what is required.*

Cicely. Well, I am very willing, you know, Dick, an't I?

Dick. That you are, Cis. Kiss me.

Cicely. La! Dick, this will just do! I'm so pleased!

Zek. If from the country the better.—Rabbit it, Cicely, this be the very thing! Tol, de rol, lol! *or if any farmer, in difficulties, from a numerous family, wishes to put his daughter to a service*—Oh, my poor old father!—this be the thing!—*she will meet with the tenderest care from the lady, who has herself known*

what it is to be unfortunate. Tol, de rol, lol! Buss me; Cicely!—Hug me, Dick Dowlas!—I shall provide for sister,—the care next my very heart. Tol, de rol, lol!—Rabbit it! I be ready to choke for joy!

Cicely. Dear, now! this is the rarest luck!—Live with a young lady!—I shall be so great and grand—

Dick. And grow giddy with good fortune, and forget your poor friends, Cis.

Zek. No, no—Cicely be too good for that.—Forget a poor friend!—When such giddy folks do chance to get a tumble, they may e'en thank themselves if nobody be ready to help them up.

Cicely. Now, I wou'dn't have said such words to you, Dick.—You know, so you do, if I was to be made a queen, it would be my pride, Dick, to share all my gold with brother and you.

Dick. My dear Cis!—well, I'm sorry; 'faith I am: and if ever I, or my family, should come to fortune, —but, pshaw!—damn it, my father keeps a chandler's shop, without custom.

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. The cloth is laid for you in the other room, gentlemen; for you can't dine here.

Dick. Why so?

Waiter. The churchwardens come to eat a great dinner here, once a month, for the good of the poor. —This is their day.

Zek. That's as they do down wi' us:—but I could never find out why stuffing a churchwarden's guts was for the good of the poor o' the parish.

Dick. Nor I, neither; unless he got a surfeit that carried him off. Come, Zekiel; you shall go presently after the place; but first let us refresh.—What we eat will be for the good of the poor, I'm certain. —Cis, your arm.—Take my bundle, you dog; [*To the* WAITER.] and don't drop any thing out, for I've no linen to spare.—Come, Cis! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

An Apartment.

Enter CAROLINE DORMER.

Car. I wish Kenrick were come back. My last hope hangs upon the answer he will bring me.—World! world!—when affluence points the telescope, how closely does it attract thy venal inhabitants!—how magnified are all their smiles! Let poverty reverse the glass, far distant does it cast them from us, and the features of friendship are dwindled into nothing.—I hear him coming.

Enter KENRICK.

Well, Kenrick, you have carried the letter?

Ken. Indeed, and I have, Miss Caroline.

Car. And what answer from my father's old friend, Kenrick?

Ken. 'Faith, now, your father's old friend, begging your pardon, answered like a big blackguard.

Car. Surely, Kenrick, he could not look surprised at my application?

Ken. 'Faith, he looked for all the world as if he had swallowed a bottle of vinegar. When I was his honour's (your poor deceased father's) butler, and helped this dear old friend to good bumpers of Ma-

deira, and be hanged to him, he made clean another sort of a face of it.

Car. And has he sent no letter in answer?

Ken. Not a syllable at this present writing; it was all by varbal word of dirty mouth.

Car. Insulting!

Ken. Give my compliments to Miss Caroline Dormer, says he, and tell her I'm sorry for her misfortunes:—Bless you, says I.—But I cannot be of the smallest service to her.—The devil fly away with you, thinks I.

Car. Did he assign no reason?

Ken. Och! to be sure, an ould Skinflint doesn't always give you plenty of reasons for being hard-hearted!—'Tis fitting he should, miss, becase the case requires it;—but compassion is compassion; and that's reason enough for showing it, in all conscience.

Car. But, what said he, Kenrick?

Ken. Her father, Mr. Dormer's bankruptcy, says he, has made a terrible deal of noise in the world.—Ay, and a terrible deal of work, too, says I; for you know, Miss Caroline, my poor old master, rest his soul! was one of the biggest merchants in the city of London.

Car. True, Kenrick; but died, almost, one of its poorest inhabitants.

Ken. That's what the ould fellow said,—Her father has died so involved, says he, that no prudent man can concern himself for the daughter, or run the risk of meddling with his affairs.—And so he ended, with his respects, and a parcel of palaver, to you; and an offer of half a crown to your humble servant, as an ould acquaintance.

Car. And, yet, had my father's prudence been of his complexion, I doubt, Kenrick, whether this man would now have had half a crown to offer you.

Ken. Och! now, if I had but minded to tell him

that!—But, I made the half crown tell it him, as plain as it could speak;—for I threw it upon the ould miser's table with a great big whack; and, by my soul, he never jumped so high at two and sixpence before, in all his beggarly born days.

Car. Then there is no hope from that quarter, Kenrick?

Ken. No more hope than there is in a dead coach-horse.

Car. I would wish to be alone, Kenrick:—pray leave me.

Ken. Leave you! and in grief, Miss Caroline!

Car. I would not have you, my good old man, a witness to my affliction.

Ken. What, and wasn't my poor, dear, departed wife, Judith, your own nurse—wet and dry—for many a good year? and isn't myself, Felix Kenrick, your own foster-father, that have dandled you in these ould arms when you were the size of a dumpling? and will I leave you to take on, after this fashion, all alone, by yourself?

Car. Pray, pray be silent, Kenrick!—Oh, nature!—spite of the inequalities which birth or education have placed between thy children,—still, nature, with all thy softness, I own thee!—The tear of an old and faithful servant, which bedews the ruins of his shelter, is an honest drop, that penetrates the heart.

Ken. Ay, cry away, my poor Miss Caroline! cry away!—I shared the sunshine of your family, and it is but fair that I should go halves in the ruin.

Car. A poor two hundred pounds, Kenrick, are, now, all that remain to me.

Ken. Well, come, two hundred pounds, now-a-days, are not to be sneezed at. Consider how consoling it is, my dear miss, to think, that, with good management, it may be a matter of two years before you are left without a penny in the whole wide

world!—and that's four and twenty calendar months, you know.

Car. Had this hollow friend of my father's exerted himself, in the wreck of our house's fortune, he might, probably, have averted the penury which threatens me.

Ken. Och! if I could but beat humanity into his heart, through his carcase, I'd make him as tender as a sucking pig.

Car. Lord Duberly's death, too, in the moment of my difficulties!—In him I might, still, have found a protector.

Ken. Ay, and his brave son, too, the Honourable Mr. Henry Morland, that was to have married you.—Well, be of good heart, now—for he's dead!—the poor drowned youth!

Car. Desist, Kenrick, I beseech you!

Ken. Ay, well now, you are unhappy; but you see I'm after making you easy.—Just as the two families had popped down the man of your heart for your husband, 'faith he popped himself into his decent watery grave; and I am left, the only tender friend you have in the world, to remind you of it.

Car. Remind me no more, Kenrick. Your intention is good, but this is torment to me, instead of—

Zek. [*Without.*] Above stairs!—Oh! very well, ma'am!—thank you, mâ'am!

Car. Hark!—I hear somebody inquiring for me, on the stairs.

Ken. Now, that's the worst of these lodgings: 'Faith, the people come into your house before you have opened the door.

[*A Knock at the Door of the Room.*

Car. Come in.

Enter ZEKIEL *and* CICELY HOMESPUN.

Have you any business with me, friend?

Zek. Why, yes, madam,—it be a smallish bit of business, as a body may say.

Car. Well, young man?

Zek. Why, madam, I be come to—Pray, if I may make so bold, isn't your name A. B.?

Car. Oh! I understand;—you come in consequence of an advertisement.—I believe you may leave us, Kenrick.—It was I who advertised for a maid-servant.

Zek. And, with submission, madam, I be come to offer for the place.

Ken. This is the first time I ever saw a servant-maid in a pair of leathern breeches, in all my life!

[*Exit* KENRICK.

Car. You, honest friend, as a maid-servant!

Zek. Yes, for Cicely.—Curt'sey, Cicely.

Cicely. I do, brother Zekiel.

Zek. This be my sister, madam.—We be newly come from Derbyshire; and, lighting at the Blue Boar—the great inn—in—Holbourn—that—but, perhaps, you may frequent it, madam?

Car. Well, friend!

Zek. Why we stumbled upon your notice in the news, madam; and so—and so here we be, madam.

Car. [*To* CICELY.] Have you ever been in service before, child?

Cicely. No, never, if you please, madam:—I was always with father, and minded the dairy.

Car. And, why did you quit your father, pray?

Cicely. He died, if you please, madam.—It was a sad day for brother and I.—'Tis a cruel thing, madam, to lose a good father.

Car. It is, indeed, child.—I can well feel it.

Cicely. And when he dies in distress, too, madam——

Car. Did your father die so, child?

Zek. All along o' that damned 'squire.—Mother ware gone long ago;—and, when children be left des-

titute, it be hard to find a friend to compassionate them.

Car. I—I will be that friend.—My power is little—almost nothing—but, as far as it can go, you shall find a protection.

Cicely. Oh, the gracious!—What a pure lady!

Car. But, can you refer me to any one, for a character?

Zek. I ha' gotten a character in my pocket, madam.—They tell me that be the way they do take most characters in London.—Here be a certificate, from Parson Brock, of our parish. [*Giving it.*

Car. I see.—What can you do to be useful, Cicely?

Cicely. Oh, a power of things!—I can churn, and feed ducks; milk cows, and fatten a pig, madam.

Zek. Yes, yes,—you will find sister Cicely handy enough, I warrant her.

Car. All this will be of little service, in London.

Zek. Od rabbit it, madam, she will soon learn here to put her hand to any thing.—Won't you, Cicely?

Cicely. If I don't, it shan't be for want of inclination, so please you, my lady.

Car. Well, child, come in the evening, and you shall begin your service. We shall not disagree about wages; and you will be treated more like an humble friend than a servant.—Kenrick!—I shall have only yourself and a poor faithful Irishman.

Zek. [*Aside.*] An Irishman!—dang it, these Irishmen, as I be told, be devils among the girls.—My mind do misgive me; for Cicely be young, and thoughtless.

Enter KENRICK.

Car. Show these good people, down, Kenrick; and take this bill to Lombard Street.

Ken. I shall do that thing, Miss Caroline.

Zek. Oh! then this be the Irishman. He be a plaguy old one, indeed! Come, there be nothing to

fear about her. [*Aside.*]—A good day to you, madam.—Curt'sey, Cicely

Ken. Come, you two go first; for I must be after showing you the way, you know.

[*Exit, following* ZEKIEL *and* CICELY.

Car. This simple girl's story approaches so near to my own, that it touches me. Poor innocence!—mine is a sorry shelter in your wanderings; yet, it may be warmer than one more splendid; for opulence relieves, sometimes, with coldness, sometimes with ostentation, sometimes with levity; but sympathy kindles the brightest spark that shines on the altar of compassion; and tenderness pours on it the sweetest balm that charity produces, when the afflicted administer to the afflicted. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Blue Boar Inn.

Enter DR. PANGLOSS *and* WAITER.

Pang. Let the chariot turn about.—Dr. Pangloss in a lord's chariot!—"Curru portatur eodem."—Juvenal.—Hem!—Waiter!

Waiter. Sir.

Pang. Have you any gentleman here who arrived this morning?

Waiter. There's one in the house now, sir.

Pang. Is he juvenile?

Waiter. No, sir; he's Derbyshire.

Pang. He! he! he!—Of what appearance is the gentleman?

Waiter. Why, plaguy poor, sir.

Pang. "I hold him rich, al had he not a sherte." —Chaucer.—Hem!—Denominated the Honourable Mr. Dowlas?

Waiter. Honourable!—He left his name plain Dowlas, at the bar, sir.

Pang. Plain Dowlas, did he;—That will do,— "For all the rest is leather,—"

Waiter. Leather, sir!

Pang. —"and prunello."—Pope.—Hem!—Tell Mr. Dowlas, a gentleman requests the honour of an interview.

Waiter. This is his room, sir.—He is but just stept into our parcel warehouse;—he'll be with you directly. [*Exit.*

Pang. Never before did honour and affluence let fall such a shower on the head of Doctor Pangloss! —Fortune, I thank thee!—Propitious goddess, I am grateful!—I, thy favoured child, who commenced his career in the lottiest apartment of a muffin-maker, in Milk-alley.—Little did I think,—"good easy man." —Shakspeare.—Hem!—of the riches, and literary dignities, which now—

Enter DICK DOWLAS.

My pupil!

Dick. [*Speaking while entering.*] Well, where is the man that wants——Oh! you are he, I suppose—

Pang. I am the man, young gentleman!—"Homo sum."—Terence.—Hem!—Sir, the person who now presumes to address you, is Peter Pangloss; to whose name, in the college of Aberdeen, is subjoined LL.D. signifying Doctor of Laws; to which has been recently added the distinction of A double S;—the Roman initials for a Fellow of the Society of Arts.

Dick. Sir, I am your most obedient, Richard Dowlas; to whose name, in his tailor's bill, is subjoined D. R. signifying Debtor; to which are added

L.S.D.;—the Roman initials for pounds, shillings, and pence.

Pang. Ha!—this youth was doubtless design'd by destiny to move in the circles of fashion; for he's dipt in debt, and makes a merit of telling it.

Dick. But what are your commands with me, doctor?

Pang. I have the honour, young gentleman, of being deputed an ambassador to you from your father.

Dick. Then, you have the honour to be ambassador of as good-natured an old fellow as ever sold a half porth of cheese, in a chandler's shop.

Pang. Pardon me, if, on the subject of your father's cheese, I advise you to be as mute as a mouse in one, for the future. Twere better to keep that "altâ mente repostum."—Virgil.—Hem.

Dick. Why, what's the matter!—Any misfortune? Broke, I fear!

Pang. No, not broke;—but his name, as 'tis customary, in these cases, has appear'd in the Gazette.

Dick. Not broke, but gazetted!—Why, zounds, and the devil!—

Pang. Check your passions;—learn philosophy.—When the wife of the great Socrates threw a—hum!—threw a tea-pot at his erudite head, he was as cool as a cucumber.—When Plato—

Dick. Damn Plato!—What of my father?

Pang. Don't damn Plato.—The bees swarmed round his mellifluous mouth as soon as he was swaddled.—"Cum in cunis apes in labellis consedissent, ..."—Cicero—Hem!

Dick. I wish you had a swarm round yours, with all my heart.—Come to the point.

Pang. In due time. But calm, your choler.—"Ira furor brevis est..."—Horace.—Hem!—Read this. [*Gives a Letter*

Dick. [Snatches the Letter, breaks it open, and reads.] *Dear Dick.—This comes to inform you I am in a perfect state of health, hoping you are the same.*—Ay, that's the old beginning.—*It was my lot, last week, to be made*—ay, a bankrupt, I suppose—*to be made a . . .* —what?—*to be made a P, E, A, R;*—a pear!—to be made a pear!—what the devil does he mean by that?

Pang. A peer—a peer of the realm.—His lordship's orthography is a little loose, but several of his equals countenance the custom. Lord Loggerhead always spells physician with an F.

Dick. A peer!—what, my father!—I'm electrified! —Old Daniel Dowlas made a peer!—But let me see —[*Reads on.*]—*A pear of the realm.—Lawyer Ferret got me my tittle . . .*—titt—Oh, title!—*and an estate of fifteen thousand per ann.—by making me out next of kin to old Lord Duberly, because he died without—without hairs*—'Tis an odd reason, by the by, to be next of kin to a nobleman, because he died bald.

Pang. His lordship means heir—heir to his estate. —We shall meliorate his style speedily.—" Reform it altogether."—Shakspeare.—Hem!

Dick. *I send my carrot . . .*—Carrot!

Pang. He! he! he!—Chariot, his lordship means.

Dick. *With Dr. Pangloss in it.*

Pang. That's me.

Dick. *Respect him, for he's an LL. D. and moreover an A double S.* [They bow.

Pang. His lordship kindly condescended to insert that, at my request.

Dick. *And I have made him your tutorer, to mend your cakelology;*

Pang. Cacology;—from Κακος, "malus," and Λογος, "verbum."—Vide Lexicon.—Hem!

Dick. *Come with the doctor to my house in Hanover Square.*—Hanover Square!—*I remain your affectionate father, to command.* DUBERLY.

Pang. That's his lordship's title.

Dick. It is?

Pang. It is.

Dick. Say sir, to a lord's son.—You have no more manners than a bear!

Pang. Bear!—under favour, young gentleman, I am the bear-leader;—being appointed your tutor.

Dick. And what can you teach me?

Pang. Prudence.—Don't forget yourself in sudden success.—"Tecum habita."—Persius.—Hem!

Dick. Prudence, to a nobleman's son, with fifteen thousand a year!

Pang. Don't give way to your passions.

Dick. Give way!—Zounds!—I'm wild;—mad!—You teach me!—Pooh!—I have been in London before, and know it requires no teaching to be a modern fine gentleman. Why, it all lies in a nut-shell:—sport a curricle—walk Bond Street—play at Faro—get drunk—dance reels—go to the opera—cut off your tail—pull on your pantaloons—and there's a buck of the first fashion in town for you.—Damme! d'ye think I don't know what's going?

Pang. Mercy on me!—I shall have a very refractory pupil!

Dick. Not, at all.—We'll be hand and glove together, my little doctor. I'll drive you down to all the races, with my little terrier between your legs, in a tandem.

Pang. Doctor Pangloss, the philosopher, with a terrier between his legs, in a tandem!

Dick. I'll tell you what, doctor.—I'll make you my long-stop at cricket—you shall draw corks, when I'm president—laugh at my jokes before company—squeeze lemons for punch—cast up the reckoning—and woe betide you, if you don't keep sober enough to see me safe home, after a jollification!

Pang. Make me a long-stop, and a squeezer of lemons!—Zounds!—this is more fatiguing than walk-

ing out with the lap-dogs!—And are these the qualifications for a tutor, young gentleman?

Dick. To be sure, they are. 'Tis the way that half the prig parsons, who educate us Honourables, jump into fat livings.

Pang. 'Tis well they jump into something fat, at last, for they must wear all the flesh off their bones in the process.

Dick. Come now, tutor, go you and call the waiter.

Pang. Go, and call!—Sir, sir!—I'd have you to understand, Mr. Dowlas—

Dick. Ay, let us understand one another, doctor.—My father, I take it, comes down handsomely to you, for your management of me?

Pang. My lord has been liberal.

Dick. But, 'tis I must manage you, doctor.—Acknowledge this, and, between ourselves, I'll find means to double your pay.

Pang. Double my—

Dick. Do you hesitate?—Why, man, you have set up for a modern tutor without knowing your trade!

Pang. Double my pay!—say no more—Done. "Actum est."—Terence.—Hem!—Waiter! [*Bawling.*]—Gad, I've reach'd the right reading at last!——

"I've often wish'd that I had, clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year——"

Swift.—Hem!—Waiter!

Dick. That's right; tell him to pop my clothes and linen into the carriage;—they are in that bundle.

Enter WAITER.

Pang. Waiter!—Here, put all the Honourable Mr. Dowlas's clothes and linen into his father's, Lord Duberly's, chariot.

Waiter. Where are they all, sir?

Pang. All wrapt up in the Honourable Mr. Dowlas's pocket handkerchief. [*Exit* WAITER *with Bundle.*

Dick. See 'em safe in, doctor, and I'll be with you directly.

Pang. I go, most worthy pupil.—Six hundred pounds a-year!—However deficient in the classics, his knowledge of arithmetic is admirable!—

" I've often wish'd that I had, clear,
For life,—"

Dick. Nay, nay, don't be so slow.

Pang. Swift.—Hem!—I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Dick. What am I to do with Zekiel and Cis?——When a poor man has grown great, his old acquaintance, generally, begin to be troublesome.

Enter ZEKIEL.

Zek. Well, I han't been long.

Dick. No, you are come time enough, in all conscience. [*Coolly.*

Zek. Cicely ha' gotten the place.—I be e'en almost stark wild wi' joy.—Such a goodnatured young madam!—Why, you don't seem pleased, man;—sure, and sure, you be glad of our good fortune, Dick?

Dick. Dick!—Why, what do you—Oh! but he doesn't know, yet, that I am a lord's son.—I rejoice to hear of your success, friend Zekiel.

Zek. Why, now, that's hearty.—But, eh!—Why, you look mortal heavy and lumpish, Dick. No bad tidings, since we ha' been out, I hope.

Dick. Oh, no!

Zek. Eh?—Let's ha' a squint at you. Od rabbit it, but summut have happened.—You have seen your father, and things ha' gone crossish.—Who have been here, Dick?

Dick. Only a gentleman, who had the honour of being deputed ambassador from my father.

Zek. What a dickens, an ambassador!—Pish, now you be a queering a body.—An ambassador, sent

from an old chandler, to Dick Dowlas, Lawyer Latitat's clerk?—Come, that be a good one, fegs!

Dick. Dick Dowlas! and lawyer's clerk!—Sir, the gentleman came to inform me that my father, by being proved next of kin to the late lord, is now Lord Duberly; by which means I am now the Honourable Mr. Dowlas.

Zek. Ods flesh!—gi' us your fist, Dick!—I ne'er shook the fist of an Honourable afore, in all my born days.—Old Daniel made a lord!—I be main glad to hear it.—This be news, indeed! But, Dick,—I hope he ha' gotten some ready along wi' his title; for a lord without money be but a foolish, wishy-washy kind of a thing, a'ter all.

Dick. My father's estate is fifteen thousand a-year.

Zek. Mercy on us!—you ha ta'en away my breath!

Dick. Well, Zekiel, Cis and you shall hear from me, soon.

Zek. Why, you ben't a going, Dick?

Dick. I must pay my duty to his lordship; his chariot waits for me below.—We have been some time acquainted, Zekiel, and you may depend upon my good offices.

Zek. You do seem a little flustrated with these tidings, Dick. I—I should be loath to think our kindness was a cooling.

Dick. Oh, no!—rely on my protection.

Zek. Why, lookye, Dick Dowlas:—as to protection, and all that, we ha' been old friends; and, if I should need it from you, it be no more nor my right to expect it, and your business to give it me:—but Cicely ha' gotten a place, and I ha' hands and health, to get a livelihood. Fortune, good or bad, tries the man, they do say; and, if I should hap to be made a lord to-morrow, (as who can say what may betide, since they ha' made one out of an old chandler)—

Dick. Well, sir, and what then?

Zek. Why, then, the finest feather in my lordship's cap would be, to show that there would be as much shame in slighting an old friend, because he be poor, as there be pleasure in owning him, when it be in our power to do him service.

Dick. You mistake me, Zekiel. I—I—'Sdeath! I'm quite confounded!—I'm trying to be as fashionable, here, as my neighbours, but nature comes in, and knocks it all on the head. [*Aside.*] Zekiel, give me your hand.

Zek. Then there be a hearty Castleton slap for you.—The grasp of an honest man can't disgrace the hand of a duke, Dick.

Dick. You're a kind soul, Zekiel. I regard you sincerely; I love Cicely, and—damn it, I'm going too far, now, for a lord's son. Pride and old friendship are, now, fighting in me, till I am almost bewildered. [*Aside.*] You shall hear from me in a few hours.—Good b'ye, Zekiel;—good b'ye! [*Exit.*

Zek. I don't know what ails me, but I be almost ready to cry.—Dick be a high mettled youth, and this news ha' put him a little beside himself.—I should make a bit of allowance. His heart, I do think, be in the right road; and when that be the case, he be a hard judge that won't pardon an old friend's spirits, when they do carry him a little way out on't. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

An Hotel.

Enter HENRY MORLAND, STEDFAST, *and a* WAITER.

Waiter. These are the apartments, gentlemen.

Henry. They will do. Leave us.

Waiter. Would you chuse any refreshment, gentlemen?—Our hotel provides dinners.

Sted. No chattering:—we have business—[*Exit* WAITER.] Welcome, at last, Mr. Morland, to London. After wandering over foreign lands, with what joy an Englishman sets his foot on British ground! His heart swells with pleasure, as he drives through his fat, native, soil, which ruddy labour has cultivated, till he reaches this grand reservoir of opulence:—an opulence which may well make him proud, for its honourable source is his countrymen's industry.

Henry. To you, Stedfast, who have no private fears —no anxieties for your family, the satisfaction must be exquisite.

Sted. Why, I am an old bachelor, 'tis true, and without relations; but the whole country is my family. I could not help thinking, as we posted to town, that each jolly peasant, and each cherry-cheeked lass, was a kind of humble brother and sister to me;—and they

called forth my affections accordingly. Rich or poor, great or small, we all form one chain, Henry. May the larger and lesser links hold kindly together, till time slides into eternity!

Henry. Truce to these reflections, now, my dear Stedfast;—they do your heart honour; but mine is filled with a thousand apprehensions. My father,—Caroline——

Sted. A father, and a mistress! Duty, and love.—That's a slow fire, and a fierce blaze;—and, doubt blowing the bellows upon them,—'tis enough to scorch a young soul to a cinder.

Henry. 'Tis strange I have never heard from either of them. After escaping the perils of shipwreck!—after the sufferings which followed,—a father—and a mistress, soon to be made my wife,—might, surely, have sent one line, to testify their pleasure at my preservation.

Sted. Ay, now make yourself miserable.—A young mind is too soon sanguine, and, therefore, too soon depressed.

Henry. Why, what can be the reason that they have never noticed my letters?

Sted. Um!—there is one reason, indeed, that——

Henry. You alarm me!—What can that be?

Sted. That they have never received them.

Henry. Impossible!

Sted. Nothing more likely. Consider, your last letter, from Quebec, told your father, Lord Duberly, that you had arranged all the business which had called you there, and that, in three days, you should embark for England.

Henry. Well, that he never answered.

Sted. I can't tell.—Probably not. Most people think it somewhat superfluous to write to a correspondent at Quebec, after he has left the place.

Henry. Pshaw!—I'm bewildered.—But, since.

Sted. Why, since, the chances have been against

you. Wrecked on our passage—thrown upon the uninhabited part of the island of Cape Breton——

Henry. I shall never think of it without horror; —nor without gratitude, Stedfast. To your friendly care, (strangers as we, then, were to each other,) on that frozen shore of desolation, I owe my life.

Sted. Pshaw!—nonsense—we both met as fellow-passengers, and were fellow-sufferers; and I happened to be the toughest, that's all.—To do as we would be done by is merely a part of our duty—But, there is so much fuss made about it now, that I am afraid, the duty is too often neglected. I suppose we shall thank our shoe-black for brushing our boots, though we reward him for his business.

Henry. Yet, humanity, Stedfast—

Sted. Is every man's business:—and the reward, he will, ultimately, receive for it, is far above human calculation.—But come,—thank Providence, and not me.—To survive at the end of two months, when most of the small parcel of our comrades were dead, or dying, about us, with cold and hunger, is no common escape.

Henry. And, then, in a desperate hope, to launch our shattered boat, in quest of an inhabited country; and to toss about, for two months more, till, benumbed and perishing, we were discovered by the native and friendly Indians.—All this, Stedfast, was, indeed, a stout trial.

Sted. Then away with trifling fears, now. Since our deliverance, we have changed our ground, daily, on our return to England. The time—the distance —your letters—theirs—all may have miscarried.

Henry. May it prove so!—But, let me hasten to my father's, and clear my doubts.

Sted. Stay, stay, stay?—You know 'twas at my request you drove to this hotel;—now, pray, at my request, let me wait on Lord Duberly, to prepare him for your appearance.

Henry. But, for what purpose

Sted. A very evident one.—The wreck of our ship has, doubtless, long been public in London; and, as the crew and passengers, are, probably, all supposed to have perished, your abrupt entrance at your father's might be too much for him.

Henry. You are perfectly right.—In the moment when our passions are afloat, how beneficial is the cool judgment of a friend to direct us!—But, shou'dn't I give you a line of introduction, to my father?

Sted. Umph!—why, according to usual form, indeed;—but I was never good at forms; and, in this case, it may be better to let me introduce myself, in my own way. I hope Lord Duberly is no stickler for ceremonies.

Henry. He has the manliest virtue, and the warmest heart in the world, my friend; but, I confess, to those who are unacquainted with him, these qualities, at first, are a little concealed, by a coldness in manner that—

Sted. Oh! I understand;—a little stately, or so.

Henry. Only a little of the vielle cour about him.—A long habit of haranguing in Parliament, gives a man a kind of dignity of deportment, and an elevation of style, not met with every day, you know.—But gentleman is written, legibly, on his brow,—erudition shines through every polished period of his language,—and he is the best of men, and fathers, believe me.

Sted. Ay, ay! I see, I see!—Grand and stiff, but of sterling value, like an old-fashioned silver candlestick.—Well, I'll soon bring you an account of my embassy.

Henry. And, while you are at my father's, I will walk to Mr. Dormer's.—My suspence about Caroline is intolerable. I must see the good old gentleman, and he will break my arrival to his daughter.

Sted. Meet me, then, here, in a couple of hours.

Henry. Be it so.—A thousand thanks, my dear Stedfast!

Sted. A thousand fiddlesticks!—I hate to be thanked, a thousand times, for a trifle. I know 'tis the language of the day;—but modern complimentary cant is the coinage of dishonesty,—for the profession exceeds the feeling:—and, nine men in ten, who give it under their hands that they are your most devoted humble servants, pledge themselves to you for much more than they ever mean to perform.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in LORD DUBERLY'S *House.*

LADY DUBERLY *and* DR. PANGLOSS, *discovered.*

Lady D. And, how does my lord come on in his learning, doctor?

Pang. Apt, very apt, indeed, for his age.—Defective in nothing, now, but words, phrases, and grammar.

Lady D. I wish you could learn him to follow my example, and be a little genteel:—but there is no making a silk purse out of a sow's ear, they say.

Pang. Time may do much.—But, as to my lord, every body hasn't your ladyship's exquisite elegance.—"Upon my soul, a lie."—Shakspeare.—Hem! [*Aside.*

Lady D. A mighty pretty spoken man!—And, you are made tutorer, I'm told, doctor, to my Dicky.

Pang. That honour has accrued to your obsequious servant, Peter Pangloss. I have now the felicity of superintending your ladyship's Dicky.

Lady D. I must not have my son thwarted, doctor;—for, when he has his way in every thing, he's the sweetest tempered youth in Christendom.

Pang. An extraordinary instance of mildness!

Lady D. Oh! as mild as mother's milk, I assure you.—And what is he to learn, doctor?

Pang. Our readings will be various.—Logic, Ethics, and Mathematics; History, Foreign and Domestic; Geography, Ancient and Modern; Voyages and Travels; Antiquities, British and Foreign; Natural History; Natural and Moral Philosophy; Classics; Arts and Sciences: Belles Lettres, and Miscellanies.

Lady D. Bless me!—'tis enough to batter the poor boy's brains to a mummy.

Pang. "A little learning——"

Lady D. Little?—a load!

Pang. "—Is a dangerous thing."—Pope.—Hem!

Lady D. And you have left out the main article.

Pang. What may your ladyship mean?

Lady D. Mean!—Why, dancing, to be sure.

Pang. Dancing?—Dr. Pangloss, the philosopher, teach to dance!

Lady D. Between whiles, you might give Dick a lesson or two in the hall:—as my lord's valet plays on the kit, it will be quite handy to have you both in the house, you know.

Pang. This is a damned barbarous old woman! [*Aside.*]—With submission to your ladyship, my business is with the head, and not the heels of my pupil.

Lady D. Fiddle, faddle!—Lady Betty tells me that the heads of young men of fashion, now a-days, are by no means overloaded. They are all left to the barber, and dentist.

Pang. 'Twould be daring to dispute so self-evident an axiom.—But, if your ladyship——

Lady D. Lookye, doctor;—he must learn to dance and jabber French; and I wouldn't give a brass farden for any thing else.—I know what's elegance;—and you'll find the grey mare the better horse, in this house, I promise you.

Pang. Her ladyship, I perceive, is paramount.—"Dux fœmina facti."—Virgil.—Hem! [*Aside.*

Lady D. What's your pay here, Mr. Tutorer?

Pang. Three hundred pounds per annum:—that is—six—no, three—no—ay—no matter:—the rest is between me and Mr. Dowlas. [*Aside.*

Lady D. Do as I direct you, in private, and, to prevent words, I'll double it.

Pang. Double it!—What, again!—Nine hundred per annum! [*Aside.*]—I'll take it.—"Your hand; a covenant."—Shakspeare.—Hem!—Zounds!—I've got beyond the reading at last!

"I've often wish'd that I had, clear,
For life,—" [LORD D. *speaks without.*

—I hear my lord—

"—Nine hundred pounds a year!"
Swift.—Hem!

Enter LORD DUBERLY, *and* DICK DOWLAS.

Lord D. Come along, Dick!—Here he is again, my lady.—Twist, the tailor, happened to come in promiscuously, as I may say, and—

Pang. Accidentally, my lord, would be better.

Lord D. 'Ay, accidentally;—with a suit of my Lord Docktail's under his arm;—and, as we was in a bit of a rumpus to rig out Dick, why—

Pang. Dress,—not rig—unless metaphorically.

Lord D. Well—to dress out—why, we—humph! Doctor, don't bother.—In short, we popped Dick into 'em; and, Twist says, they hit to a hair.

Dick. Yes, they are quite the dandy:—aren't they,

mother?—This is all the go, they say;—cut straight, that's the thing:—square waist—wrap over the knee—and all that.—Slouch is the word, now, you know.

Lady D. Exceeding genteel, I declare! Turn about, Dick;—they don't pinch, do they?

Dick. Oh no!—just as if I'd been measured.

Lord D. Pinch!—Lord love you, my lady, they sit like a sack.—But, why don't you stand up?—The boy rolls about like a porpus, in a storm.

Dick. That's the fashion, father;—that's modern ease.—Young Vats, the beau brewer, from the Borough, brought it down, last Christmas, to Castleton. A young fellow is nothing, now, without the Bond Street roll, a tooth-pick between his teeth, and his knuckles crammed into his coat-pocket.—Then, away you go, lounging lazily along—Ah, Tom!—What, Will;—rolling away, you see!—How are you, Jack?—What, my little Dolly!——That's the way, isn't it, mother?

Lady D. The very air and grace of our young nobility!

Lord D. Is it?—Grace must have got plaguy limber, and lopt, of late.—There's the last Lord Duberly's father, done in our dining-room, with a wig as wide as a wash-tub, and stuck up as stiff as a poker. He was one of your tip-tops, too, in his time, they tell me;—he carried a gold stick before George the first.

Lady D. Yes; and looks, for all the world, as straight as if he had swallowed it.

Lord D. No matter for that, my lady. What signifies dignity without its crackeristick. A man should know how to bemean himself, when he is as rich as Pluto.

Pang. Plutus, if you please, my lord.—Pluto, no doubt, has disciples, and followers of fashion; Plutus is the ruler of riches;—"Δημήτηρ μεν Πλοῦτον ἐγείνατο."—Hesiod.—Hem!

Lord D. There, Dick!—d'ye hear how the tutorer talks?—Od rabbit it!—he can ladle you out Latin by the quart; and grunts Greek like a pig.—I've gin him three hundred a-year, and settled all he's to larn you.—Ha'n't I, doctor?

Pang. Certainly, my lord.—"Thrice to thine"—

Dick. Yes, we know all about that. Don't we doctor?

Pang. Decidedly,—"and thrice to thine"—

Lady D. Ay, ay;—clearly understood. Isn't it, doctor?

Pang. Undoubtedly.—"And thrice again to make up nine."—Shakspeare.—Hem!

[*These three Quotations aside.*

Enter JOHN.

John. A card, my lord. The gentleman waits in the eating-room, and wishes to see your lordship, on particular business. [*Gives a Card.*

Lord D. Muster Stedfast!—Never heard of the name.—Curse me, my lad, tell him I'll be with him in the twinkling of a bed-post. [*Exit* JOHN.

Lady D. I shall go with your lordship through the gallery; for I must dress, to attend Lady Betty.

Lord D. Come along, then, my lady.—Dick, go with the tutorer; he'll give you a lesson in my library. Plenty of larning there, I promise you. I was looking at it, all of a row, this here very morning. There's all Horace's Operas, doctor,—and such a sight of French books!—but, I see, by the backs, they are all written by Tom.—Come along, my lady! [*Exeunt* LORD *and* LADY DUBERLY.

Pang. On what subject, Mr. Dowlas, shall we commence our researches, this evening?

Dick. Tell 'em to light up the billiard-room.—We'll knock about the balls a little.

Pang. Knock about the balls!—An admirable entrance upon a course of studies!

Dick. Do you know any thing of the game?

Pang. I know how to pocket, young gentleman.

Dick. So do most tutors, doctor.

Pang. If I could but persuade you to peep into a classic,——

Dick. Peep!—Why, you prig of a fellow, don't I pay you, because I won't peep.—Talk of this again, and I'm off in our contract.

Pang. Are you?—I'm dumb.—"Mammon leads me on."—Milton.—Hem!—I follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Apartment in LORD DUBERLY'S *House.*

Enter STEDFAST.

Sted. A noble house, 'faith!—and bespeaks some of that stately dignity in the owner, which my friend, Harry hinted to me. His lordship, I warrant, is as stiff as buckram; with a pompous display of language, that puzzles a plain man to keep pace with him.

Enter JOHN.

John. My lord's compliments, sir; and he'll be with you in the twinkling of a bed-post. [*Exit.*

Sted. Zounds!—That's the oddest phrase, for a fine-spoken peer, I ever met with. The ignorance of the servant, I suppose. These blockheads never know how to deliver a message.—Oh! here he comes!

Enter LORD DUBERLY.

Your lordship's most obedient servant. [*Bows.*

Lord D. [*Bowing vulgarly.*] Sir, you're kindly welcome.

Sted. Kindly welcome!—Condescending, at least; but not quite so dignified as I expected. [*Aside.*]—I am a rough traveller, my lord, ungifted with your lordship's flow of diction; and, having real business, I trust, that, without further preface, it may plead my apology.

Lord D. Ay, ay, business is business;—and words, you know, butter no parsnips.

Sted. Butter no parsnips!—Why, he's sneering at my plainness:—or, I have mistaken the person—or ——I have the honour, I think, of addressing Lord Duberly?

Lord D. To be sure you have; as sure as eggs is eggs.—Come, take a chair, muster.—Mayhap you may chuse a morsel of summut?

Sted. Not any thing; I—

Lord D. Don't say no.—A drop of wine, now,—or a sneaker of punch; or—

Sted. Nothing, my lord.—I am thunderstruck! [*Aside.*

Lord D. Well, now then, for this here bit of business.

Sted. I have had some fears, my lord, that I might be too abrupt in the disclosure;—but since this introduction—

Lord D. Oh, rot it! I was never for no long rigmaroles, not I!—An honest man's meaning needs no flourishes. Honesty is like a good piece of English roast beef, Muster Stedfast; it lacks little garnish; and, the more plainer, the more palatabler.—That's my sentiment.

Sted. I admire your sentiment, my lord;—but I can't say much for your language. [*Aside.*]—I must inform your lordship, that no great length of time has elapsed since I left—do not be agitated—Quebec, in America.

Lord D. A Yankee Doodle, mayhap?

Sted. A Yankee doo—!—I am not an American, my lord. [*Rises.*

Lord D. No offence to you;—but, seeing you have got a tawneyish tinge, [*Rises.*] I thought you might be a little outlandish.

Sted. I shall ever be proud, my lord, in being able to say, that I am an Englishman: but I should suppose any person, recently arriving from the country I have named, must sensibly interest your feelings.

Lord D. Interest my—Why what's he at?—If I seem not to understand, now, I shall make some plaguy hole in my manners, I warrant. [*Aside.*

Sted. I perceive, by your silence, that your lordship is affected. A person, in your situation, cannot, naturally, be otherwise.

Lord D. Then it's the fashion, I find, for a peer to be in a pucker when any body comes from Quebec, in America. [*Aside.*

Sted. Pray inform me, my lord, have you received any letter from your son, since he wrote to advise you, that he had finished the business which induced you to send him from home, and, that he was immediately preparing to meet you in London?

Lord D. Since that?—No, to be sure.—Why, Lord love you, he set out directly after it, on purpose to come.

Sted. And your lordship has heard no news from any of his fellow-passengers?

Lord D. Fellow-passengers!—no, not I,—neither inside nor out.

Sted. Inside nor out!—'Tis plain, however, that we are all supposed to have gone to the bottom. [*Aside.*]—Know then, my lord,—I was his fellow-passenger.

Lord D. Was you?—You are just come up, then, it seems.

Sted. Come up!—This is an easy way of talking

to a man supposed to be drowned. [*Aside.*]—I am here, you see, my lord; but, Providence be praised, it was never my fate to go down.

Lord D. Well, well, that's no matter of mine.—Your fate may have laid another way, to be sure, as you say.

Sted. Another way!—Zounds! he can't dare to insinuate that I was born to be hanged. [*Aside.*]—He appears the most ignorant, unfeeling——Hear me, my lord—Has your son ever been dear to you?

Lord D. Plaguy dear, indeed, Master Stedfast.—Only ax Dr. Pangloss.

Sted. An intimate, I suppose, to whom your lordship has unburdened your mind, in private.

Lord D. Yes:—he mends my cakelology every morning:—and is, moreover, a great philosopher.

Sted. On such an occasion, a father might well call in philosophy to his assistance.

Lord D. I hired him o' purpose.

Sted. Hired him!—Hired a philosopher to console him for the death of his son! Delicacy is superfluous here, I see. [*Aside.*]—In short, my lord, I come to inform you that your son, lost as he has been to the world, has newly and unexpectedly entered into life.

Lord D. Well, and what then?

Sted. What then!—The brutal apathy, in this post of a peer, makes me ready to beat him. [*Aside.*]——Why, then, he has this day arrived in town;—here,—in this very metropolis.

Lord D. Why, what signifies a cock and a bull story, about what I know already?

Sted. Know it!—It must then be by inspiration. By what supernatural sign have you discovered his arrival?

Lord D. What sign?—Why, damme, a Blue Boar.

Sted. My lord! my lord!—Ignorance,—little, indeed, from the account I received, from a blindly

affectionate youth, did I expect to find it here;—Ignorance may palliate meanness and buffoonery, and merely meet contempt; but want of feeling excites indignation. You have shocked me, and I leave you.—From exalted rank, like yours, my lord, men look for exalted virtue; and, when these are coupled, they command respect, and grace each other; but the coronet, which gives and receives splendour, when fixed on the brow of merit, glitters on the worthless head, like a mark of disgrace, to render vice, folly, and inhumanity conspicuous.

[*Exit.*

Lord D. That there chap's mad.—He has put me all of a twitter. If my lady had happened to be here, I'm sure she'd have perspiredwith fear.—John!

Enter JOHN.

John. My lord!

Lord D. Has the porter let out that there man?

John. Yes, my lord.

Lord D. Never let him clap his damned ugly mug into these here doors again.—He's as mad as any poor soul under a statue of lunacy.—Shut the doors, d'ye hear.—[*Exit* SERVANT.]—Od rabbit it! if peers are to be frightened in this here fashion, I'd rather serve soap and candles again, in comfort, at Gosport. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another Apartment in LORD DUBERLY'S *House.*

Enter DICK DOWLAS *and* ZEKIEL HOMESPUN.

Dick. Well, but at this unseasonable time, to—

Zek. I cou'dn't help it, Dick.

Dick. 'Tisn't the fashion to pay a visit, at this time in the evening.—Who let you in?

Zek. Why, a fat man, in the hall, that popped out of a leather chair, that comes all over his head, like a tub.

Dick. The porter, I suppose.

Zek. Belike it was.—He has tassels a'top of his shoulders; and a sight of binding, that looks like parsley and butter, about his waistcoat.

Dick. But why did you come now?

Zek. Why, I do tell ye, I was uneasy about ye, Dick.—I cou'dn't ha' staid away, if I was to be hanged for it. You did promise to meet us, this a'ternoon.

Dick. I have been prevented. We young fellows of fashion can't answer for our hours.

Zek. Ah! Dick, London fashions and friendship, I do fear, do seldom long go cheek by jowl.—I ha' just left Cicely at the place.

Dick. Well, and what of her, Zekiel?

Zek. Poor soul! she ha' been sobbing ready to burst her heart.

Dick. Cicely in tears!—for what?

Zek. All along o' you, man. You did promise to come; and she do tell me, she ne'er know'd you break your word till you were made a gentleman. I said all I cou'd think of to comfort her.

Dick. Well, and what did you say?

Zek. Why, I told her that you had always dealt fair and open with her till now;—and, if you could be honest to her when you ware a lawyer, there might be some hope of your being so now, even tho' you be made an honourable.

Dick. Well, well, I shall see her to-morrow,—and see you, too, Zekiel;—and settle some plan for her, and——

Zek. Plan!—why, the plan be settled already, you do know. She be in place, and—

Dick. Psha!—In place will never do. I have a liking for her, you know; and, when—

Zek. A liking!

Dick. Yes,—that's a love, you know;—and a regard for you, Zekiel;—and——In short, a girl on whom Lord Duberly's son has fixed his affections, must not remain in service;—it would disgrace one of us.

Zek. It can't disgrace one of us, Dick.—A good girl, who have lost her parents' support, and do get her bread in honest industry, be a pride, instead of a disgrace, to any that loves her, you do know.

Dick. I didn't mean that—I—

Zek. Noa—noa:—bless you, 'tware only your good heart run away wi' you. You do wish us well, Dick—you do wish to serve us, and overshot yourself a little in what you said, that be all.

Dick. Why, look ye, Zekiel. You are a well-meaning lad—

Zek. Ay, and so be you, Dick. I ware getting a bit tiffish wi' you at the Blue Boar. I did think sudden pride were going to turn you topsey-turvey.—I was angry at myself a'terwards;—but, I do beg your pardon—heartily, my good friend,—'faith, heartily.

Dick. Nay, hear me;—'tis fit we should understand one another; which we do not seem to do, at present.

Zek. Don't us!—Ecod! I should be grieved at that, Dick!

Dick. Listen to me:—My situation, you see, is much altered.

Zek. Woundily, indeed! Here be a house!—and what a brave coat you ha' gotten on, Dick!

Dick. No matter:—but, there are situations in the world, Zekiel, that do not always tally. Chance may remove one man so far from another, in the rank of life, that, though their good will may continue the

same, custom requires that they should not live exactly —mind, I say,—not exactly,—on the same footing.

Zek. I see what you be a driving at, Dick:—I see it;—I did fear it all along. Well, well, I—I do know I ben't company for a lord's son;—but, when a lord was once a chandler, I thought, indeed—no matter. Bless thee, Dick;—I shall always wish thee well!

Dick. Nay, nay, I don't mean that we should separate. On the contrary, I wish we may be closer in friendship than ever.

Zek. Ah, Dick! I have loved thee—I'd ha' parted with my last farthing to—no matter.

Dick. There is no occasion to take it in this manner. We may both be rich—both happy, Zekiel:—but you know how impossible it is for the son of a peer to marry your sister.

Zek. Ay, ay, I do see it;—it be all over.

Dick. No reason for that on earth;—for, though the world places a distance between Cis and me, as to matrimony,—yet it makes an allowance for every thing else.

Zek. I don't understand ye, Dick.

Dick. Why, my rank not permitting the usual forms between us, which my regard for her happiness makes me wish could take place, all I can, now, do, is to raise her from future fear of poverty;—and we may be man and wife, in every thing, but the ceremony.

Zek. Oh! now I do understand ye.—You be a rascal.—Ods flesh!—I shall choke.—A damned rascal!—Keep out o' my way, or I may do ye a mischief.

Dick. Nay, but——

Zek. Dick, Dick!—Had a stranger done this, I'd ha' knock'd him down: but, for a dear friend to turn traitor——[*Bursts into Tears.*]——Damme, it's too much;—I can't stand it!

Dick. Well, but only hear me——

Zek. I ha' heard too much already. Rot it! I be ashamed to be such a blubberer;—but the greatest shame do light upon you.

Dick. I begin to feel that it does, Zekiel.

[*Abashed.*

Zek. And well you may. If it be the part of a lord's son to stab his friend to the heart, by robbing his sister of her honesty, much good may do you, wi' your grandeur. But let me tell your grandeur this, Mr. Dowlas:—You do know some'at (little enow to be sure) of the law;—and the law of the land do make no difference 'twixt a peer and a ploughman.—If you do dare to hurt Cicely, the law shall lay you flat, in the first place, and my ploughman's fist will lay you flat, in the second:—and so, my service to you. [*Exit.*

Dick. My heart upbraids me.—I have wounded, at one blow, an honest man, and an innocent girl, whom reason and inclination tell me to love. Now, am I so mere a beginner, that whether this is, or is not, fashion, curse me if I know:—but I have been told it is. I must go deeper into its mysteries, or abstain from it altogether:—and, I feel so much pain already, that in this same career, of fashion, where feeling they say is banished, I shall make a very awkward figure. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

CAROLINE'S *Lodgings.*

ZEKIEL and CICELY HOMESPUN, *discovered, seated.*

[CICELY *crying, and leaning on* ZEKIEL.]

Zek. Do ye, do ye cheer up a bit, sister Cicely! Don't ye take on so;—don't ye, now!

Cicely. O, Zekiel!—for certain my poor heart will break.

Zek. Don't ye say so, Cicely; for that would go nigh to break mine.

Cicely. I never will give ear to a lovyer's vows again, as long as I do breathe.

Zek. Ay, that be what all the girls do say, over and over.

Cicely. A base, perjury man!

Zek. That he be.—He ha' stung me to the quick, —A viper!—And to offer to abuse you!——Damn him!—— [*Rises.*

Cicely. Oh! don't you say that of him, Zekiel, I can't bear that, though he has been so cruel to me.

Zek. Then pluck up a bit of a spirit, now;—pray you do. You ha' gotten a good place, you do know; and things will go well enough, I warrant us. How dost like madam; eh, Cicely?

Cicely. Purely!—she is so tender and kind to me, Zekiel.—Heigho!

Zek. Come, dry your eyes, now, Cicely. I be main glad, to hear madam be so good to you. What did you do, a'ter I left you, last night.

Cicely. Why, I was but poorly, Zekiel.—I had been crying, you know.

Zek. Yes, yes;—but don't ye cry any more, Cicely.

Cicely. And, when Madam Caroline saw it, she was so kind, and so comfortable to me!

Zek. Was she?—good soul!

Cicely. And she bid me go to rest;—and spoke as sweet, and took as much care of me,—as poor mother used to do.

Zek. Bless her for it! If I ever be able to make a return, I'll——

Cicely. Dear, I hear her in next room!—She is up; and, if she should catch us here—There now!

Enter CAROLINE.

Car. Cicely, child!—I thought you had not risen.—I didn't wish you to attend, if you were unwell, my poor girl!

Cicely. Thank you, madam.

Zek. Thank you, very kindly, madam

Car. O! your brother, I see.

Zek. At your humble service, madam. I made bold to call, to see how sister were; and to make my humble duty to you, madam. Cicely do tell me you ha' been main kind to her. We be poor, madam, but I do hope you will be pleased to take our thanks, without offence.

Car. Offence! honest friend. To merit and receive the thanks of the poor is one of the heart's best gratifications.

Zek. She be main good natured, indeed! I—I had a—a little bit favour to ask, madam.

Car. What is it, friend?

Zek. Why, here be a scrap of paper, here;—it ware poor father's. If you would be pleased to tell me, if it be worth any thing now it be so old.

[*Giving it.*

Car. It is worth inquiring after.—'Tis an old lottery ticket. [*Returning it.*

Zek. Psha!—then it be of little good.—Father had no luck that way;—but, for all mother could say, he was always a dabbling, and a dabbling.—I'll seek about it at shop, though. I do wish you a dutiful good morning, madam.

Car. A good day, friend.

Zek. [*Apart to* CICELY.] Pluck up a spirit, do ye now, Cicely.—Gi' me a buss.—There, now, let that comfort ye, a bit.—I'll call an bye.—A good day to you, madam. [*Exit.*

Car. You do not look recovered, yet, Cicely.

Cicely. I shall be better, in time, if you please, madam.

Car. Come, child, you must not give way to low spirits. Your situation is new to you, indeed; but this fickle world is full of changes, Cicely.

Cicely. [*Crying.*] Oh dear me!—Sure enough this world is full of fickleness, and change!

Car. Well, but do not cry thus, child.

Cicely. I must cry, if you please, madam.—I can't help it!—indeed, I can't.

Car. Poor girl!—Does any thing press heavy on your mind, Cicely?

Cicely. Ye——yes, madam.

Car. What is it?—Is it in my ability to relieve you?

Cicely. Oh, no, madam.—'Tis quite out of your power to give me what I have lost.

Car. Lost, child!—Have you lost any thing, since you came to London?

Cicely. Yes, madam.

Car. Your clothes?—or a parcel?—or—

Cicely. No, madam.

Car. What then, child?

Cicely. A young man, madam.

Car. Lost a young man, Cicely!

Cicely. He was once the truest hearted youth! Lawyer Latitat's clerk, of our town, if you please, madam.—We were to be married,—brother was agreeable to it,—and now he has basely left me:—and all because he has grown rich, and great.

Car. What, since last night?—that is somewhat sudden, indeed!

Cicely. Ay, I should as soon have looked to be queen, as to think my Dick would be made a lord's son.

Car. Made a lord's son!—How, Cicely?

Cicely. I don't know how they make lords' sons, madam;—but his father has had good fortune, by a death; and so Dick is, now, son to Lord Duberly.

Car. Lord Duberly!—Good Heaven!—how that name agitates me!—The—the present Lord Duberly, you mean, Cicely?

Cicely. Yes, if you please, madam.—The last lord—Zekiel heard it all from the porter—the last lord's son was drowned at sea, they say.—Perhaps you may have heard on't, madam.

Car. I have—I have, indeed, Cicely! [*Agitated.*

Cicely. Oh, dear!—aren't you well, madam?

Car. Yes—I—I—'tis nothing, Cicely.—And so your lover, my poor wench, has deserted you?

Cicely. Oh! worse than that, madam.—Brother is almost out of his wits about it:—for he said—a base, cruel man!—he would make my fortune, by ruinating me.

Car. Poor simplicity!—Dry your tears, my good girl;—and rather rejoice, that you have escaped the

snares of a profligate.—You shall not want protection, while I can give it you.

Cicely. Heaven bless you!—You are very, very kind, madam.

Enter KENRICK, *hastily.*

Ken. Och, Miss Caroline!

Car. Well, Kenrick!

Ken. Och, why didn't I die before I was born to see this ill-looking day!

Car. Why, what's the matter?

Ken. The matter!—And haven't I trotted into Lombard Street, to get your draught turned into money?

Car. To be sure:—for there lies the little which I, now, possess, Kenrick.

Ken. 'Faith, and it lies there, like my ould uncle, Dennis, in Carrickfergus Churchyard; for we shall never see it again, as long as we live.

Car. Good Heaven!—you alarm me!—Surely the house has not failed?

Ken. No, 'faith!—the house stands plump and upright, just where it did; but the ould thief of a banker hasn't a thirteen left, to cross his rogue's hand with.

Car. Broke!

Ken. By my soul, all to shivers; and so bad, they say, that all the devils can't mend him.

Car. Then, indeed, I am completely ruined!

Cicely. [*Running up to her.*] No, don't you say so, madam! [CAROLINE *sinks on a Chair.*

Ken. Don't grieve, my sweet Miss Caroline, don't grieve!—Och, the devil! my ould heart is as full as a basket of eggs.—Pray, now, keep a good spirit; for you have lost every farthing you have in the world.

Cicely. Oh, the gracious!—is that it?—pray, if you please, madam, don't take on so, then, for I have money.

Ken. What, have you money?

Cicely. Ay, that I have:—and, while I have ten good pounds, that poor mother left me, in my box, and a silver watch, it shall never be said, that I kept it from one, in distress, who has been so kind to me.

Ken. Bless your pretty little soul!—What a pity it is now, that a generous heart hasn't always a heavy purse, to keep it company.

Car. My poor girl!—your grateful attachment touches me.—I must retire, and think of—Do not follow me, Cicely.—I must consult on measures to—Oh, Providence! for what misery am I ordained!

[*Exit.*

Ken. Oh, oh, oh!

Cicely. Dear, I hope I haven't given madam offence, by what I said.

Ken. No, my sweet one!—you're a little cherubim, in a mob cap.—What will I do now?—Faith, I have'n't a brother, nor a nephew, nor a cousin-german, nor a father, nor any little bit of a kinsman left, to assist in this botheration.—Come, little one!—There's my watch, and my buckles, and my—By my soul, I'd pledge myself, if the pawnbroker would lend me anything upon me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Hotel.

Enter HENRY MORLAND *and* STEDFAST.

Sted. Be more yourself, Henry.—Firmness, in the moment of disappointment——

Henry. Disappointment!—'Tis torture;—it racks me.—Caroline fled, no one knows whither;—unprotected!—perhaps, exposed to want, too!—to biting penury!—The account, though confused, which I gathered, last night, from the unfeeling wretch in possession of the late Mr. Dormer's house——Why not have gone to my father's?—Caroline might, there, have relied on an asylum.

Sted. Umph!—perhaps not.

Henry. Oh, Stedfast! how little you know of my worthy father's heart!

Sted. Yet, I have had a specimen.

Henry. Why did you prevent me from going to him, last night?

Sted. After the ill news you had just received, at the late Mr. Dormer's, your mind was too much agitated for such an encounter.

Henry. Well, well,—you see I followed your commands. You rule me as a child, Stedfast.—I went to bed—but, not to rest!—Why wouldn't you, then, explain any thing?

Sted. You were unfit to hear any thing:—you were almost distracted. 'Twas sufficient, that I sent word to Lord Duberly, that you would pay your duty to him to-day, after breakfast.

Henry. Well, but, you saw my father?

Sted. I did.

Henry. And he received you with that complacency so friendly a messenger deserved?

Sted. Why, to say the truth, I found none of that stately dignity about him which you led me to expect.

Henry. To you, of course, when you explained the purpose of your visit, he would throw that aside. The tenderness of the father softened the austerity of his habit; and his language came warm from the heart.

Sted. Upon my soul, 'twould puzzle me to tell where his language came from:—but, to do him justice, (notwithstanding his harangues in the House of Peers, which you talked of,) his language was as little parliamentary, as any language I ever heard in my life.

Henry. Oh, yours was no meeting of formality!—Business, like yours, called for no pomp of words, on either side.

Sted. Words!—no;—so his lordship seemed to think, when he told me they buttered no parsnips.

Henry. My father!—you jest, sure.

Sted. Indeed, I do not:—and, I am afraid, my dear, young friend, your ardent feelings have painted the parental affection of Lord Duberly in warmer colours than it merits.

Henry. Good Heaven!—What do you mean?

Sted. To be plain,—he received the account of his lost son's arrival, with more than coldness.

Henry. Oh! you mistook my dear father's manner.

Sted. Nothing could be less equivocal. He treated me with——but that doesn't signify. When I introduced myself, by informing him that I came from Quebec——

Henry. Ay, that must have excited his attention—He made a thousand inquiries?

Sted. No, faith, only one.

Henry. What was that?

Sted. Pshaw!—trivial—mere ribaldry.—Damn it, I'm ashamed, for his sake, and yours, to mention it.

Henry. Nay, nay,—I entreat you, tell me.

Sted. Why, he asked if—pshaw!—if I was a Yankee Doodle, if you must have it.

Henry. You astonish me!

Sted. Not more than I was astonished.—In short, instead of finding the fond, anxious, agitated father, I met a man, reckless of his child's fate; and treating the friend, who brought the news of his son's preservation, with levity and insult.

Henry. Impossible! 'tis not in his nature.

Sted. Nay, even with buffoonery.

Henry. Take care, Stedfast!—you may have misconceived;—but I must not have my father's character made an ill-timed sport.

Sted. Nay, 'tis sportive enough in itself, for that matter.

Henry. Sportive!

Sted. Yes,—beyond comprehension. He deals in witchcraft, it seems;—for, he was even jocular enough to tell me, that he had a familiar, in the shape of a Blue Boar, who had given him intelligence of your arrival.—I confess, I was shocked.

Henry. As I am, Mr. Stedfast; shocked at your attempt, in a moment like this, to trifle with the feelings of a friend, and endeavour to sully a venerable character, too well established to be tainted by the breath of misrepresentation.

Sted. Why,—zounds!—I tell you that Lord Duberly——

Henry. Lord Duberly, sir, is as incapable of the conduct and language you have described, as I am incapable of hearing you, without resentment.

Sted. Resentment!—You are warm, Mr. Morland.

Henry. I have reason, sir.—Look at the man;—look at Lord Duberly;—his very countenance contradicts the assertion.

Sted. Why, I don't know. I believe, since you said it, that gentleman was, once, written legibly on his brow; but, damme if time has not scratched out the writing, as thoroughly as ever writing was scratched out in the world.

Henry. This conduct of yours shall not go unpunished, Mr. Stedfast.

Sted. Unpunished, young man!

Henry. No, by Heaven!—Such a gross aspersion of my good, and worthy father, shall be answered with the life of that man——

Sted. Who lately saved yours, Henry!

Henry. Mr. Stedfast, I—I——

Sted. Young man, 'tis well for us that winters enough have passed over my head to make my blood flow in a temperate current. Did it run riot, like yours, we might now be cutting one another's throats, —Would it please you, think you, to have done me that office?

Henry. Please me!—it makes me shudder.

Sted. Yet, this, now, is what the world calls satisfaction.—I trust, I am as little daunted with big words, and a stern look, as most men; but the truest courage, Henry, is founded on reason;—and, were the head oftener permitted to check the passions of the heart, there would be less fatal encounters, on foolish causes, and the peace of many a parent, wife, and child, might remain unbroken.

Henry. Oh, Stedfast!—the man who reasons thus, could, surely, never mean to sport with my anxieties, —There must be some mistake.—Pray, pardon me, —and accompany me to my father's.—Assist me in

unravelling this mystery, which confounds me.—Can you forgive my heat?

Sted. From the very bottom of my heart, Henry; for, however rash in itself, the impulse was filial piety; and that, with me, will amply excuse it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter DICK DOWLAS *and* DR. PANGLOSS.

Dick. It don't signify, doctor; I can't rest till I have seen Cicely.

Pang. What's a tutor's power over a pupil in love?—Annihilated.—True, though trite, that, "Omnia vincit amor."—Ovid.—Hem!—Is she pretty?

Dick. What's that to you?

Pang. Nothing.—I'm dead to the fascinations of beauty; since that unguarded day of dalliance, when, being full of Bacchus,—"Bacchi plenus,"—Horace—Hem!—my pocket was picked of a metal watch, at the sign of the Sceptre, in Shoe Lane.

Dick. This is the house:—I've told you my story.—and, as you value my three hundred a-year, doctor, be ready to assist me, either by message, letter, or——But, what a damn'd gig you look like.

Pang. A gig!—Umph;—that's an Eton phrase:—the Westminsters call it, quiz.

Dick. And you are the greatest, sure, that ever was dispatched, on Love's embassies, from the court of Cupid.

Pang. I'm not proud of the post.—Take my counsel, and drop the pursuit. "Refrain, desist,—Desine."—Terence.—Hem!

Dick. Why, lookye, doctor:—I've done an injury to two worthy souls, and I can't rest till I've made reparation. We are all of us wrong at times, doctor;—but, a man doubles his ill conduct, when he is too proud to make an apology for it.

Pang. Yet, confessing our faults, Mr. Dowlas—

Dick. Is only saying, in other words, doctor, "that we are wiser to-day than we were yesterday."——

Pang. Swift.—Hem! Plenty of precedents, however, for your conduct.—"At lovers' perjuries, they say——"

Dick. Well, what do they say?

Pang. "They say Jove laughs."—Shakspeare.—Hem!—Phaon left Sappho; Theseus, Ariadne; Demophoon, Phyllis; Æneas, Dido;——

Dick. Oh, damn Dido!

Pang. Damn Dido?—Well, damn Dido!—with all my heart.—She was the daughter to King Belus, of Tyre; but as very a virago——

Dick. Well, we need not go so far for examples.—Now, knock, at that door.

Pang. Double?

Dick. Zounds! no; you'll spoil all. A sneaking, single tap, like a dun, doctor.

Pang. Like a dun?—I know the knock well, Mr. Dowlas.

Dick. And, when 'tis given, get out of the way for a while.

Pang. My constant custom, on such an occasion. [*Knocks at the Door.*]—There's the thorough thump of a creditor. "I never heard it but I ran away upon instinct."—Shakspeare.—Hem! [*Exit.*

Enter CICELY *at the Door.*—DICK *is with his Back towards her.*

Cicely. Dear! sure somebody knocked. I see nobody but that gentleman, neither. It could not be he;—for, if footmen thump so loud, for certain your gentle folks must always beat the door down. Was it you that knocked, pray sir?—[DICK *turns round, and* CICELY *screams.*]—Don't come near me!

Dick. My dear Cicely, I——

Cicely. Oh, Dick! Dick!——

[*Cries, and falls into his Arms.*

Dick. I cannot bear this.—Your tears go to my very soul, Cicely.

Cicely. 'Tis you have been the cause of them. You have, almost, cut my poor heart in two.

Dick. My own suffers for it, sufficiently, believe me.

Cicely. How could you be so barbarous to me? But, indeed, indeed, I forgive you.—Your cruelty will cost me many a tear;—but this is the last time I shall ever upbraid you.

Dick. Oh! I deserve all your reproaches.

Cicely. If I had come to fortune, and you had been poor, Dick, I would have flown to you, and cheered you in your poverty;—I would have poured my gold at your feet;—I would have shared all my joys with you, and told you, that riches could never change my heart.

Dick. And I come, now, to share all mine with you, Cicely.

Cicely. Oh, no, Dick!—My lot is very humble but I scorn the gold that would buy my honesty. We must never meet any more:—but, indeed, indeed, I do truly wish you may be prosperous, though you sought my ruin. Bless you, Dick!—and, if ever poor Cicely comes into your mind, think, that she prays to Heaven to forgive you, for trying to

harm her innocence, whose greatest blessing would have been to make you happy. [*Going.*

Dick. Stay—stay, and hear me, I entreat you! I come to sue for pardon;—I come in repentance, Cicely.

Cicely. And do you repent?

Dick. I do, most earnestly.

Cicely. That is some comfort to me;—for your own heart will be easier.—And I shall bear my hard lot better, now;—for I know your great friends will never let you stoop to one in my station.—Ah, times are much changed with us, Dick!

Dick. However changed, they shall not, now, alter my purpose, Cicely. I have been dazzled, and I have wounded you.—I have covered myself, too, with shame and confusion;—but, if they can make atonement, my fortunes, my heart, and my hand, are all at your service.

Cicely. Your hand?—I—I shall be able to speak more soon.—Oh, Dick!

Dick. My dear, dear Cicely!—I rose strangely to rank, and I shall, now, perhaps, in the eyes of the great world, strangely support it;—for, I am afraid, Cis, that half your young fellows of fashion would rather seem wicked than ridiculous; but, I shall never, for the future, think, that marrying a worthy woman, whom chance has placed beneath us in life, can be any disgrace, while seducing her is reckoned, among profligate fops, a matter of triumph. Dry your tears, Cicely!

Cicely. These are not like the tears I shed a while ago.—They are tears of joy, Dick!——[*Bell rings.*] Hark! I am called.

Dick. One moment!—Tell me you forgive me.

Cicely. Forgive you!—Oh, Dick! you have made me happy.—How this will comfort my poor Zekiel!

Dick. I shall be ashamed to meet him again, Cicely.

Cicely. Oh! I will tell him all;—and—[*Bell rings again.*]—Hark! I am called again.

Dick. Adieu!—I will see you very, very soon.—— Farewell.

Cicely. Good b'ye, and——

Dick. One kiss, and—Good b'ye! [*Exit* CICELY.] —That one kiss of lovely virtue is worth a million times more than all the blandishments that wealth and luxury can purchase. Where the devil now, is the doctor?—I am brimful of joy, and I have nobody to communicate my——

Enter PANGLOSS.

Oh! you are returned. Embrace me, doctor!

Pang. Embrace you!

Dick. Open wide thy arms, in friendly congratulation, and embrace, you prig of a tutor, the happiest fellow in Christendom! [*They embrace.*

Pang. Bless me!—Why, we're in the middle of the street. Decorum, Mr. Dowlas,——

Dick. Damn decorum!—I'm out of my senses.

Pang. Heaven forbid!—for, it would be as clear a nine hundred pounds a-year out of my pocket, as ever man lost in his life. [*Aside.*]—What's the news?

Dick. The news?—Why, that I am going to be married.

Pang. Married!—Mercy on me!—Then he is mad, indeed!—"Tribus Anticyris caput insanabile."—Horace.—Hem!—Consider the——

Dick. Psha!—I have no time to——Come,—come with me to my father's, I'll explain all to him, and——

Pang. Only reflect on——

Dick. Reflect!—Look ye, you grave mustard-pot of a philosopher!—You shall dance a jig down the street with me, to show your sympathy in my happiness.

Pang. A doctor of laws dance a jig, in the open street, at noon day!

Dick. Foot it.—"Over the hills and far away."

[*Singing.*

Pang. I wish I were far away, with all my heart.

Dick. Dance—dance! or, damme, I cut your three hundred a year in a twinkling.

Pang. Will you? Oh then—"A flourish of trumpets."—Shakspeare.—Hem!—"Over the hills and far away!"

[*Exeunt, Hand in Hand, dancing and singing.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter KENRICK.

Ken. To be sure, misfortune isn't a neat touchstone, to try friendship upon!—'Faith, now, all my loving friends deserve a decent kicking; and, by my soul, I believe they expected it from my hands; for, I no sooner said the word lend, but they all turned their backs to me. Och, my poor Miss Caroline! what will I do, now you're aground, to keep your

tty little chin above water! If we could have kept the brave Mr. Henry Morland's chin above water, now!—but he's gone;—he's gone;—and twenty Humane Societies couldn't bring him back. How poor ould bones ache!—and sure the biggest bone about me is in my heart, for that aches more than all the other half of my body.—I'll make bold just to rest me a bit at this door. Don't be frightened, good gentleman within, for I a'n't coming to borrow of you. [*Sitting down on the Steps at a Door.*]—— Faith, this step is like my dear friends' hearts; for, by St. Patrick, 'tis as cold, and as hard, as a hail-stone.

Enter HENRY MORLAND *and* STEDFAST.

Sted. Nay, nay, be patient, Henry!

Henry. My dear friend, 'tis impossible! —The blow is too great.—So good, so kind a father, lost! —and his death so strangely explained to me!—— Indeed, indeed, Stedfast, my spirit is now almost broken.

Ken. I can't see their faces, now; but, sure, these two must be a rich man, that won't lend, and a borrower; for, one is trotting about in great distress, and t'other stands as cool as a cucumber.

Sted. Come, come, Henry;—the encounter has been a strange one, 'tis true; and the shock sudden. When you entered a father's house, and prepared to leap into a father's arms, to meet that low wretch, who has caused all our mistakes, was, indeed——

Henry. Oh, it distracts me!—So many things are floating in my disordered mind, I——

Sted. But, 'tis necessary you should be collected, now;—absolutely necessary. You must do speedy justice to yourself:—to the memory of your departed father. How came you not to discover yourself to

that lump of ignorance, who has jumped into your inheritance?

Henry. I was staggered.—I heard enough from him to unravel all; and, 'tis well, perhaps, we withdrew so abruptly. I might have done something rash, at the moment. Oh, Stedfast, I shall sink under it!

Sted. For shame, Henry!—Fie on this weakness! —Sink under it!—Decent sorrow for a near loss is amiable;—and modest Nature never looks more lovely than when the filial tear steals gently on the tomb of a parent:—but, desperate grief outrages manhood, and religion;—for, in the trials which we are all born to undergo, Henry, the man, and the christian, forgets his duty to Providence, and to himself, when he loses his resignation, and his fortitude.

Henry. You are an able and a kind counsellor, my friend!—I will endeavour to be more firm.

Sted. Come, let us get back to our hotel.—You may, there, compose yourself.

Ken. [*Gets up.*] So, having taken a rest, I'll go home, with my bad news, to console poor Miss Caroline. [*Coming forward.*

Henry. I cannot be mistaken in that face.—Kenrick!

Ken. Eh?—Why sure it can't be!—Sure, my old eyes are so bad, that I see what's invisible!

Henry. It is he!—[*Running to him.*]—Oh, Kenrick, my good old man!—tell me,—where, where is my Caroline?

Ken. Och, 'faith, 'tis himself!—'tis himself!—'tis himself!—safe, sound, and dry, without a wet rag about him!

Henry. But, inform me, my honest Kenrick, of——

Ken. Hubbaboo! hubbaboo! hubbaboo! Och,

I'll go wild!—I'll go mad!—Don't spake to me yet, my dear, sweet, Mr. Henry!—Och, good luck to the day when your honour walked ashore, after you were drowned!

Henry. But tell me, Kenrick, of——

Ken. Yes, I'll tell you—I'll tell you of——Och! upon my soul, you must wait a bit.—I believe I've been drowned myself, for the salt-water runs out of my eyes by pails-full.

Sted. Poor fellow!—An old servant of Mr. Dormer's, I perceive.

Henry. Well, now, speak, speak, Kenrick.—Only tell me,—is Caroline safe?

Ken. Indeed, now, and she is.

Henry. Thank Heaven!—and, in London?

Ken. Yes, in this wide dirty town; and, big as it is, there isn't a thirteen to be had, for love nor money, to help her out of her distress.

Henry. Her distress?—but, I feared it. Let me fly to her, and———You are, surely, with her, still, Kenrick?

Ken. With her!—And is it yourself, Mr. Henry, that can ask Kenrick that question?—Could I leave my sweet, young mistress?—or, would I leave any friends, in their need, that supported me in their prosperity?—Och, the devil fly away with him that would, I say!

Sted. Honest fellow!

Henry. Pardon me, my good Kenrick; I know not what I say. Conduct me to her; and you shall explain all, by the way.

Ken. Conduct you?—'Faith, old as I am, I'll go hopping over all the kennels home, with you, as nimble as a jackdaw.

Henry. Come then, Stedfast!

Sted. Come, Henry; I'll see you to the door of Miss Dormer, and then I'll leave you:—and on this

occasion, my dear friend, let me heartily congratulate you. Such an event as this comes most opportunely; and it may prove to you, Henry, that, in this checkered life of joy and sorrow, Providence has ever some balm in store, to pour into the wounds which it inflicts; and that the worst of griefs may be assuaged, by the pitying Power who chastens us.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in LORD DUBERLY'S *House.*

Enter LORD *and* LADY DUBERLY.

Lord D. But listen, my lady, to reason.

Lady D. Then I mustn't listen to you, my lord.

Lord D. Um!—Why, I've been almost scared out of my seven senses. The old mad man, who was here, last night, rushed in, with another young one with him, this morning. I can't make head nor tail of what he wants, for my part. But, as to Dick, my lady, he'll certainly break his heart, if he doesn't marry this here wench.

Lady D. I wonder, my lord, you can think of such a thing!—A peer's son marry a maid-servant!

Lord D. Od rabbit it! my lady, now don't be so obstropulous. You know, when his father married you, you was but a clear-starcher.

Lady D. That's quite another sort of an affair;—and you might have more manners than to mention it now. But, as to learning you elegance,—ah!—you may lead the horse to the water, my lord, but there's no making him drink.

Lord D. Nay, I'm sure, my lady, I did'nt mean no disparagement to you;—for you was counted, on all hands, the best getter-up of small linen in our town.—Here's the doctor.—Let's ax his advice, in this here business.

Enter DOCTOR PANGLOSS.

Pray now, doctor——You must know we're in a bit of a quandary, doctor.

Pang. Your lordship had better be in an uncertainty.

Lord D. Why, lord love you, so I am, mun.—Pray, didn't you never hear of no great man as was married to a farmer's daughter?

Pang. Walter; a Marquis of Lombardy.

Lord D. There, my lady!—The Marquis of Lombardy!—That's the place where all the poplars come from. He's a tip-top, I war'n't him. Mayhap you may have lit on him, in your visits, my lady?

Lady D. Frequently.

Pang. "'Tis false."—Rowe.—Hem! [*Aside.*

Lady D. But you have heard nothing yet of the high tone, my lord.

Lord D. High tone!—Rot it, I hear nothing else, but the high tone, when you're in the house, my lady.—And who did he marry, doctor?

Pang. Grizzle; a perfect pattern of patience;—daughter to his tenant, Jacolina; and——"This markis hath here spoused with a ring."—Chaucer.—Hem!

Lord D. There, my lady! What do you think

of that?—Damn it, if the marquis smoused Grizzle, Dick may marry the maid-servant.

Pang. My pupil!—Zounds, my salary!—"Tremor occupat artus."—Virgil.—Hem!—My income totters! [*Aside.*

Lord D. And, in that there case, doctor, your three hundred a-year must go to the mending of my cakelology.

Pang. Yes, but I shall lose——No, nothing:—a lapsus linguæ.—One annuity gone with my pupil!—Then I've only clear, for life, "six hundred——"

Lady D. Doctor——

Pang. "Pounds a year."—Swift.—Hem!—Madam!

Lady D. [*Apart to* PANGLOSS.] You know, doctor, my three hundred stops the moment my son marries.

Pang. What, stop your three!—"Thrice the brinded cat has mew'd."—Shakspeare.—Hem!——Here he comes.

Enter DICK DOWLAS.

Dick. Well, father, has my mother made up her mind?

Lord D. Why, I can't tell, Dick. My lady seems betwixt and betweenish, as a body may say. But, it all depends upon her verdick.

[DICK *takes his Mother apart.*

Pang. Does it!—Oh, Jupiter, if ever contradiction crept into the bosom of a beauteous woman,—"Mulier formosa."—Horace!—Hem!—stuff a double dose into that terrible old woman, and save the fortunes of Peter Pangloss!

Lady D. Well, but she is only a farmer's daughter, they say.—And what's a farmer, my dear?

Dick. Why, an English farmer, mother, is one who supports his family, and serves his country, by his own industry.—In this land of commerce, mother, such a character will be always respectable.

Lord D. That's right, Dick.—Father's own son, to a hair.—When I kep my shop at Gosport, I——

Lady D. Hush, my lord!—Well, you—you were always my darling, you know, Dick; and I can't find in my heart to give you a denial.

Pang. Can't you!—I wish you could find it in your tongue. Six hundred a-year blown away by the breath of that sybil. [*Aside.*

Dick. That's my good mother! you've made me so happy!—I—Zounds, I shall run mad!

Pang. Zounds! and so shall I.

Dick. A thousand thanks, my dear mother!—and my dear father, too!—I'll get as drunk, to-night, as ....Wish me joy, doctor; wish me joy;—wish me joy a hundred times!

Pang. A hundred times! I feel, Mr. Dowlas, on this occasion, six hundred times more than I know how to express.

Dick. And, if you would but indulge me, now, in letting me conduct you to Cicely—

Lord D. Od rot it, my lady! let's humour Dick for once.—The young ones loves to be cooing and building, you know.

Lady D. Why, the coach, I believe, is at the door, my lord.

Lord D. Is it?—Shobs! then, my lady, let's bundle.—Dick!—Come, doctor! Now, you mustn't make me ride backwards, my lady; for, you know, I ha'n't been used to a coach, and I shall, certainly, be qualmish if you do.—Come, my lady.

[*Exeunt* LORD *and* LADY DUBERLY.

Dick. Come, doctor, we lose time.

Pang. Time! lose!—I've lost as pretty a pair of

snug annuities, as.... Let me see,—take six from nine——

Dick. Why, doctor?

Pang. "And three remain,"—Cocker.—Hem!

Dick. Come, come—'tis late.

Pang. Only three.

Dick. Only three! Why, 'tis only twelve, man. But, come; if you don't attend to my father better, I can tell you he'll kick you and your three hundred a-year to the devil.

Pang. Will he? "O, for a horse with wings!"——Shakspeare.—Hem!—I fly, Mr. Dowlas.

SCENE III.

CAROLINE'S *Lodging.*

CAROLINE *and* CICELY.

Cicely. Indeed, I truly hope you are better, madam.

Car. I have little reason to be so, Cicely.

Cicely. Oh, but I hope you have;—And, if the worst comes to the worst....But, I am almost ashamed to tell you, madam.

Car. Innocence, like yours, my good girl, can know nothing it should fear to reveal.

Cicely. Why, I needn't be much afraid, neither? for 'tis what a power of folks, both rich and poor, do all come to, at last.

Car. What is that, Cicely?

Cicely. Wedlock, madam.

Car. Indeed!—This is unexpected, after what you told me this morning.

Cicely. Ay, but you know, madam, as to wedlock, and all that, many things fall out between the cup and the lip, as they say.

Car. [*Sighing.*] 'Tis too true, indeed, Cicely!

Cicely. And, so, my Dick came to our door, madam;—'tis but a little while agone;—and his dear eyes were as full of tears!—and, you know, that was a pity, madam; for his eyes are so fine, and so blue, 'tis a shame any thing should spoil 'em.

Car. Well, Cicely?

Cicely. And, so, we soon brought matters to bear, madam.

Car. How, Cicely?

Cicely. Why, he looked so sorry, that it made my heart bleed to see him:—and, when I love him so dearly, it would be cruel not to marry him, when he asked me.—Don't you think so, madam.

Car. May you be very, very happy, Cicely! 'Tis an ease to my mind, in the midst of my misfortunes, to know that you will be provided for. I was on the point of telling you, Cicely, that my reduced circumstances would not permit me to keep you with me any longer.

Cicely. Oh, dear!—And was you going to be so unkind to me, madam?

Car. Unkind to you, my good girl!—Oh, no! It would have touched me, sensibly, to have sent forth simplicity, like yours, unprotected.—But, hard necessity!—I rejoice, my good Cicely, rejoice sincerely, in your good fortunes.

Cicely. Ah, madam! I should rejoice more at my good fortune, if you would but let me do what I have been thinking on.

Car. What is that, Cicely?

Cicely. I hope you won't be angry at what I'm going to say, madam?

Car. Oh, impossible!—Speak freely.

Cicely. Why, you know, madam, Dick's a lord's son; and, when I'm his wife, I may do just what I please;—for rich folks' wives, I have heard say, do just what they please, in London.—Now, if you would but be so good, when I'm married, as to let me serve you for nothing!

Car. No more,—no more, Cicely!—I——

Cicely. And, when my husband gives me any money, if you would but be so kind, as to borrow it of me, I should be very much obliged to you, indeed, madam!

Car. Oh!—You have overpowered me! [*Falls on* CICELY'S *Neck.*] Oh, Heaven!—how pure are all thy creatures, endowed with reason, till worldly habits corrupt them!

Zekiel. [*Without.*] Tol, lol de rol, lol!

Car. What is that!

Cicely. 'Twas brother Zekiel's voice.—Sure, he can't think to make such a noise here!

Enter ZEKIEL, *capering and singing.*

Zek. Tol, lol de rol, lol! Tol, lol de rol, lol!

Cicely. Why, Zekiel?—Why, you must be crazy, sure!

Zek. Zooks, and so I be, sister!—Tol, lol de rol, lol!

Cicely. Think where you are, brother. There's madam!

Zek. Rabbit it, madam, I do humbly crave pardon;—but I be in such a flustration!—I ha' got—Tol, lol de rol, lol!—I ha' got twenty thousand pounds

Cicely. My gracious!—Twenty thousand pounds!

Zek. Tol, lol de rol, lol!

Cicely. But, stand still, now, brother Zekiel. Where did you get such a sight of money?

Zek. I' the lottery, lass!—i' the lottery.—Let me take a bit of breath.—I do crave pardon, madam!—father's ticket—let me take a bit of—have come a prize of—a bit of breath—of——Dear, dear! Heaven send this luck do not set my simple brain a madding!

Car. Compose yourself, honest friend.

Zek. I do humbly thank you, madam.—I ha' run all the way from lottery office, and——

Cicely. Well, and what will you do with all this money, Zekiel?

Zek. What will I do wi' it, sister Cicely?—Why, what should a man do wi' his riches?—I will first provide for such as I do love; and, then, lend a helping hand to them as be poor about me.

Cicely. Dear brother, that's just the thing. Come here, Zekiel.—Poor madam has fallen into great trouble.

Zek. Has she!—How?

Cicely. Why, all her friends are dead, it seems;—

Zek. Poor soul!

Cicely. And her banker stole all the money she had, this very morning; and——

Zek. Don't you say any more, sister Cicely.—Hum!—Madam, I—I be main glad to hear you be tumbled into misfortunes, madam.

Car. Glad, friend!

Zek. Main glad, indeed!—because you ha' been so kind to sister; and I be able now to return you the favour.

Car. Oh! no more of that, Zekiel:—you distress me.

Zek. With submission, madam, I do want to take

away your distress. Here, madam, [*Pulling out Notes.*]—here be a hundred—and there be a five hundred—and here be a——Rabbit it, my hand do shake too much to stand a counting. I will spread 'em all upon table, here. Take what you do want, and welcome; and thank you too, madam.

[*Spreading all on the Table, in a great flurry.*

Car. I cannot—I cannot think, friend, of—

Zek. and Cicely. Pray ye do, now, madam!—Pray ye do! [*Bowing and courtesying.*

Enter LORD *and* LADY DUBERLY.

Car. Bless me!—Who's this?

Lord D. Beg pardon, ma'am; but the landlady bid us bundle up.

Car. Your commands with me, sir?

Lord D. Why the whole preamble of this here affair is, that my lady and I——Speak to the gentlewoman, my lady.

Lady D. Ah! you have a head, and so has a pin! —We made bold to pay our respects, madam, having a little business, concerning a female of your family.

Lord D. Yes, and———

Car. To whom have I the honour of speaking, sir?

Lord D. Why, you've the honour of speaking to Lord Duberly, madam.

Zek. What?

[*Gathers up the Notes hastily, and comes forward.*

Car. To Lord Duberly!

Lord D. But Dick's coming up, with Dr. Pangloss hard at his heels, and they'll tell you the long and the short on't.

Zek. What, Dick Dowlas!—Then you be the old chandler they ha' made a lord on?

Lady D. Old chandler, indeed!

Zek. Lookye, now, my Lord Soap and Candles—

Lady D. Soap and candles!

Zek. Your son had better keep clear o' me, I can tell him that.

Enter DICK DOWLAS *and* PANGLOSS.

Dick. Cicely, let me—[*Running towards* CICELY.

Zek. [*Interposing.*] Stand off, Mr. Dowlas!—Stand off!—to think to come here to——Od rabbit it! my fingers do itch to be at you. Keep you behind me, sister Cicely.

Dick. My dear Zekiel, I——

Zek. Don't you dear me. I put little trust in fair words, with foul actions.

Cicely. Dear, now, you are so hasty, Zekiel!

Zek. Hold your peace, Cicely. The best he that wears a head had better be hanged, than venture to harm you.

Dick. Cicely, I find, has not explained. I am here, Zekiel, to make reparation.

Zek. You have stung me to the quick. You do know you have.

Dick. I share with you in all the pain, Zekiel, which I have, so wantonly, inflicted. My heart smote me, even before you left me; and very little reflection convinced me, that, in the vanity of sudden fortune, I had offered you, and the woman of my heart, a bitter injury. I am thoughtless, Zekiel, but not deliberately base; and, if you can once more take to your bosom a guilty, but repentant friend,——

Zek. Oh, Dick! Dick!—[*Runs, and embraces him.*]—my dear,—my old companion!—Ah, Dick! that be a stony bosom, that can shut out an old friend, who be truly grieved for his faults, and do sue for mercy.—It be more than I can do.

Cicely. Dear, I am so happy!

Zek. You have made my heart, many and many a pound, the lighter, Dick.

Dick. And my own too, Zekiel.—And, to prove my sincerity, my father and mother, here, are come with an offer of my hand to Cicely.—Father——

Lord D. Why, my lady here is a little upon the grumpy order, for his calling us chandlers.—But, for my part, I don't value that not of a button. A man needn't take no affront to be told he was born low, when he has got better in the world without no dishonesty.—There, children, be happy together.

Zek. Why, now, that's hearty. And, as luck be apt to turn wi' us all,—why, I ha' now gotten twenty thousand pounds——

Lord and Lady D. How!

Zek. And I warrant sister Cicely shall ha' summut handsome toss'd in at the wedding.

Cicely. Ay, all in the lottery.—I'll tell you.

[*They go apart.*

Pang. Twenty thousand pounds! [*Goes forward to* ZEKIEL.]—Sir;—as you will now need a tutor to usher you into life, three hundred per annum are the trifling terms of your obedient servant, Peter Pangloss, LL. D. and A double S.

Enter KENRICK.

Ken. Stand out of the way!—He's coming, my dear Miss Caroline!—He's coming!

Car. Who, Kenrick?

Ken. 'Tis himself!—'Tis himself!—He's alive, and leaping up stairs, like a young salmon, out of the water.

Car. Who do you mean?

Ken. My dear, young, lost master.—'Tis Mr. Henry himself, madam.

Car. My Henry!—Oh, support me!

Enter HENRY MORLAND.

Henry. My Caroline!—Oh, let me clasp you to my heart, and shelter you there, for ever.

[CAROLINE *faints in his Arms.*

Lord D. Why, zounds! that's the young sucking madman, as scared me out of my senses, with the old one, this morning.

Car. [*Recovering.*] This is too much!—Oh, Henry! do we once more meet!—and after such——By what miracle have you escaped?

Ken. Be satisfied, ma'am; for he's too much bothered, now, to talk.—But you see he's here, and that's enough.—The true, long lost, Mr. Henry Morland.

Lord D. Eh!—What!—Henry Morland!—Why, zounds!—the late Lord Duberly's lost hair!

Henry. Son and heir to that revered, and respectable man, be assured, sir. You have done me the favour to be my *locum tenens*, in my absence, and I am now returned, to relieve you from further trouble.

Lord D. Why, what the devil!—Have I only been a kind of a peer's warming pan, after all!—Just popp'd in, to keep his place from getting cold, till he jump'd into it!

Henry. Nothing more, believe me. I have witnesses sufficient, should it be necessary, to identify my person in a minute.

Lord D. Od rabbit it! then old Daniel Dowlas is no longer a lord——

Lady D Nor Deborah Dowlas a lady——

Dick. Nor Dick Dowlas an honourable——

Pang. Nor Peter Pangloss a tutor.—Now, thank Heaven!

Lord D. Thank Heaven! for what!

Pang. "That I am not worth a ducat."—Otway.—Hem!

Zek. Then it do seem, at last, Dick, that I be the

rich man, and you be the poor.—Od rabbit it, I be glad on't; for I can now please myself, wi' serving my friends.

Henry. Who is this, Caroline?

Car. An honest creature, Henry;—brother to this simple girl. Their affection to me, in my distress, has been most piercing.

Henry. Then it shall not go unrewarded, my Caroline.

Zek. Wi' humble submission, sir, kindness to a fellow creature, in distress, do reward itself. Thanks to the lottery, we be rich enow. But, as Dick Dowlas be to marry sister Cicely, if you would just lend me a helping hand, for his father and mother, here,——

Henry. Oh! rest contented, honest friend; I shall not dispossess them, without making a proper provision.

Pang. My lord:—hem!—If a boy should bless your nuptials, which, I conjecture, are about to take place, he will, doubtless, need a tutor.—Three hundred per annum are the terms of your lordship's obsequious servant, Peter Pangloss, LL. D. and A double S.

Henry. You are not one of those, it seems, sir, who lose an appointment for want of an early application.

Pang. The human mind, my lord, naturally looks forward.—"Animus prævidet futura."—Cicero.—Hem!

Henry. If I should need such a person, sir, depend upon it, I should be very particular in my choice; for I suspect there are some, among those to whom youth is entrusted, who bring the character of tutor into disrepute; and draw ridicule upon a respectable situation, in which many men of learning, and probity, are placed.

Pang. This man will never do for me. Again must

I retire to Milk Alley, and spin my brains for a subsistence.—" Pangloss's occupation's gone."—Shakspear.—Hem!

Henry. In calmer moments, my Caroline, I will explain the circumstances of my preservation;—and, when I have paid the mournful tribute due to a much lamented father, let me call you mine, and place you above the reach of future sorrow.

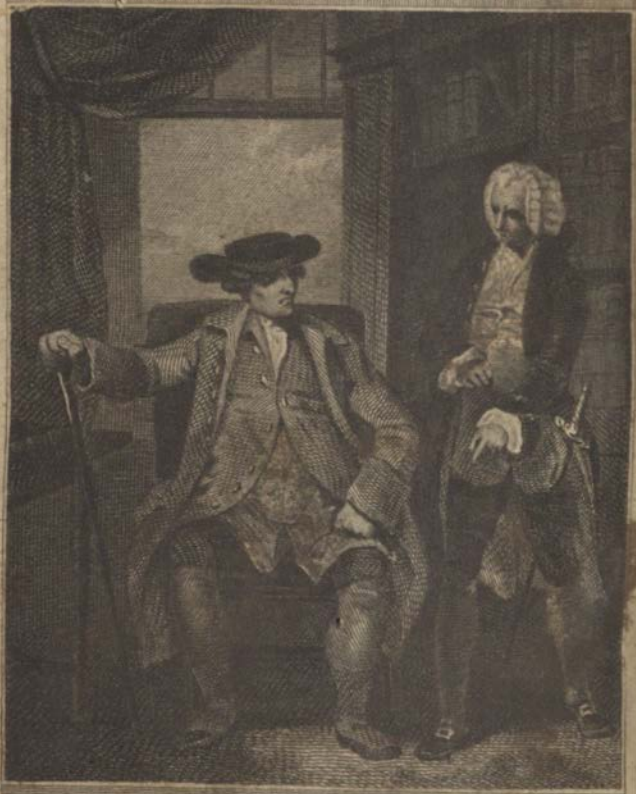
Car. Little sorrow can reach me when you are safe, Henry.

Zek. And we'll get into the country; take a bit farm, and all be as merry as grigs, Dick.

Dick. Agreed, Zekiel.—Come, Cicely! I have seen enough, already, of splendour, to seek for happiness in quieter scenes; and I have learnt, Zekiel, that, in spite of all the allurements which riches, or titles, may boast, the most solid, and valuable possession, is a true friend.

THE END.

JOHN BULL.



JOHN BULL. COUSIN . . . THERE . . . 'TIS FIT AT
. . . SOULE BE PLEED BY SOMEBODY.
ACT. V. SCENE II.

JOHN BULL;

OR,

THE ENGLISHMAN'S FIRESIDE:

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

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REMARKS.

" Yet be not blindly guided by the throng;
" The multitude is always in the wrong."

Roscommon surely meets with a bold contradiction in this comedy—for it was not only admired by the multitude, but the discerning few approved of that admiration.

The irresistible broad humour, which is the predominant quality of this drama, is so exquisitely interspersed with touches of nature more refined, with occasional flashes of wit, and with events so interesting, that, if the production is not of that perfect kind which the most rigid critic demands, he must still acknowledge it as a bond, given under the author's own hand, that he can, if he pleases, produce, in all its various branches, a complete comedy.

The introduction of farces into the entertainments of the theatre has been one cause of destroying that legitimate comedy, which such critics require. The eye, which has been accustomed to delight in paintings of caricature, regards a picture from real life as an insipid work. The extravagance of farce has given to the Town a taste for the pleasant convulsion of hearty laughter, and smiles are contemned, as the tokens of insipid amusement.

To know the temper of the times with accuracy, is one of the first talents requisite to a dramatic author. The works of other authors may be reconsidered a week, a month, or a year after a first perusal, and regain their credit by an increase of judgment bestowed upon their reader; but the dramatist, once brought before the public, must please at first sight, or never be seen more. There is no reconsideration in *his* case—no judgment to expect beyond the decree of the moment: and he must direct his force against the weakness, as well as the strength, of his jury. He must address their habits, passions, and prejudices, as the only means to gain this sudden conquest of their minds and hearts. Such was the author's success on the representation of "John Bull." The hearts and minds of his auditors were captivated, and proved, to demonstration, his skilful insight into human kind.

Were other witnesses necessary to confirm this truth, the whole dramatis personæ might be summoned as evidence, in whose characters human nature is powerfully described; and if, at times, too boldly for a reader's sober fancy, most judiciously adapted to that spirit which guides an audience.

It would be tedious to enumerate the beauties of this play, for it abounds with them. Its faults, in a moment, are numbered.

The prudence and good sense of Job Thornberry are so palpably deficient, in his having given to a little run-away, story-telling boy (as it is proved, and he might have suspected) ten guineas, the first earnings of his industry—that no one can wonder he be-

comes a bankrupt, or pity him when he does. In the common course of occurrences, ten guineas would redeem many a father of a family from bitter misery, and plunge many a youth into utter ruin. Yet nothing pleases an audience so much as a gift, let who will be the receiver. They should be broken of this vague propensity to give; and be taught, that charity without discrimination is a sensual enjoyment, and, like all sensuality, ought to be restrained: but that charity, with discretion, is foremost amongst the virtues, and must not be contaminated with heedless profusion.—Still the author has shown such ingenuity in the event which arises from this incident, that those persons, who despise the silly generosity of Thornberry, are yet highly affected by the gratitude of Peregrine.

This comedy would read much better, but not act half so well, if it were all written in good English. It seems unreasonable to forbid an author to take advantage of any actor's peculiar abilities that may suit his convenience; and both Johnstone and Emery displayed abilities of the very first rate in the two characters they represented in "John Bull."—But to the author of "John Bull," whose genius may be animated to still higher exertions in the pursuit of fame, it may be said—Leave the distortion of language to men who cannot embellish it like yourself—and to women.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PEREGRINE	*Mr. Cooke.*
SIR SIMON ROCHDALE	*Mr. Blanchard.*
FRANK ROCHDALE	*Mr. H. Johnston.*
WILLIAMS	*Mr. Klanert.*
LORD FITZ-BALAAM	*Mr. Waddy.*
HON. TOM SHUFFLETON	*Mr. Lewis.*
JOB THORNBERRY	*Mr. Faweett.*
JOHN BUR	*Mr. Atkins.*
DENNIS BRULGRUDDERY	*Mr. Johnstone.*
DAN	*Mr. Emery.*
MR. PENNYMAN	*Mr. Davenport.*
JOHN	*Mr. Abbot.*
ROBERT	*Mr. Trueman.*
SIMON	*Mr. Beverly.*
LADY CAROLINE BRAYMORE	*Mrs. H. Johnstone.*
MRS. BRULGRUDDERY	*Mrs. Davenport.*
MARY THORNBERRY	*Mrs. Gibbs.*

SCENE,—Cornwall.

JOHN BULL.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Public House on a Heath: over the Door the Sign of the Red Cow;——and the Name of "DENNIS BRULGRUDDERY."

Enter DENNIS BRULGRUDDERY *and* DAN, *from the House.* DAN *opening the outward Shutters of the House.*

Dennis. A pretty blustratious night we have had! and the sun peeps through the fog this morning, like the copper pot in my kitchen.—Devil a traveller do I see coming to the Red Cow.

Dan. Na, measter!—nowt do pass by here, I do think, but the carrion crows.

Dennis. Dan;—think you, will I be ruin'd?

Dan. Ees; past all condemption. We be the undonestest family in all Cornwall. Your ale be as dead as my grandmother; mistress do set by the fire, and sputter like an apple a-roasting; the pigs ha' gotten the measles; I be grown thinner nor an old sixpence; and thee hast drank up all the spirituous liquors.

Dennis. By my soul, I believe my setting up the

Red Cow, a week ago, was a bit of a Bull!—but that's no odds. Haven't I been married these three months?—and who did I marry?

Dan. Why, a waddling woman, wi' a mulberry feace.

Dennis. Have done with your blarney, Mr. Dan. Think of the high blood in her veins, you bog-trotter!

Dan. Ees; I always do, when I look at her nose.

Dennis. Never you mind Mrs. Brulgruddery's nose. Wasn't she fat widow to Mr. Skinnygauge, the lean exciseman of Lestweithel? and didn't her uncle, who is fifteenth cousin to a Cornish Baronet, say he'd leave her no money, if he ever happen'd to have any, because she had disgraced her parentage, by marrying herself to a taxman? Bathershan, man, and don't you think he'll help us out of the mud, now her second husband is an Irish jontleman, bred and born.

Dan. He, he! Thee be'st a rum gentleman.

Dennis. Troth, and myself, Mr. Dennis Brulgruddery, was brought up to the church.

Dan. Why, zure!

Dennis. You may say that. I open'd the pew doors, in Belfast.

Dan. And what made 'em to turn thee out o'the treade?

Dennis. I snored in sermon time. Dr. Snufflebags, the preacher, said I woke the rest of the congregation. Arrah, Dan, don't I see a tall customer stretching out his arms in the fog?

Dan. Na; that be the road-post.

Dennis. Faith, and so it is. Och! when I was turn'd out of my snug birth in Belfast, the tears ran down my eighteen year old cheeks, like buttermilk.

Dan. Pshaw, man! nonsense! Thee'dst never get another livelihood by crying.

Dennis. Yes, I did; I cried oysters. Then I pluck'd up——what's that? a customer!

Dan. [*Looking out.*] Na, a donkey.

Dennis. Well, then I pluck'd up a parcel of my courage, and I carried arms.

Dan. Waunds! what, a musket?

Dennis. No; a reaping hook. I cut my way half through England: till a German larn'd me physic, at a fair, in Devonshire.

Dan. What, poticary's stuff?

Dennis. I studied it in Doctor Von Quolchig-ronck's booth, at Plympton. He cured the yellow glanders, and restored prolification to families who wanted an heir. I was of mighty use to him as an assistant.

Dan. Were you indeed!

Dennis. But, somehow, the doctor and I had a quarrel; so I gave him something, and parted.

Dan. And what didst thee give him, pray?

Dennis. I gave him a black-eye; and set up for myself at Lestweithel; where Mr. Skinnygauge, the exciseman, was in his honeymoon.—Poor soul! he was my patient, and died one day: but his widow had such a neat notion of my subscriptions, that, in three weeks, she was Mrs. Brulgruddery.

Dan. He, he! so you jump'd into the old man's money?

Dennis. Only a dirty hundred pounds. Then her brother-in-law, bad luck to him! kept the Red Cow, upon Muckslush Heath, till his teeth chatter'd him out of the world, in an ague.

Dan. Why, that be this very house.

Dennis. Ould Nick fly away with the roof of it! I took the remainder of the lease, per advice of my bride, Mrs. Brulgruddery: laid out her goodlooking hundred pound for the furniture, and the goodwill;

bought three pigs, that are going into a consumption; took a sarving man——

Dan. That's I.—I be a going into a consumption too, sin you hired me.

Dennis. And devil a soul has darken'd my doors for a pot of beer since I have been a publican.

Dan. See!—See, mun, see! yon's a traveller, sure as eggs!—and a coming this road.

Dennis. Och, hubbaboo! a customer, at last! St. Patrick send he may be a pure dry one! Be alive, Dan, be alive! run and tell him there's elegant refreshment at the Red Cow.

Dan. I will—Oh, dang it, I doesn't mind a bit of a lie.

Dennis. And harkye:—say there's an accomplish'd landlord.

Dan. Ees—and a genteel waiter; but he'll see that.

Dennis. And, Dan;—sink that little bit of a thunder storm, that has sour'd all the beer, you know.

Dan. What, dost take me for an oaf? Dang me, if he ha'n't been used to drink vinegar, he'll find it out fast enow of himsel, Ise warrant un! [*Exit.*

Dennis. Wife!—I must tell her the joyful news—Mrs. Brulgruddery! my dear!—Devil choak my dear!—she's as deaf as a trunk-maker—Mrs. Brulgruddery!

Enter Mrs. Brulgruddery.

Mrs. Brul. And what do you want, now, with Mrs. Brulgruddery? What's to become of us? tell me that. How are we going on, I shou'd like to know?

Dennis. Mighty like a mile-stone—standing still, at this present writing.

Mrs. Brul. A pretty situation we are in, truly!

Dennis. Yes;—upon Muckslush Heath, and be damn'd to it.

Mrs. Brul. And, where is the fortune I brought you?

Dennis. All swallow'd up by the Red Cow.

Mrs. Brul. Ah! had you follow'd my advice, we shou'd never have been in such a quandary.

Dennis. Tunder and turf! didn't yourself advise me to take this public house?

Mrs. Brul. No matter for that. I had a relation who always kept it. But, who advised you to drink out all the brandy?

Dennis. No matter for that. I had a relation who always drank it.

Mrs. Brul. Ah! my poor dear Mr. Skinnygauge never brought tears into my eyes, as you do!

[*Crying.*

Dennis. I know that—I saw you at his funeral.

Mrs. Brul. You're a monster!

Dennis. Am I?—Keep it to yourself, then, my lambkin.

Mrs. Brul. You'll be the death of me; you know you will.

Dennis. Look up, my sweet Mrs. Brulgruddery! while I give you a small morsel of consolation.

Mrs. Brul. Consolation indeed!

Dennis. Yes—There's a customer coming.

Mrs. Brul. [*Brightening.*] What!

Dennis. A customer. Turn your neat jolly face over the Heath, yonder. Look at Dan, towing him along, as snug as a cock salmon into a fish basket.

Mrs. Brul. Jimminy, and so there is! Oh, my dear Dennis! But I knew how it would be, if you had but a little patience. Remember, it was all by my advice you took the Red Cow.

Dennis. Och ho! it was, was it?

Mrs. Brul. I'll run, and spruce myself up a bit. Aye, aye, I hav'n't prophesied a customer to-day for nothing. [*Goes into the House.*

Dennis. Troth, and it's prophesying on the sure side, to foretell a thing when it has happen'd.

Enter DAN, *conducting* PEREGRINE—PEREGRINE *carrying a small Trunk under his Arm.*

Pereg. I am indifferent about accommodations.

Dan. Our'n be a comfortable parlour, zur: you'll find it clean; for I wash'd un down mysen, wringing wet, five minutes ago.

Pereg. You have told me so, twenty times.

Dan. This be the Red Cow, zur, as ye may see by the pictur; and here be measter—he'll treat ye in a hospital manner, zur, and show you a deal o' contention.

Dennis. I'll be bound, sir, you'll get good entertainment, whether you are a man or a horse.

Pereg. You may lodge me as either, friend. I can sleep as well in a stable as a bedchamber; for travel has season'd me.—Since I have preserved this [*Half aside, and pointing to the Trunk under his Arm*], I can lay my head upon it with tranquillity, and repose any where.

Dennis. Faith, it seems a mighty decent, hard bolster. What is it stuff'd with, I wonder?

Pereg. That which keeps the miser awake—money.

Dan. Wauns! all that money!

Dennis. I'd be proud, sir, to know your upholsterer—he should make me a feather bed gratis of the same pretty materials. If that was all my own, I'd sleep like a pig, though I'm married to Mrs. Brulgruddery.

Pereg. I shall sleep better, because it is not my own.

Dennis. Your own's in a snugger place, then? safe from the sharks of this dirty world, and be hang'd to 'em!

Pereg. Except the purse in my pocket, 'tis, now,

I fancy, in a place most frequented by the sharks of this world.

Dennis. London, I suppose?

Pereg. The bottom of the sea.

Dennis. By my soul, that's a watering place—and you'll find sharks there, sure enough, in all conscience.

Enter MRS. BRULGRUDDERY.

Mrs. Brul. What would you chuse to take, sir, after your walk this raw morning? We have any thing you desire.

Dennis. Yes, we have any thing. Any thing's nothing, they say. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Brul. Dan, bustle about; and see the room ready, and all tidy; do you hear?

Dan. I will.

Mrs. Brul. What would you like to drink, sir?

Pereg. O, mine is an accommodating palate, hostess. I have swallowed burgundy with the French, hollands with the Dutch, sherbet with a Turk, sloe juice with an Englishman, and water with a simple Gentoo.

Dan. [*Going.*] Dang me, but he's a rum customer! It's my opinion, he'll take a fancy to our sour beer. [*Exit into the House.*

Pereg. Is your house far from the sea-shore?

Mrs. Brul. About three miles, sir.

Pereg. So!—And I have wandered upon the heath four hours, before day-break.

Mrs. Brul. Lackaday! has any thing happen'd to you, sir?

Pereg. Shipwreck—that's all.

Mrs. Brul. Mercy on us! cast away?

Pereg. On your coast, here.

Dennis. Then, compliment apart, sir, you take a ducking as if you had been used to it.

Pereg. Life's a lottery, friend; and man should

make up his mind to the blanks. On what part of Cornwall am I thrown?

Mrs. Brul. We are two miles from Penzance, sir.

Pereg. Ha!—from Penzance!—that's lucky!

Mrs. Brul. [*Aside to* DENNIS.] Lucky!—Then he'll go on, without drinking at our house.

Dennis. A hem!—Sir, there has been a great big thunder storm at Penzance, and all the beer in the town's as thick as mustard.

Pereg. I feel chill'd—get me a glass of brandy.

Dennis. Oh, the devil! [*Aside.*] Bring the brandy bottle for the jontleman, my jewel.

[*Aloud to his Wife.*

Mrs. Brul. [*Apart.*] Don't you know you've emptied it, you sot you!

Dennis. [*Apart.*] Draw a mug of beer—I'll palaver him.

Mrs. Brul. [*Apart, and going.*] Ah! if you would but follow my advice! [*Exit into the House.*

Dennis. You see that woman that's gone, sir—she's my wife, poor soul! She has but one misfortune, and that's a wapper.

Pereg. What's that?

Dennis. We had as neat a big bottle of brandy, a week ago—and damn the drop's left. But I say nothing—she's my wife, poor creature! and she can tell who drank it. Wouldn't you like a sup of sour—I mean, of our strong beer?

Pereg. Pshaw! no matter what. Tell me, is a person of the name of Thornberry still living in Penzance?

Dennis. Is it one Mr. Thornberry you are asking after.

Pereg. Yes. When I first saw him (indeed, it was the first time and the last), he had just begun to adventure humbly in trade. His stock was very slender, but his neighbours accounted him a kindly man—and I know they spoke the truth. Thirty years ago,

after half an hour's intercourse, which proved to me his benevolent nature, I squeezed his hand, and parted.

Dennis. Thirty years! Faith, after half an hour's dish of talk, that's a reasonable long time to remember!

Pereg. Not at all; for he did me a genuine service; and gratitude writes the records in the heart, that, till it ceases to beat, they may live in the memory.

Enter MRS. BRULGRUDDERY, *with a Mug of Beer.*

Mrs. Brul. [*Apart to* DENNIS.] What have you said about the brandy bottle?

Dennis. [*Apart.*] I told him you broke it, one day.

Mrs. Brul. [*Apart.*] Ah! I am always the shelter for your sins.

Dennis. Hush!—[*To* PEREG.] You know, sir, I—hem!—I mention'd to you poor Mrs. Brulgruddery's misfortune.

Pereg. Ha, ha! you did indeed, friend.

Mrs. Brul. I am very sorry, sir, but—

Dennis. Be asy, my lambkin! the jontleman excuses it. You are not the first that has crack'd a bottle, you know.—Here's your beer, sir. [*Taking it from his Wife.*] I'm not of a blushing nation, or I'd be shame-faced to give it him.—[*Aside.*] My jewel, the jontleman was asking after one Mr. Thornberry.

[*Delaying to give the Beer.*

Mrs. Brul. What! old Job Thornberry of Penzance, sir?

Pereg. The very same. You know him, then?

Mrs. Brul. Very well, by hearsay, sir. He has lived there upwards of thirty years. A very thriving man now, and well to do in the world;—as others might be, too, if they would but follow my advice.

[*To* DENNIS.

Pereg. I rejoice to hear it. Give me the beer, Landlord; I'll drink his health in humble malt, then hasten to visit him.

Dennis. [*Aside.*] By St. Patrick, then, you'll make wry faces on the road. [*Gives him the Mug.*

[*As* PEREGRINE *is about to drink, a Shriek is heard at a small Distance.*

Pereg. Ha! the voice of a female in distress! Then 'tis a man's business to fly to her protection.

[*Dashes the Mug on the Ground. Exit.*

Mrs. Brul. Wheugh! what a whirligigg! Why, Dennis, the man's mad!

Dennis. I think that thing.

Mrs. Brul. He has thrown down all the beer, before he tasted a drop.

Dennis. That's it: if he had chuck'd it away afterwards, I shou'dn't have wonder'd.

Mrs. Brul. Here he comes again;—and, I declare, with a young woman leaning on his shoulder.

Dennis. A young woman! let me have a bit of a peep. [*Looking out.*] Och, the crater! Och, the—

Mrs. Brul. Heyday! I shoud'n't have thought of your peeping after a young woman, indeed!

Dennis. Be asy, Mrs. Brulgruddery! it's a way we have in Ireland.—There's a face!

Mrs. Brul. Well, and hav'n't I a face, pray?

Dennis. That you have, my lambkin! You have had one these fifty years, I'll be bound for you.

Mrs. Brul. Fifty years! you are the greatest brute that ever dug potatoes.

Re-enter PEREGRINE, *supporting* MARY.

Pereg. This way. Cheer your spirits; the ruffian with whom I saw you struggling, has fled across the Heath; but his speed prevented my saving your property. Was your money, too, in the parcel with your clothes?

Mary. All I possess'd in the world, sir;—and he has so frighten'd me!—Indeed I thank you, sir; indeed I do!

Pereg. Come, come, compose yourself. Whither are you going, pretty one?

Mary. I must not tell, sir.

Pereg. Then whither do you come from?

Mary. Nobody must know, sir.

Pereg. Umph! Then your proceedings, child, are a secret?

Mary. Yes, sir.

Pereg. Yet you appear to need a friend to direct them. A heath is a rare place to find one: in the absence of a better, confide in me.

Mary. You forget that you are a stranger, sir.

Pereg. I always do—when the defenceless want my assistance.

Mary. But, perhaps, you might betray me, sir.

Pereg. Never—by the honour of a man!

Mary. Pray don't swear by that, sir! for, then, you'll betray me, I'm certain.

Pereg. Have you ever suffered from treachery, then, poor innocence?

Mary. Yes, sir.

Pereg. And may not one of your own sex have been treacherous to you?

Mary. No, sir; I'm very sure he was a man.

Dennis. Oh, the blackguard!

Mrs. Brul. Hold your tongue, do!

Pereg. Listen to me, child. I would proffer you friendship, for your own sake—for the sake of benevolence. When ages, indeed, are nearly equal, nature is prone to breathe so warmly on the blossoms of a friendship between the sexes, that the fruit is desire; but time, fair one, is scattering snow on my temples, while Hebe waves her freshest ringlets over yours. Rely, then, on one who has numbered years

sufficient to correct his passions; who has encountered difficulties enough to teach him sympathy; and who would stretch forth his hand to a wandering female, and shelter her, like a father.

Mary. Oh, sir! I do want protection sadly indeed! I am very miserable! [*Weeping.*

Pereg. Come, do not droop. The cause of your distress, perhaps, is trifling; but, light gales of adversity will make women weep. A woman's tear falls like the dew that zephyrs shake from roses.—Nay, confide in me.

Mary. I will, sir; but—— [*Looking round.*

Pereg. Leave us a little, honest friends.

Dennis. A hem!—Come, Mrs. Brulgruddery! let you and I pair off, my lambkin!

Mrs. Brul. [*Going.*] Ah! she's no better than she should be, I'll warrant her.

Dennis. By the powers, she's well enough though, for all that.

[*Exeunt* DENNIS *and* MRS. BRUL. *into the House.*

Pereg. Now, sweet one, your name?

Mary. Mary, sir.

Pereg. What else?

Mary. Don't ask me that, sir: my poor father might be sorry it was mentioned, now.

Pereg. Have you quitted your father, then?

Mary. I left his house at day-break, this morning, sir.

Pereg. What is he?

Mary. A tradesman in the neighbouring town, sir.

Pereg. Is he aware of your departure?

Mary. No, sir.

Pereg. And your mother—?

Mary. I was very little, when she died, sir.

Pereg. Has your father, since her death, treated you with cruelty?

Mary. He? Oh, bless him! no! he is the kindest father that ever breathed, sir.

Pereg. How must such a father be agonized by the loss of his child!

Mary. Pray, sir, don't talk of that!

Pereg. Why did you fly from him?

Mary. Sir, I——I——but that's my story, sir.

Pereg. Relate it, then.

Mary. Yes, sir.—You must know, then, sir, that —there was a young gentleman in this neighbourhood, that—O dear, sir, I'm quite ashamed!

Pereg. Come, child, I will relieve you from the embarrassment of narration, and sum up your history in one word;—love.

Mary. That's the beginning of it, sir; but a great deal happen'd afterwards.

Pereg. And who is the hero of your story, my poor girl?

Mary. The hero of——? O, I understand—he is much above me in fortune, sir. To be sure, I should have thought of that, before he got such power over my heart, to make me so wretched, now he has deserted me.

Pereg. He would have thought of that, had his own heart been generous.

Mary. He is reckon'd very generous, sir; he can afford to be so. When the old gentleman dies, he will have all the great family estate. I am going to the house, now, sir.

Pereg. For what purpose?

Mary. To try if I can see him for the last time, sir; to tell him I shall always pray for his happiness, when I am far away from a place which he has made it misery for me to abide in;—and to beg him to give me a little supply of money, now I am pennyless, and from home, to help me to London; where I may get into service, and nobody will know me.

Pereg. And what are his reasons, child, for thus deserting you?

Mary. He sent me his reasons, by letter, yesterday, sir. He is to be married next week, to a lady of high fortune. His father, he says, insists upon it. I know I am born below him; but after the oaths we plighted, Heaven knows, the news was a sad, sad shock to me! I did not close my eyes last night; my poor brain was burning; and, as soon as day broke, I left the house of my dear father, whom I should tremble to look at, when he discover'd my story;—which I could not long conceal from him.

Pereg. Poor, lovely, heart-bruised wanderer! O wealthy despoilers of humble innocence! splendid murderers of virtue; who make your vice your boast, and fancy female ruin a feather in your caps of vanity —single out a victim you have abandoned, and, in your hours of death, contemplate her!—view her, care-worn, friendless, pennyless;—hear her tale of sorrows, fraught with her remorse,—her want,—a hard world's scoffs, her parents' anguish;—then, if ye dare, look inward upon your own bosoms; and if they be not conscience proof what must be your compunctions!—Who is his father, child?

Mary. Sir Simon Rochdale, sir, of the Manor-house, hard by.

Pereg. [*Surprised.*] Indeed!

Mary. Perhaps you know him, sir?

Pereg. I have heard of him;—and, on your account shall visit him.

Mary. Oh, pray, sir, take care what you do! if you should bring his son into trouble, by mentioning me, I should never, never forgive myself.

Pereg. Trust to my caution.—Promise only to remain at this house, till I return from a business which calls me, immediately, two miles hence; I will hurry back to pursue measures for your welfare, with more

hope of success, than your own weak means, poor simplicity, are likely to effect. What say you?

Mary. I hardly know what to say, sir—you seem good,—and I am little able to help myself.

Pereg. You consent, then?

Mary. Yes, sir.

Pereg. [*Calling.*] Landlord!

Enter DENNIS, *from the Door of the House*—MRS. BRULGRUDDERY *following.*

Dennis. Did you call, sir?—Arrah, now, Mrs. Brulgruddery, you are peeping after the young woman yourself.

Mrs. Brul. I chuse it.

Pereg. Prepare your room, good folks; and get the best accommodation you can for this young person.

Dennis. That I will, with all my heart and soul, sir.

Mrs. Brul. [*Sulkily.*] I don't know that we have any room at all, for my part.

Dennis. Whew! She's in her tantrums.

Mrs. Brul. People of repute can't let in young women, (found upon a heath, forsooth,) without knowing who's who. I have learn'd the ways of the world, sir.

Pereg. So it seems:—which too often teach you so over-rate the little good you can do it: and to shut the door when the distressed entreat you to throw it open. But I have learnt the ways of the world too. [*Taking out his Purse.*] I shall return in a few hours. Provide all the comforts you can; and here are a couple of guineas, to send for any refreshments you have not in the house. [*Giving Money.*

Dennis. Mighty pretty handsel for the Red Cow, my lambkin!

Mrs. Brul. A couple of guineas! Lord, sir! if I thought you had been such a gentleman!—Pray, miss, walk in! your poor dear little feet must be quite wet with our nasty roads. I beg pardon, sir; but cha-

racter's every thing in our business; and I never lose sight of my own credit.

Dennis. That you don't—till you see other people's ready money.

Pereg. Go in, child. I shall soon be with you again.

Mary. You *will* return, then, sir?

Pereg. Speedily. Rely on me.

Mary. I shall, sir;—I am sure I may. Heaven bless you, sir!

Mrs. Brul. This way, miss! this way! [*Courtesying.*

[*Exeunt* MARY *and* LANDLADY, *into the House.*

Dennis. Long life to your honour, for protecting the petticoats! sweet creatures! I'd like to protect them myself, by bushels.

Pereg. Can you get me a guide, friend, to conduct me to Penzance?

Dennis. Get you a guide? There's Dan, my servant, shall skip before you over the bogs, like a grasshopper. Oh, by the powers! my heart's full to see your generosity, and I owe you a favour in return:—never you call for any of my beer, till I get a fresh tap.

[*Exit into the House.*

Pereg. Now for my friend, Thornberry; then hither again, to interest myself in the cause of this unfortunate: for which many would call me Quixote; many would cant out "shame!" but I care not for the stoics, nor the puritans. Genuine nature and unsophisticated morality, that turn disgusted from the rooted adepts in vice, have ever a reclaiming tear to shed on the children of error. Then, let the sterner virtues, that allow no plea for human frailty, stalk on to Paradise without me! The mild associate of my journey thither shall be charity:—and my pilgrimage to the shrine of mercy will not, I trust, be worse performed for having aided the weak, on my way, who have stumbled in their progress.

Enter DAN, *from the House.*

Dan. I be ready, zur.

Pereg. For what, friend?

Dan. Measter says you be a-going to Penzance; if you be agreeable, I'll keep you company.

Pereg. Oh—the guide. You belong to the house?

Dan. Ees, zur; Ise enow to do: I be head waiter and hostler:—only we never have no horses, nor customers.

Pereg. The path, I fancy, is difficult to find. Do you never deviate?

Dan. Na, zur,—I always whistles.

Pereg. Come on, friend.—It seems a dreary rout: but how cheerly the eye glances over a sterile tract, when the habitation of a benefactor, whom we are approaching to requite, lies in the perspective!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Library in the House of SIR SIMON ROCHDALE; *Books scattered on a Writing Table.*

Enter TOM SHUFFLETON.

Shuff. Nobody up yet? I thought so.

Enter SERVANT,

Ah, John, is it you? How d'ye do, John?

John. Thank your honour, I——

Shuff. Yes, you look so. Sir Simon Rochdale in bed? Mr. Rochdale not risen? Well! no matter: I have travelled all night, though, to be with them. How are they?

John. Sir, they are both——

Shuff. I'm glad to hear it. Pay the postboy for me.

John. Yes, sir. I beg pardon, sir; but when your honour last left us——

Shuff. Owed you three pound five. I remember: have you down in my memorandums—Honourable Tom Shuffleton debtor to—— What's your name?

John. My christian name, sir, is——

Shuff. Muggins—I recollect. Pay the postboy, Muggins. And, harkye, take particular care of the chaise: I borrowed it of my friend, Bobby Fungus, who sprang up a peer, in the last bundle of Barons: if a single knob is knocked out of his new coronets, he'll make me a sharper speech than ever he'll produce in parliament. And, John!—

John. Sir!

Shuff. What was I going to say?

John. Indeed, sir, I can't tell.

Shuff. No more can I. 'Tis the fashion to be absent—that's the way I forgot your little bill. There, run along. [*Exit* JOHN.] I've the whirl of Bobby's chaise in my head still. Cursed fatiguing, posting all night, through Cornish roads, to obey the summons of friendship! Convenient, in some respects, for all that. If all loungers, of slender revenues, like mine, could command a constant succession of invitations, from men of estates in the country, how amazingly it would tend to the thinning of Bond Street! [*Throws himself into a Chair near the Writing Table.*] Let me see—what has Sir Simon been reading?—"Burn's Justice"—true; the old man's reckoned the ablest magistrate in the county: he hasn't cut open the leaves, I see. "Chesterfield's Letters"

—pooh! his system of education is extinct: Belcher and the Butcher have superseded it. "Clarendon's History of——."

Enter SIR SIMON ROCHDALE.

Sir Simon. Ah, my dear Tom Shuffleton!

Shuff. Baronet! how are you?

Sir Simon. Such expedition is kind now! You got my letter at Bath, and——

Shuff. Saw it was pressing:—here I am. Cut all my engagements for you, and came off like a shot.

Sir Simon. Thank you: thank you, heartily!

Shuff. Left every thing at sixes and sevens.

Sir Simon. Gad, I'm sorry if——

Shuff. Don't apologize;—nobody does, now. Left all my bills, in the place, unpaid.

Sir Simon. Bless me! I've made it monstrous inconvenient!

Shuff. Not a bit—I give you my honour, I did'nt find it inconvenient at all. How is Frank Rochdale?

Sir Simon. Why, my son is'nt up yet; and, before he's stirring, do let me talk to you, my dear Tom Shuffleton! I have something near my heart, that—

Shuff. Don't talk about your heart, Baronet;—feeling's quite out of fashion.

Sir Simon. Well, then, I'm interested in——

Shuff. Aye, stick to that. We make a joke of the heart, now-a-days; but when a man mentions his interest, we know he's in earnest.

Sir Simon. Zounds! I am in earnest. Let me speak, and call my motives what you will.

Shuff. Speak—but don't be in a passion. We are always cool at the clubs: the constant habit of ruining one another, teaches us temper. Explain.

Sir Simon. Well, I will. You know, my dear Tom, how much I admire your proficiency in the

New School of breeding;—you are, what I call, one of the highest finished fellows of the present day.

Shuff. Psha! Baronet; you flatter.

Sir Simon. No, I don't; only in extolling the merits of the newest fashion'd manners and morals, I am sometimes puzzled, by the plain gentlemen, who listen to me, here in the country, most consumedly.

Shuff. I don't doubt it.

Sir Simon. Why, 'twas but t'other morning, I was haranguing old Sir Noah Starchington, in my library, and explaining to him the shining qualities of a dasher, of the year eighteen hundred and three; and what do you think he did?

Shuff. Fell asleep.

Sir Simon. No; he pull'd down an English dictionary; when (if you'll believe me! he found my definition of stylish living, under the word "insolvency;" a fighting crop turn'd out a "dock'd bull dog;" and modern gallantry, "adultery and seduction."

Shuff. Noah Starchington is a damn'd old twaddler.—But the fact is, Baronet, we improve. We have voted many qualities to be virtues, now, that they never thought of calling virtues formerly. The rising generation wants a new dictionary, damnably.

Sir Simon. Deplorably, indeed! You can't think, my dear Tom, what a scurvy figure you, and the dashing fellows of your kidney, make in the old ones. But come, sit down, sit down:—[*They take Chairs.*]—You have great influence over my son Frank; and I want you to exert it. You are his intimate—you come here, and pass two or three months at a time, you know.

Shuff. Yes—this is a pleasant house.

Sir Simon. You ride his horses, as if they were your own.

Shuff. Yes—he keeps a good stable.

Sir Simon. You drink our claret with him, till his head aches.

Shuff. Yours is famous claret, Baronet.

Sir Simon. You worm out his secrets; you win his money; you——. In short, you are——

Shuff. His friend, according to the next new dictionary. That's what you mean, Sir Simon.

Sir Simon. Exactly.—But, let me explain. Frank, if he doesn't play the fool, and spoil all, is going to be married.

Shuff. To how much?

Sir Simon. Damn it, now, how like a modern man of the world that is! Formerly, they would have asked to who.

Shuff. We never do, now;—fortune's every thing. We say "a good match," at the west end of the town, as they say "a good man," in the city;—the phrase refers merely to money. Is she rich?

Sir Simon. Four thousand a-year.

Shuff. What a devilish desirable woman! Frank's a happy dog!

Sir Simon. He's a miserable puppy. He has no more notion, my dear Tom, of a modern "good match," than Eve had of pin money.

Shuff. What are his objections to it?

Sir Simon. I have smoked him; but he doesn't know that;—a silly, sly amour, in another quarter.

Shuff. An amour! That's a very unfashionable reason for declining matrimony.

Sir Simon. You know his romantic flights. The blockhead, I believe, is so attach'd, I shou'dn't wonder if he flew off at a tangent, and married the girl that has bewitch'd him.

Shuff. Who is she?

Sir Simon. She—hem!—she lives with her father, in Penzance.

Shuff. And who is he?

Sir Simon. He——upon my soul, I am ashamed to tell you.

Shuff. Don't be ashamed; we never blush at any thing, in the New School.

Sir Simon. Damn me, my dear Tom, if he is'nt a brazier!

Shuff. The devil!

Sir Simon. A dealer in kitchen candlesticks, coal skuttles, coppers, and cauldrons.

Shuff. And is the girl pretty?

Sir Simon. So they tell me;—a plump little devil, as round as a tea kettle.

Shuff. I'll be after the brazier's daughter, to-morrow.

Sir Simon. But you have weight with him. Talk to him, my dear Tom—reason with him; try your power, Tom, do!

Shuff. I don't much like plotting with the father against the son—that's reversing the New School, Baronet.

Sir Simon. But it will serve Frank: it will serve me, who wish to serve you. And to prove that I do wish it, I have been keeping something in embryo for you, my dear Tom Shuffleton, against your arrival.

Shuff. For me?

Sir Simon. When you were last leaving us, if you recollect, you mention'd, in a kind of way, a—a sort of an intention of a loan, of an odd five hundred pounds.

Shuff. Did I? I believe I might.—When I intend to raise money, I always give my friends the preference.

Sir Simon. I told you I was out of cash then, I remember.

Shuff. Yes; that's just what I told you, I remember.

Sir Simon. I have the sum floating by me, now, and much at your service. [*Presenting it.*

Shuff. Why, as it's lying idle, Baronet, I—I—don't much care if I employ it. [*Taking it.*

Sir Simon. Use your interest with Frank, now.

Shuff. Rely on me.—Shall I give you my note?

Sir Simon. No, my dear Tom; that's an unnecessary trouble.

Shuff. Why, that's true—with one who knows me so well as you.

Sir Simon. Your verbal promise to pay, is quite as good.

Shuff. I'll see if Frank's stirring. [*Going.*

Sir Simon. And I must talk to my steward.

Shuff. Baronet! [*Going.*

Sir Simon. [*Returning.*] Eh?

Shuff. Pray, do you employ the phrase, "verbal promise to pay," according to the reading of old dictionaries, or as it's the fashion to use it at present.

Sir Simon. Oh, damn it, chuse your own reading, and I'm content. [*Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE II.

A Dressing Room.

FRANK ROCHDALE *writing;* WILLIAMS *attending.*

Frank. [*Throwing down the Pen.*] It don't signify—I cannot write. I blot, and tear; and tear, and blot; and——. Come here, Williams. Do let me hear you, once more. Why the devil don't you come here.

Williams. I am here, sir.

Frank. Well, well; my good fellow, tell me. You found means to deliver her the letter, yesterday?

Williams. Yes, sir.

Frank. And, she read it——and——did you say, she—she was very much affected, when she read it?

Williams. I told you last night, sir;—she look'd quite death struck, as I may say.

Frank. [*Much affected.*] Did——did she weep, Williams?

Williams. No, sir; but I did afterwards—I don't know what ail'd me; but, when I got out of the house, into the street, I'll be hang'd if I did'nt cry like a child.

Frank. You are an honest fellow, Williams. [*A Knock at the Door of the Room.*] See who is at the door. [WILLIAMS *opens the Door.*

Enter JOHN.

Williams. Well, what's the matter?

John. There's a man, in the porter's lodge, says he won't go away without speaking to Mr. Francis.

Frank. See who it is, Williams. Send him to me, if necessary; but don't let me be teased, without occasion.

Williams. I'll take care, sir.

[*Exeunt* WILLIAMS *and* JOHN.

Frank. Must I marry this woman, whom my father has chosen for me; whom I expect here to-morrow? And must I, then, be told 'tis criminal to love my poor, deserted Mary, because our hearts are illicitly attach'd? Illicit for the heart? fine phraseology! Nature disowns the restriction; I cannot smother her dictates with the polity of governments, and fall in, or out of love, as the law directs.

Enter DENNIS BRULGRUDDERY.

Well, friend, who do you come from?

Dennis. I come from the Red Cow, sir.

Frank. The Red Cow?

Dennis. Yes, sir!—upon Muckslush Heath—hard by your honour's father's house, here. I'd be proud of your custom, sir, and all the good looking family's.

Frank. [*Impatiently.*] Well, well, your business?

Dennis. That's what the porter ax'd me. "Tell me your business, honest man," says he—"I'll see

you damn'd first, sir," says I:—"I'll tell it your betters;—and that's Mr. Francis Rochdale, Esquire."

Frank. Zounds! then, why don't you tell it? I am Mr. Francis Rochdale.—Who the devil sent you here?

Dennis. Troth, sir, it was goodnature whisper'd me to come to your honour: but I believe I've dis-remember'd her directions; for damn the bit do you seem acquainted with her.

Frank. Well, my good friend, I don't mean to be violent; only be so good as to explain your business.

Dennis. Oh, with all the pleasure in life.—Give me good words, and I'm as aisy as an ould glove: but bite my nose off with mustard, and have at you with pepper,—that's my way.—There's a little creature at my house;—she's crying her eyes out;—and she won't get such another pair at the Red Cow; for I've left nobody with her but Mrs. Brulgruddery.

Frank. With her! with who? Who are you talking of?

Dennis. I'd like to know her name myself, sir;—but I have heard but half of it;—and that's Mary.

Frank. Mary!—Can it be she?—Wandering on a heath! seeking refuge in a wretched hovel!

Dennis. A hovel! O fie for shame of yourself, to misbecall a genteel tavern! I'd have you to know my parlour is clean sanded once a week.

Frank. Tell me, directly—what brought her to your house?

Dennis. By my soul, it was Adam's own carriage: a ten-toed machine the haymakers keep in Ireland.

Frank. Damn it, fellow, don't trifle, but tell your story; and, if you can, intelligibly.

Dennis. Don't be bothering my brains, then, or you'll get it as clear as mud. Sure the young creature can't fly away from the Red Cow, while I'm ex-

plaining to you the rights on't—Didn't she promise the gentleman to stay till he came back?

Frank. Promised a gentleman!—Who?—who is the gentleman?

Dennis. Arrah, now, where did you larn manners? Would you ax a customer his birth, parentage, and education? "Heaven bless you, sir, you'll come back again?" says she—"That's what I will, before you can say, parsnips, my darling," says he.

Frank. Damnation! what does this mean?—explain your errand, clearly, you scoundrel, or—

Dennis. Scoundrel!—Don't be after affronting a housekeeper. Haven't I a sign at my door, three pigs, a wife, and a man sarvant?

Frank. Well, go on.

Dennis. Damn the word more will I tell you.

Frank. Why, you infernal——

Dennis. Oh, be asy!—see what you get, now, by affronting Mr. Dennis Brulgruddery, [*Searching his Pockets.*] I'd have talk'd for an hour, if you had kept a civil tongue in your head!—but now, you may read the letter. [*Giving it.*

Frank. A letter!—stupid booby!—why didn't you give it to me at first?—Yes, it is her hand.

[*Opens the Letter.*

Dennis. Stupid!—If you're so fond of letters, you might larn to behave yourself to the postman.

Frank. [*Reading and agitated.*]—*Not going to upbraid you—Couldn't rest at my father's—Trifling assistance*—Oh, Heaven! does she then want assistance?—*The gentleman who has befriended me*—damnation!—the gentleman!—*Your unhappy Mary.*——Scoundrel that I am!—what is she suffering!—but who, who is this gentleman?—no matter—she is distress'd, heart breaking! and I, who have been the cause;—I, who ——here—[*Running to a Writing Table, and opening a Drawer*] Run—fly—despatch!—

Dennis. He's mad!

Frank. Say, I will be at your house, myself—remember, positively come, or send, in the course of the day.—In the mean time, take this, and give it to the person who sent you.

[*Giving a Purse, which he has taken from the Drawer.*

Dennis. A purse!—'faith, and I'll take it.—Do you know how much is in the inside?

Frank. Psha! no.—No matter.

Dennis. Troth, now, if I'd trusted a great big purse to a stranger, they'd have call'd it a bit of a bull:—but let you and I count it between us, [*Pouring the Money on the Table.*] for, damn him, say I, who would cheat a poor girl in distress, of the value of a rap.—One, two, three, &c. [*Counting.*

Frank. Worthy, honest fellow!

Dennis. Eleven, twelve, thirteen —

Frank. I'll be the making of your house, my good fellow.

Dennis. Damn the Red Cow, sir,—you put me out.—Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen.—Nineteen fat yellow boys, and a seven shilling piece.—Tell them yourself, sir; then chalk them up over the chimney-piece, else you'll forget, you know.

Frank. O, friend, when honesty, so palpably natural as yours, keeps the account, I care not for my arithmetic.—Fly now!—bid the servants give you any refreshment you chuse; then hasten to execute your commission.

Dennis. Thank your honour!—good luck to you! I'll taste the beer;—but, by my soul, if the butler comes the Red Cow over me, I'll tell him, I know sweet from sour. [*Exit* DENNIS.

Frank. Let me read her letter once more.—[*Reads.*

I am not going to upbraid you; but after I got your letter, I could not rest at my father's, where I once

knew happiness and innocence.—I wish'd to have taken a last leave of you, and to beg a trifling assistance;—but the gentleman who has befriended me in my wanderings, would not suffer me to do so; yet I could not help writing, to tell you, I am quitting this neighbourhood for ever!—That you may never know a moment's sorrow, will always be the prayer of

Your unhappy

MARY.

My mind is hell to me!—love, sorrow, remorse, and —yes—and jealousy, all distract me:—and no counsellor to advise with;—no friend to whom I may——

Enter TOM SHUFFLETON.

Frank. Tom Shuffleton! you never arrived more apropos in your life.

Shuff. That's what the women always say to me. I've rumbled on the road, all night, Frank. My bones ache, my head's muzzy—and we'll drink two bottles of claret a-piece, after dinner, to enliven us.

Frank. You seem in spirits, Tom, I think, now.

Shuff. Yes;—I have had a windfall—Five hundred pounds.

Frank. A legacy?

Shuff. No.—The patient survives who was sick of his money. 'Tis a loan from a friend.

Frank. 'Twould be a pity, then, Tom, if the patient experienced improper treatment.

Shuff. Why, that's true:—but his case is so rare, that it isn't well understood, I believe. Curse me, my dear Frank, if the disease of lending is epidemic.

Frank. But the disease of trying to borrow, my dear Tom, I am afraid, is.

Shuff. Very prevalent indeed, at the west end of the town.

Frank. And as dangerous, Tom, as the small-pox. They should inoculate for it.

Shuff. That wouldn't be a bad scheme; but I took it naturally. Psha! damn it, don't shake your head. Mine's but a mere *façon de parler:* just as we talk to one another about our coats:—we never say, "Who's your tailor?" We always ask, "Who suffers?" Your father tells me you are going to be married; I give you joy.

Frank. Joy! I have known nothing but torment, and misery, since this cursed marriage has been in agitation.

Shuff. Umph! Marriage was a weighty affair, formerly;—so was a family coach;—but domestic duties, now, are like town chariots;—they must be made light, to be fashionable.

Frank. Oh, do not trifle. By acceding to this match, in obedience to my father, I leave to all the pangs of remorse, and disappointed love, a helpless, humble girl, and rend the fibres of a generous, but too credulous heart, by cancelling, like a villain, the oaths with which I won it.

Shuff. I understand:—A snug thing in the country.—Your wife, they tell me, will have four thousand a year.

Frank. What has that to do with sentiment?

Shuff. I don't know what you may think; but, if a man said to me, plump, "Sir, I am very fond of four thousand a year;" I should say,—"Sir, I applaud your sentiment very highly."

Frank. But how does he act, who offers his hand to one woman, at the very moment his heart is engaged to another?

Shuff. He offers a great sacrifice.

Frank. And where is the reparation to the unfortunate he has deserted?

Shuff. An annuity.—A great many unfortunates

sport a stylish carriage, up and down St. James's street, upon such a provision.

Frank. An annuity, flowing from the fortune, I suppose, of the woman I marry! is that delicate?

Shuff. 'Tis convenient. We liquidate debts of play, and usury, from the same resources.

Frank. And call a crowd of jews and gentlemen gamesters together, to be settled with, during the debtor's honeymoon!

Shuff. No, damn it, it wouldn't be fair to jumble the Jews into the same room with our gaming acquaintance.

Frank. Why so?

Shuff. Because, twenty to one, the first half of the creditors would begin dunning the other.

Frank. Nay, for once in your life be serious. Read this, which has wrung my heart, and repose it, as a secret in your own. [*Giving the Letter.*

Shuff. [*Glancing over it.*] A pretty, little, crow-quill kind of a hand.—"*Happiness,—innocence,—trifling assistance—gentleman befriended me—unhappy Mary.*"—Yes, I see—[*Returning it.*]—She wants money, but has got a new friend.—The style's neat, but the subject isn't original.

Frank. Will you serve me at this crisis?

Shuff. Certainly.

Frank. I wish you to see my poor Mary in the course of the day. Will you talk to her?

Shuff. O yes—I'll talk to her. Where is she to be seen?

Frank. She writes, you see, that she has abruptly left her father—and I learn, by the messenger, that she is now in a miserable, retired house, on the neighbouring heath.—That mustn't deter you from going.

Shuff. Me? Oh, dear no—I'm used to it. I don't care how retired the house is.

Frank. Come down to my father to breakfast. I

will tell you afterwards all I wish you to execute.—Oh, Tom! this business has unhinged me for society. Rigid morality, after all, is the best coat of mail for the conscience.

Shuff. Our ancestors, who wore mail, admired it amazingly; but to mix in the gay world, with their rigid morality, would be as singular as stalking into a drawing-room in their armour:—for dissipation is now the fashionable habit, with which, like a brown coat, a man goes into company, to avoid being stared at. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in JOB THORNBERRY'S *House.*

Enter JOB THORNBERRY, *in a Night Gown, and* BUR.

Bur. Don't take on so—don't you, now! pray, listen to reason.

Job. I won't.

Bur. Pray do!

Job. I won't. Reason bid me love my child, and help my friend:—what's the consequence? my friend has run one way, and broke up my trade; my daughter has run another, and broke my———No, she shall never have it to say she broke my heart. If I hang myself for grief, she shan't know she made me.

Bur. Well, but, master—

Job. And reason told me to take you into my shop, when the fat churchwardens starved you at the workhouse,—damn their want of feeling for it!—and you were thump'd about, a poor, unoffending, ragged-rump'd boy, as you were—I wonder you hav'n't run away from me too.

Bur. That's the first real unkind word you ever said to me. I've sprinkled your shop two-and-twenty years, and never miss'd a morning.

Job. The bailiffs are below, clearing the goods: you won't have the trouble any longer.

Bur. Trouble! Lookye, old Job Thornberry—

Job. Well! What, you are going to be saucy to me, now I'm ruin'd?

Bur. Don't say one cutting thing after another.—You have been as noted, all round our town, for being a kind man, as being a blunt one.

Job. Blunt or sharp, I've been honest. Let them look at my ledger—they'll find it right. I began upon a little; I made that little great, by industry; I never cringed to a customer, to get him into my books, that I might hamper him with an overcharged bill, for long credit; I earn'd my fair profits; I paid my fair way; I break by the treachery of a friend, and my first dividend will be seventeen shillings in the pound. I wish every tradesman in England may clap his hand on his heart, and say as much, when he asks a creditor to sign his certificate.

Bur. 'Twas I kept your ledger, all the time.

Job. I know you did.

Bur. From the time you took me out of the workhouse.

Job. Psha! rot the workhouse!

Bur. You never mention'd it to me yourself till today.

Job. I said it in a hurry.

Bur. And I've always remember'd it at leisure. I don't want to brag, but I hope I've been found faithful. It's rather hard to tell poor John Bur, the workhouse boy, after clothing, feeding, and making him your man of trust, for two and twenty years, that you wonder he don't run away from you, now you're in trouble.

Job. [*Affected.*] John—I beg your pardon.

[*Stretching out his Hand.*

Bur. [*Taking his Hand.*] Don't say a word more about it.

Job. I—

Bur. Pray, now, master, don't say any more! — Come, be a man! get on your things; and face the bailiffs, that are rummaging the goods.

Job. I can't, John; I can't. My heart's heavier than all the iron and brass in my shop.

Bur. Nay, consider what confusion!—pluck up a courage; do, now!

Job. Well, I'll try.

Bur. Aye, that's right: here's your clothes. [*Taking them from the Back of a Chair.*] They'll play the devil with all the pots and pans, if you aren't by.—Why, I warrant you'll do! Bless you, what should ail you?

Job. Ail me? do you go, and get a daughter, John Bur; then let her run away from you, and you'll know what ails me.

Bur. Come, here's your coat and waistcoat. [*Going to help him on with the Clothes.*] This is the waistcoat young mistress work'd, with her own hands, for your birth-day, five years ago. Come, get into it, as quick as you can.

Job. [*Throwing it on the Floor violently.*] I'd as leave get into my coffin. She'll have me there soon. Psha! rot it! I'm going to snivel. Bur, go, and get me another.

Bur. Are you sure you won't put it on?

Job. No, I won't. [Bur *pauses.*] No, I tell you.— [*Exit* Bur.

How proud I was of that waistcoat five years ago!— I little thought what would happen now, when I sat in it, at the top of my table, with all my neighbours to celebrate the day;—there was Collop on one side of me, and his wife on the other; and my daughter Mary sat at the further end;—smiling so sweetly;—like an artful, good for nothing——I shou'dn't like to throw away a waistcoat neither.—I may as well put it on.—Yes—it would be poor spite not to put

it on. [*Putting his Arms into it.*]—She's breaking my heart; but, I'll wear it, I'll wear it. [*Buttoning it as he speaks, and crying, involuntarily.*] It's my child's—She's undutiful,—ungrateful,—barbarous,—but she's my child,—and she'll never work me another.

Enter BUR.

Bur. Here's another waistcoat, but, it has laid by so long, I think it's damp.

Job. I was thinking so myself, Bur; and so——

Bur. Eh—what, you've got on the old one? Well, now, I declare, I'm glad of that. Here's your coat. [*Putting it on him.*]—'Sbobs! this waistcoat feels a little damp, about the top of the bosom.

Job. [*Confused.*] Never mind, Bur, never mind.—A little water has dropt on it; but it won't give me cold, I believe. [*A Noise without.*

Bur. Heigh! they are playing up old Harry below! I'll run, and see what's the matter. Make haste after me, do, now! [*Exit* BUR.

Job. I don't care for the bankruptcy now. I can face my creditors, like an honest man; and I can crawl to my grave, afterwards, as poor as a church-mouse. What does it signify? Job Thornberry has no reason now to wish himself worth a groat:—the old ironmonger and brazier has nobody to hoard his money for now! I was only saving for my daughter; and she has run away from her doating, foolish father,—and struck down my heart—flat—flat.—

Enter PEREGRINE.

Well, who are you?

Pereg. A friend.

Job. Then, I'm sorry to see you. I have just been ruin'd by a friend; and never wish to have another friend again, as long as I live.—No, nor any ungrateful, undutiful——Poh!—I don't recollect your face.

Pereg. Climate, and years, have been at work on it. While Europeans are scorching under an Indian sun, Time is doubly busy in fanning their features with his wings. But, do you remember no trace of me?

Job. No, I tell you. If you have any thing to say, say it. I have something to settle below with my daughter—I mean, with the people in the shop;—they are impatient; and the morning has half run away, before she knew I should be up—I mean, before I have had time to get on my coat and waistcoat, she gave me—I mean—I mean, if you have any business, tell it, at once.

Pereg. I *will* tell it at once. You seem agitated. The harpies, whom I pass'd in your shop, inform'd me of your sudden misfortune; but do not despair yet.

Job. Aye, I'm going to be a bankrupt—but that don't signify. Go on: it isn't that;—they'll find all fair;—but, go on.

Pereg. I will, 'Tis just thirty years ago, since I left England.

Job. That's a little after the time I set up in the hardware business.

Pereg. About that time, a lad of fifteen years entered your shop: he had the appearance of a gentleman's son; and told you he had heard, by accident, as he was wandering through the streets of Penzance, some of your neighbours speak of Job Thornberry's goodness to persons in distress.

Job. I believe he told a lie there.

Pereg. Not in that instance, though he did in another.

Job. I remember him. He was a fine, bluff, boy!

Pereg. He had lost his parents, he said; and, destitute of friends, money, and food, was making his way to the next port, to offer himself to any vessel

that would take him on board, that he might work his way abroad, and seek a livelihood.

Job. Yes, yes; he did. I remember it.

Pereg. You may remember, too, when the boy had finish'd his tale of distress, you put ten guineas in his hand. They were the first earnings of your trade, you told him, and could not be laid out to better advantage than in relieving an helpless orphan;—and, giving him a letter of recommendation to a sea captain at Falmouth, you wish'd him good spirits, and prosperity. He left you with a promise, that, if fortune ever smiled upon him, you should, one day, hear news of Peregrine.

Job. Ah, poor fellow! poor Peregrine! he was a pretty boy. I should like to hear news of him, I own.

Pereg. I am that Peregrine.

Job. Eh? what—you are——? No: let me look at you again. Are you the pretty boy, that——bless us, how you are alter'd!

Pereg. I have endur'd many hardships since I saw you; many turns of fortune;—but I deceived you (it was the cunning of a truant lad) when I told you I had lost my parents. From a romantic folly, the growth of boyish brains, I had fix'd my fancy on being a sailor, and had run away from my father.

Job. [*With great Emotion.*] Run away from your father! If I had known that, I'd have horse-whipp'd you, within an inch of your life!

Pereg. Had you known it, you had done right, perhaps.

Job. Right? Ah! you don't know what it is for a child to run away from a father! Rot me, if I wou'dn't have sent you back to him, tied, neck and heels, in the basket of the stage coach.

Pereg. I have had my compunctions;—have express'd them by letter to my father: but I fear my penitence had no effect.

Job. Served you right.

Pereg. Having no answers from him, he died, I fear, without forgiving me. [*Sighing.*

Job. [*Starting.*] What! died! without forgiving his child!—Come, that's too much. I cou'dn't have done that, neither.—But, go on: I hope you've been prosperous. But you shou'dn't—you shou'dn't have quitted your father.

Pereg. I acknowledge it;—yet, I have seen prosperity; though I traversed many countries, on my outset, in pain and poverty. Chance, at length, raised me a friend in India; by whose interest, and my own industry, I amass'd considerable wealth, in the Factory at Calcutta.

Job. And have just landed it, I suppose, in England.

Pereg. I landed one hundred pounds, last night, in my purse, as I swam from the Indiaman, which was splitting on a rock, half a league from the neighbouring shore. As for the rest of my property—bills, bonds, cash, jewels—the whole amount of my toil and application, are, by this time, I doubt not, gone to the bottom; and Peregrine is return'd, after thirty years, to pay his debt to you, almost as poor as he left you.

Job. I won't touch a penny of your hundred pounds—not a penny.

Pereg. I do not desire you: I only desire you to take your own.

Job. My own?

Pereg. Yes; I plunged with this box, last night, into the waves. You see, it has your name on it.

Job. "Job Thornberry," sure enough. And what's in it?

Pereg. The harvest of a kind man's charity;—the produce of your bounty to one, whom you thought an orphan. I have traded, these twenty years, on ten guineas (which, from the first, I had set apart as

yours), till they have became ten thousand: take it; it could not, I find, come more opportunely. Your honest heart gratified itself in administering to my need; and I experience that burst of pleasure, a grateful man enjoys, in relieving my reliever.

[*Giving him the Box.*

Job. [*Squeezes* PEREGRINE's *Hand, returns the Box, and seems almost unable to utter,*] Take it again.

Pereg. Why do you reject it?

Job. I'll tell you, as soon as I'm able. T'other day, I lent a friend——Pshaw, rot it! I'm an old fool! [*Wiping his Eyes.*]—I lent a friend, t'other day, the whole profits of my trade, to save him from sinking. He walk'd off with them, and made me a bankrupt. Don't you think he is a rascal?

Pereg. Decidedly so.

Job. And what should I be, if I took all you have saved in the world, and left you to shift for yourself?

Pereg. But the case is different. This money is, in fact, your own. I am inur'd to hardships; better able to bear them, and am younger than you. Perhaps, too, I still have prospects of——

Job. I won't take it. I'm as thankful to you, as if I left you to starve: but I won't take it.

Pereg. Remember, too, you have claims upon you, which I have not. My guide, as I came hither, said, you had married in my absence: 'tis true, he told me you were now a widower; but, it seems, you have a daughter to provide for.

Job. I have no daughter to provide for now!

Pereg. Then he misinform'd me.

Job. No, he did'nt. I had one last night; but she's gone.

Pereg. Gone!

Job. Yes; gone to sea, for what I know, as you did. Run away from a good father, as you did.—This is a morning to remember;—my daughter has run out, and the bailiffs have run in;—I shan't soon forget the day of the month.

Pereg. This morning, did you say?

Job. Aye, before day-break;—a hard-hearted, base——

Pereg. And could she leave you, during the derangement of your affairs?

Job. She did'nt know what was going to happen, poor soul! I wish she had now. I don't think my Mary would have left her old father in the midst of his misfortunes.

Pereg. [*Aside.*] Mary! it must be she! What is the amount of the demands upon you?

Job. Six thousand. But I don't mind that: the goods can nearly cover it—let 'em take 'em—damn the gridirons and warming-pans! I could begin again—but, now my Mary's gone, I hav'n't the heart; but I shall hit upon something.

Pereg. Let me make a proposal to you, my old friend. Permit me to settle with the officers, and to clear all demands upon you. Make it a debt, if you please. I will have a hold, if it must be so, on your future profits in trade; but do this, and I promise to restore your daughter to you.

Job. What? bring back my child! Do you know where she is? Is she safe? Is she far off? Is——

Pereg. Will you receive the money?

Job. Yes, yes; on those terms—on those conditions. But where is Mary?

Pereg. Patience. I must not tell you yet; but, in four-and-twenty hours, I pledge myself to bring her back to you.

Job. What, here? to her father's house? and safe? Oh, 'sbud! when I see her safe, what a thundering passion I'll be in with her! But you are not deceiving me? You know, the first time you came into my shop, what a bouncer you told me, when you were a boy.

Pereg. Believe me, I would not trifle with you

now. Come, come down to your shop, that we may rid it of its present visitants.

Job. I believe you dropt from the clouds, all on a sudden, to comfort an old, broken-hearted brazier.

Pereg. I rejoice, my honest friend, that I arrived at so critical a juncture; and, if the hand of Providence be in it, 'tis because Heaven ordains, that benevolent actions, like yours, sooner or later, must ever meet their recompense. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

SIR SIMON ROCHDALE'S *Library.*

Enter SIR SIMON ROCHDALE *and the* EARL OF FITZ BALAAM.

Sir Simon. Believe me, my lord, the man I wish'd most to meet in my library this morning, was the Earl of Fitz-Balaam.

Lord Fitz. Thank you, Sir Simon.

Sir Simon. Your arrival, a day before your promise, gives us such convenient leisure to talk over the arrangements, relative to the marriage of Lady Caroline Braymore, your lordship's daughter, with my son.

Lord Fitz. True, Sir Simon.

Sir Simon. Then, while Lady Caroline is at her toilet, we'll dash into business at once; for I know your lordship is a man of few words. They tell me,

my lord, you have sat in the Upper House, and said nothing but aye and no, there, for these thirty years

Lord Fitz. I spoke, for more than a minute, in the year of the Influenza.

Sir Simon. Bless me! the epidemic, perhaps, raging among the members, at the moment.

Lord Fitz. Yes;—they cough'd so loud, I left off in the middle.

Sir Simon. And you never attempted again.

Lord Fitz. I hate to talk much, Sir Simon;—'tis my way; though several don't like it.

Sir Simon. I do. I consider it as a mark of your lordship's discretion. The less you say, my lord, in my mind, the wiser you are; and I have often thought it a pity, that some noble orators hav'n't follow'd your lordship's example.—But, here are the writings [*Sitting down with* LORD FITZ BALAAM, *and taking them from the Table.*] We must wave ceremony now, my lord; for all this pile of parchment is built on the independent four thousand a year of your daughter, Lady Caroline, on one hand, and your lordship's incumbrances, on the other.

Lord Fitz. I have saddles on my property, Sir Simon.

Sir Simon. Which saddles, your lordship's property being uncommonly small, look something like sixteen stone upon a poney. The Fitz Balaam estate, for an earl, is deplorably narrow.

Lord Fitz. Yet, it has given security for a large debt.

Sir Simon. Large, indeed! I can't think how you have contriv'd it. 'Tis the Archbishop of Brobdignag, squeez'd into Tom Thumb's pantaloons.

Lord Fitz. Mine is the oldest estate in England, Sir Simon.

Sir Simon. If we may judge of age by decay, my lord, it must be very ancient, indeed!—But this goes to something in the shape of supplies. [*Untying the*

Papers.] "Covenant between Augustus Julius Braymore, Earl of Fitz Balaam, of Cullender Castle, in the county of Cumberland, and Simon Rochdale, Baronet, of Hollyhock House, in the county of Cornwall." ——By the bye, my lord, considering what an expense attends that castle, which is at your own disposal, and that, if the auctioneer don't soon knock it down, the weather will, I wonder what has prevented your lordship's bringing it to the hammer.

Lord Fitz. The dignity of my ancestors. I have blood in my family, Sir Simon—— [*Proudly.*

Sir Simon. A deal of excellent blood, my lord; but, from the butler down to the house-dog, curse me if ever I saw so little flesh in a family before—But, by this covenant——

Lord Fitz. You clear off the largest mortgage.

Sir Simon. Right;—for which purpose, on the day of the young folks' marriage——

Lord Fitz. You must pay me forty thousand pounds.

Sir Simon. Right, again. Your lordship says little; but 'tis terribly plump to the point, indeed, my lord. Here is the covenant;—and, now, will your lordship look over the marriage articles?

Lord Fitz. My attorney will be here to-morrow, Sir Simon. I prefer reading by deputy. [*Both rise.*

Sir Simon. Many people of rank read in the same way, my lord. And your lordship will receive the forty thousand pounds, I am to pay you, by deputy also, I suppose.

Lord Fitz. I seldom swear, Sir Simon; but, damn me if I will.

Sir Simon. I believe you are right. Yet there are but two reasons for not trusting an attorney with your money:—one is, when you don't know him very well; and the other is, when *you do*.—And now, since the marriage is concluded, as I may say, in the families, may I take the liberty to ask, my lord, what sort of

a wife my son Frank may expect in Lady Caroline? Frank is rather of a grave, domestic turn: Lady Caroline, it seems, has passed the three last winters in London. Did her ladyship enter into *all* the spirit of the first circles?

Lord Fitz. She was as gay as a lark, Sir Simon.

Sir Simon. Was she like the lark in her hours, my lord?

Lord Fitz. A great deal more like the owl, Sir Simon.

Sir Simon. I thought so. Frank's mornings in London will begin where her ladyship's nights finish. But his case won't be very singular. Many couples make the marriage bed a kind of cold matrimonial well; and the two family buckets dip into it alternately.

Enter LADY CAROLINE BRAYMORE.

Lady Car. Do I interrupt business?

Sir Simon. Not in the least. Pray, Lady Caroline, come in. His lordship and I have just concluded.

Lord Fitz. And I must go and walk my three miles, this morning.

Sir Simon. Must you, my lord?

Lord Fitz. My physician prescribed it, when I told him I was apt to be dull, after dinner.

Sir Simon. I would attend your lordship;—but since Lady Caroline favours me with——

Lady Car. No, no,—don't mind me. I assure you, I had much rather you would go.

Sir Simon. Had you?—hum!—but the petticoats have their new school of good breeding, too, they tell me. [*Aside.*] Well, we are gone—we have been glancing over the writings, Lady Caroline, that form the basis of my son's happiness:—though his lordship isn't much inclined to read.

Lady Car. But I am.—I came here to study very deeply, before dinner.

Sir Simon. What, would your ladyship, then, wish to— [*Showing the Writings.*

Lady Car. To read that? My dear Sir Simon! all that Hebrew, upon parchment as thick as a board!—I came to see if you had any of the last novels in your book room.

Sir Simon. The last novels!—most of the female new school are ghost bitten, they tell me. [*Aside.*] There's Fielding's works; and you'll find Tom Jones, you know.

Lady Car. Psha! that's such a hack!

Sir Simon. A hack, Lady Caroline, that the knowing ones have warranted sound.

Lady Car. But what do you think of those that have had such a run lately?

Sir Simon. Why, I think most of them have run too much, and want firing.

[*Exeunt* SIR SIMON, *and* LORD FITZ BALAAM.

Lady Car. I shall die of ennui, in this moping manor house!—Shall I read to-day?—no, I'll walk.—No, I'll——Yes, I'll read first, and walk afterwards. [*Rings the Bell, and takes a Book.*]—Pope.—Come, as there are no novels, this may be tolerable. This is the most triste house I ever saw! [*Sits down and reads.*

"In these deep solitudes, and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive——"

Enter ROBERT.

Rob. Did you ring, my lady?

Lady Car. ——"Contemplation dwells—" Sir? Oh, yes;—I should like to walk. Is it damp under foot, sir?—"And ever musing—"

Rob. There has been a good deal of rain to-day, my lady.

Lady Car. "Melancholy reigns—"

Rob. My lady—

Lady Car. Pray, sir, look out, and bring me word if it is clean or dirty.

Rob. Yes, my lady. [*Exit.*

Lady Car. This settling a marriage is a strange business!——"What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?—"

Shuff. [*Without.*] Bid the groom lead the horse into the avenue, and I'll come to him.

Lady Car. Company in the house!——some Cornish squire, I suppose. [*Resumes her reading.*

Enter TOM SHUFFLETON, *speaking while entering,* JOHN *following.*

Lady Car. [*Still reading, and seated with her Back to* SHUFFLETON.]——"Soon as thy letters, trembling, I unclose—"

John. What horse will you have saddled, sir?

Shuff. Slyboots. [*Exit* JOHN.

Lady Car. ——"That well known name awakens all my woes—"

Shuff. Lady Caroline Braymore!

Lady Car. Mr. Shuffleton! Lard! what can bring you into Cornwall?

Shuff. Sympathy:—which has generally brought me near your ladyship, in London at least, for these three winters.

Lady Car. Psha! but seriously?

Shuff. I was summoned by friendship. I am consulted on all essential points, in this family;—and Frank Rochdale is going to be married.

Lady Car. Then, you know to whom?

Shuff. No;—not thinking that an essential point, I forgot to ask. He kneels at the pedestal of a rich shrine, and I didn't inquire about the statue. But, dear Lady Caroline, what has brought you into Cornwall?

Lady Car. Me? I'm the statue.

Shuff. You!

Lady Car. Yes; I've walked off my pedestal, to be worshipped at the Land's End.

Shuff. You to be married to Frank Rochdale! O, Lady Caroline! what then is to become of *me?*

Lady Car. Oh, Mr. Shuffleton! not thinking that an essential point, I forgot to ask.

Shuff. Psha! now you're laughing at me! but upon my soul, I shall turn traitor; take advantage of the confidence reposed in me, by my friend, and endeavour to supplant him.

Lady Car. What do you think the world would call such duplicity of conduct?

Enter ROBERT.

Rob. Very dirty, indeed, my lady. [*Exit.*

Shuff. That infernal footman has been listening!—I'll kick him round his master's park.

Lady Car. 'Tis lucky, then, you are booted; for, you hear, he says it is very dirty there.

Shuff. Was that the meaning of——Pooh!—but, you see, the—the surprise—the—the agitation has made me ridiculous.

Lady Car. I see something has made you ridiculous; but you never told me what it was before.

Shuff. Lady Caroline; this is a crisis, that—my attentions,—that is, the——In short, the world, you know, my dear Lady Caroline, has given me to you.

Lady Car. Why, what a shabby world it is!

Shuff. How so?

Lady Car. To make me a present of something, it sets no value on itself.

Shuff. I flattered myself I might not be altogether invaluable to your ladyship.

Lady Car. To me! Now, I can't conceive any use I could make of you. No, positively, you are neither useful, nor ornamental.

Shuff. Yet, you were never at an opera, without me at your elbow;—never in Kensington Gardens,

that my horse—the crop, by the bye, given me by Lord Collarbone,—wasn't constantly in leading at the gate:—hav'n't you danced with me at every ball?—And hav'n't I, unkind, forgetful, Lady Caroline, even cut the Newmarket meetings, when you were in London.

Lady Car. Bless me!—these charges are brought in like a bill. "To attending your ladyship at such a time; to dancing down twenty couple with your ladyship, at another,"—and, pray, to what do they all amount?

Shuff. The fullest declaration.

Lady Car. Lard, Mr. Shuffleton! why, it has, to be sure, looked a—a—a little foolish—but you—you never spoke any thing to——that is—to justify such a——

Shuff. That's as much as to say, speak now. [*Aside.*] —To be plain, Lady Caroline, my friend does not know your value. He has an excellent heart—but that heart is—[*Coughs.*] damn the word, it's so out of fashion, it chokes me! [*Aside.*] is irrevocably given to another.—But mine—by this sweet hand, I swear—— [*Kneeling and kissing her Hand.*

Enter JOHN.

Well, sir?— [*Rising hastily.*

John. Slyboots, sir, has been down on his knees;—and the groom says he can't go out.

Shuff. Let him saddle another.

John. What horse, sir, will you——

Shuff. Psha!—any. -What do you call Mr. Rochdale's favourite, now

John. Traitor, sir.

Shuff. When Traitor's in the avenue, I shall be there. [*Exit* JOHN.

Lady Car. Answer me one question, candidly, and, perhaps, I may entrust you with a secret.—Is Mr. Rochdale seriously attached?

Shuff. Vhry seriously.

Lady Car. Then I won't marry him.

Shuff. That's spirited.—Now, your secret.

Lady Car. Why—perhaps you may have heard, that my father, Lord Fitz Balaam, is, somehow, so —so much in debt, that——but, no matter.

Shuff. Oh, not at all;—the case is fashionable, with both lords and commoners.

Lady Car. But an old maiden aunt, whom, rest her soul! I never saw, for family pride's sake, bequeathed me an independence. To obviate his lordship's difficulties, I mean to—to marry into this humdrum Cornish family.

Shuff. I see—a sacrifice!—filial piety, and all that —to disembarrass his lordship. But hadn't your ladyship better——

Lady Car. Marry to disembarrass you?

Shuff. By my honour, I'm disinterested.

Lady Car. By my honour, I am monstrously piqued —and so vexed, that I can't read this morning,—nor talk,—nor——I'll walk.

Shuff. Shall I attend you?

Lady Car. No;—don't fidget at my elbow, as you do at the opera. But you shall tell me more of this by and by.

Shuff. When?—Where? [*Taking her Hand.*

Lady Car. Don't torment me.—This evening, or—to-morrow, perhaps;—in the park,—or——psha! we shall meet at dinner.—Do, let me go now, for I shall be very bad company.

Shuff. [*Kissing her Hand.*] Adieu, Lady Caroline!—

Lady Car. Adieu! [*Exit.*

Shuff. My friend Frank, here, I think, is very much obliged to me!—I am putting matters pretty well *en train* to disencumber him of a wife;—and now I'll canter over the heath, and see what I can do for him with the brazier's daughter. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A mean Parlour, at the Red Cow.

A Table—Pen, Ink, and Paper on it.—Chairs.

MARY *and* MRS. BRULGRUDDERY *discovered.*

Mrs. Brul. Aye, he might have been there, and back, over and over again;—but my husband's slow enough in his motions, as I tell him, till I'm tired on't.

Mary. I hope he'll be here soon.

Mrs. Brul. Ods, my little heart! Miss, why so impatient? Hav'n't you as genteel a parlour as any lady in the land could wish to sit down in?—The bed's turn'd up in a chest of drawers that's stain'd to look like mahogany:—there's two poets, and a poll parrot, the best images the Jew had on his head, over the mantlepiece; and, was I to leave you all alone by yourself, isn't there an eight day-clock in the corner, that, when one's waiting, lonesome like, for any body, keeps going tick tack, and is quite company?

Mary. Indeed, I did not mean to complain.

Mrs. Brul. Complain?—No, I think not, indeed!—When, besides having a handsome house over your head, the strange gentleman has left two guineas—though one seems light, and t'other looks a little brummish—to be laid out for you, as I see occasion. I don't say it for the lucre of any thing I'm to make out of the money, but, I'm sure you can't want to eat yet.

Mary. Not if it gives any trouble;—but I was up before sunrise, and have tasted nothing to-day.

Mrs. Brul. Eh! why, bless me, young woman! ar'n't you well?

Mary. I feel very faint.

Mrs. Brul. Aye, this is a faintish time o' year; but I must give you a little something, I suppose:—I'll open the window, and give you a little air.

[DENNIS BRULGRUDDERY, *singing, without.*

They handed the whisky about,
'Till it smoked thro' the jaws of the piper;
The bride got a fine a copper snout,
And the clergyman's pimples grew riper.
Whack doodlety bob,
Sing pip.

Mary. There's your husband!

Mrs. Brul. There's a hog;—for he's as drunk as one, I know, by his beastly bawling.

Enter DENNIS BRULGRUDDERY, *singing.*

Whack doodlety bob,
Sing pip.

Mrs. Brul. "Sing pip," indeed! sing sot! and that's to your old tune.

Mary. Hav'n't you got an answer?

Mrs. Brul. Hav'n't you got drunk?

Dennis. Be aisy, and you'll see what I've got in a minute. [*Pulls a Bottle from his Pocket.*

Mrs. Brul. What's that?

Dennis. Good Madeira, it was, when the butler at the big house gave it me. It jolts so over the heath, if I hadn't held it to my mouth, I'd have wasted half. [*Puts it on the Table.*]—There, Miss, I brought it for you; and I'll get a glass from the cupboard, and a plate for this paper of sweet cakes, that the gentlefolks eat, after dinner in the desert.

Mary. But, tell me if——

Dennis. [*Running to the Cupboard.*] Eat and drink, my jewel; and my discourse shall serve for the seasoning. Drink now, my pretty one! [*Fills a Glass.*] for you have had nothing, I'll be bound.—Och, by the powers! I know the ways of ould mother Brulgruddery.

Mrs. Brul. Old mother Brulgruddery!

Dennis. Don't mind her;—take your prog;—she'd starve a saint.

Mrs. Brul. I starve a saint!

Dennis. Let him stop at the Red Cow, as plump as a porker, and you'd send him away, in a week, like a weasel.—Bite maccaroony, my darling!

[*Offering the Plate to* MARY.

Mary. I thank you.

Dennis. Faith, no merit of mine; 'twas the butler that stole it;—take some. [*Lets the Plate fall.*] Slips, by St. Patrick!

Mrs. Brul. [*Screaming.*] Our best china plate broke all to shivers!

Dennis. Delf, you deceiver; delf. The cat's dining dish, rivetted.

Mary. Pray now, let me hear your news.

Dennis. That I will.—Mrs. Brulgruddery, I take the small liberty of begging you to get out, my lambkin.

Mrs. Brul. I shan't budge an inch. She needn't be ashamed of any thing that's to be told, if she's what she should be.

Mary. I know what I should be, if I were in your place.

Mrs. Brul. Mary come up! And what should you be then?

Mary. More compassionate to one of my own sex, or to any one in misfortune. Had you come to me, almost broken hearted, and not looking like one quite abandoned to wickedness, I should have thought on

your misery, and forgot that it might have been brought on by your faults.

Dennis. At her, my little crature! By my soul, she'll bother the ould one!—Faith, the Madeira has done her a deal of service!

Mrs. Brul. What's to be said, is said before *me;* and that's fist.

Mary. Do tell it, then, [*To* DENNIS.] but, for others' sakes, don't mention names. I wish to hide nothing now, on my own account; though the money that was put down for me, before you would afford me shelter, I thought might have given me a little more title to hear a private message.

Mrs. Brul. I've a character, for virtue, to lose, young woman,

Dennis. When that's gone, you'll get another—that's of a damn'd impertinent landlady. Sure, she has a right to her parlour; and hav'n't I brought her cash enough to swallow up the Red Cow's rent for these two years?

Mrs. Brul. Have you!——Well, though the young lady misunderstands me, it's always my endeavour to be respectful to gentlefolks.

Dennis. Och, botheration to the respect that's bought, by knocking one shilling against another, at an inn! Let the heart keep open house, I say; and if charity is not seated inside of it, like a beautiful barmaid, it's all a humbug to stick up the sign of the christian.

Mrs. Brul. I'm sure Miss shall have any thing she likes, poor dear thing! There's one chicken——

Dennis. A chicken!—Fie on your double barbarity! Would you murder the tough dunghill cock, to choke a customer?—A certain person, that shall be nameless, will come to you in the course of this day, either by himself, or by friend, or by handwriting.

Mary. And not one word—not one, by letter, now?

Dennis. Be asey—won't he be here soon? In the

mean time, here's nineteen guineas, and a seven shilling piece, as a bit of a postcript.

Mrs. Brul. Nineteen guineas and ——

Dennis. Hold your gab, woman.—Count them, darling!—

[*Putting them on the Table*—MARY *counts the Money.*

Mrs. Brul. [*Drawing* DENNIS *aside.*] What have you done with the rest?

Dennis. The rest!

Mrs. Brul. Why, have you given her all?

Dennis. I'll tell you what, Mrs. Brulgruddery; it's my notion, in summing up your last accounts, that, when you begin to dot, ould Nick will carry one: and that's yourself, my lambkin.

Shuff. [*Without.*] Holo! Red Cow!

Dennis. You are call'd, Mrs. Brulgruddery.

Mrs. Brul. I, you Irish bear!—Go, and [*Looking towards the Window.*]—Jimminy! a traveller on horseback! and the handsomest gentleman I ever saw in my life. [*Runs out.*

Mary. Oh, then it must be he!

Dennis. No, faith, it isn't the young squire.

Mary. [*Mournfully.*] No!

Dennis. There—he's got off the outside of his horse: it's that flashy spark I saw crossing the court yard, at the big house.—Here he is.

Enter TOM SHUFFLETON.

Shuff. [*Looking at* MARY.] Devilish good-looking girl, upon my soul! [*Sees* DENNIS.] Who's that fellow?

Dennis. Welcome to Muckslush Heath, sir.

Shuff. Pray, sir, have you any business, here?

Dennis. Very little, this last week, your honour.

Shuff. O, the landlord. Leave the room.

Dennis. [*Aside.*] Manners! but he's my customer.

If he don't behave himself to the young cratur, I'll bounce in, and thump him blue. [*Exit.*

Shuff. [*Looking at* MARY.] Shy, but stylish—much elegance, and no brass: the most extraordinary article that ever belonged to a brazier.—[*Addressing her.*] Don't be alarmed, my dear. Perhaps you didn't expect a stranger?

Mary. No, sir.

Shuff. But you expected somebody, I believe, didn't you?

Mary. Yes, sir.

Shuff. I come from him: here are my credentials. Read that, my dear little girl, and you'll see how far I am authorized. [*Gives her a Letter.*

Mary. 'Tis his hand. [*Kissing the Superscription.*

Shuff. [*As she is opening the Letter.*] Fine blue eyes, faith, and very like my Fanny's. Yes, I see how it will end;—she'll be the fifteenth Mrs. Shuffleton.

Mary. [Reading.] *When the conflicts of my mind have subsided, and opportunity will permit, I will write to you fully. My friend is instructed from me to make every arrangement for your welfare. With heartfelt grief I add, family circumstances have torn me from you for ever!*——

[*Drops the Letter, and is falling.* SHUKFLETON *supports her.*

Shuff. Ha! damn it, this looks like earnest! They do it very differently in London.

Mary. [*Recovering.*] I beg pardon, sir—I expected this; but I——I—— [*Bursts into Tears.*

Shuff. [*Aside.*] O, come, we are getting into the old train; after the shower, it will clear.—My dear girl, don't flurry yourself;—these are things of course, you know. To be sure, you must feel a little resentment at first, but——

Mary. Resentment! When I am never, never to see

him again! Morning and night, my voice will be raised to Heaven, in anguish, for his prosperity! And tell him—pray, sir, tell him, I think the many, many bitter tears I shall shed, will atone for my faults; then you know, as it isn't himself, but his station, that sunders us, if news should reach him that I have died, it can't bring any trouble to his conscience.

Shuff. Mr. Rochdale, my love, you'll find will be very handsome.

Mary. I always found him so, sir.

Shuff. He has sent you a hundred pound bank note [*Giving it to her.*] till matters can be arranged, just to set you a-going.

Mary. I was going, sir, out of this country, for ever. Sure he couldn't think it necessary to send me this, for fear I should trouble him!

Shuff. Pshaw! my love, you mistake: the intention is to give you a settlement.

Mary. I intended to get one for myself, sir.

Shuff. Did you?

Mary. Yes, sir, in London. I shall take a place in the coach to-morrow morning; and I hope the people of the inn where it puts up, at the end of the journey, will have the charity to recommend me to an honest service.

Shuff. Service? Nonsense! You———you must think differently. I'll put you into a situation in town.

Mary. Will you be so humane, sir?

Shuff. Should you like Marybone parish, my love?

Mary. All the parishes are the same to me, now I must quit my own, sir.

Shuff. I'll write a line for you, to a lady in that quarter, and——Oh, here's pen and ink. [*Writes, and talks as he is writing.*] I shall be in London myself, in about ten days, and then I'll visit you, to see how you go on.

Mary. O sir! you are, indeed, a friend!

Shuff. I mean to be your friend, my love. There, [*Giving her the Letter.*] Mrs. Brown, Howland-Street; an old acquaintance of mine; a very goodnatured, discreet, elderly lady, I assure you.

Mary. You are very good, sir, but I shall be ashamed to look such a discreet person in the face, if she hears my story.

Shuff. No, you needn't;—she has a large stock of charity for the indiscretions of others, believe me.

Mary. I don't know how to thank you, sir. The unfortunate must look up to such a lady, sure, as a mother.

Shuff. She has acquired the appellation.——You'll be very comfortable;—and, when I arrive in town, I'll——

Enter PEREGRINE.

Who have we here?—Oh!—ha!—ha!—This must be the gentleman she mentioned to Frank in her letter.—Rather an ancient ami. [*Aside.*

Pereg. So!—I suspected this might be the case. [*Aside.*] You are Mr. Rochdale, I presume, sir?

Shuff. Yes, sir, you do presume;—but I am not Mr. Rochdale.

Pereg. I beg your pardon, sir, for mistaking you for so bad a person.

Shuff. Mr. Rochdale, sir, is my intimate friend. If you mean to recommend yourself in this quarter, [*Pointing to Mary.*] good breeding will suggest to you, that it mustn't be done by abusing him, before me.

Peregr. I have not acquired that sort of good breeding, sir, which isn't founded on good sense;—and when I call the betrayer of female innocence a bad character, the term, I think, is too true to be abusive.

Shuff. 'Tis a pity, then, you hav'n't been taught a little better, what is due to polished society.

Pereg. I am always willing to improve.

Shuff. I hope, sir, you won't urge me to become your instructor.

Pereg. You are unequal to the task: if you quarrel with me in the cause of a seducer, you are unfit to teach me the duties of a citizen.

Shuff. You may make, sir, a very good citizen; but, curse me, if you'll do for the west end of the town.

Pereg. I make no distinctions in the ends of towns, sir:—the ends of integrity are always uniform: and 'tis only, where those ends are most promoted, that the inhabitants of a town, let them live east or west, most preponderate in rational estimation.

Shuff. Pray, sir, are you a methodist preacher, in want of a congregation?

Pereg. Perhaps I'm a quack doctor, in want of a Jack Pudding.—Will you engage with me?

Shuff. Damn me if this is to be borne.—Sir, the correction I must give you, will——

Pereg. [*With Coolness.*] Desist, young man, in time, or you may repent your petulance.

Mary. [*Coming between them.*] Oh, gentlemen! pray, pray don't! I am so frightened! Indeed, sir, you mistake. [*To* PEREGRINE.] This gentleman has been so good to me! [*Pointing to* SHUFFLETON.

Pereg. Prove it, child, and I shall honour him.

Mary. Indeed, indeed he has.—Pray, pray don't quarrel! when two such generous people meet, it would be a sad pity. See, sir, [*To* PEREGRINE.] he has recommended me to a place in London;—here's the letter to the good lady, an elderly lady, in Marybone parish! and so kind, sir, every body, that knows her, calls her mother.

Pereg. [*Looking at the superscription.*] Infamous! sit down, and compose yourself, my love;—the gentleman and I shall soon come to an understanding. One word, sir: [*Mary sits at the Back of the Scene,*

the Men advance.] I have lived long in India;—but the flies, who gad thither, buzz in our ears, till we learn what they have blown upon in England. I have heard of the wretch, in whose house you meant to place that unfortunate.

Shuff. Well! and you meant to place her in snugger lodgings, I suppose?

Pereg. I mean to place her where——

Shuff. No, my dear fellow, you don't;——unless you answer it to me.

Pereg. I understand you.—In an hour, then, I shall be at the Manor-house, whence I suppose, you come. Here we are both unarmed; and there is one waiting at the door, who, perhaps, might interrupt us.

Shuff. Who is he?

Pereg. Her father;—her agonised father;——to whose entreaties I have yielded; and brought him here, prematurely.—He is a tradesman;—beneath your notice:—a vulgar brazier;—but he has some sort of feeling for his child! whom, now your friend has lured her to the precipice of despair, you would hurry down the gulf of infamy.—For your own convenience, sir, I would advise you to avoid him.

Shuff. Your advice, now, begins to be a little sensible; and if you turn out a gentleman, though I suspect you to be one of the brazier's company, I shall talk to you at Sir Simon's. [*Exit.*

Mary. Is the gentleman gone, sir?

Pereg. Let him go, child; and be thankful that you have escaped from a villain.

Mary. A villain, sir!

Pereg. The basest; for nothing can be baser than manly strength, in the specious form of protection, injuring an unhappy woman. When we should be props to the lily in the storm, 'tis damnable to spring

up like vigorous weeds, and twine about the drooping flower, till we destroy it.

Mary. Then, where are friends to be found, sir? He seemed honest; so do you; but, perhaps, you may be as bad.

Pereg. Do not trust me. I have brought you a friend, child, in whom, Nature tells us, we ever should confide.

Mary. What, here, sir?

Pereg. Yes;—when he hurts you, he must wound himself;—and so suspicious is the human heart become, from the treachery of society, that it wants that security. I will send him to you. [*Exit.*

Mary. Who can he mean? I know nobody but Mr. Rochdale, that, I think, would come to me. For my poor dear father, when he knows all my crime, will abandon me, as I deserve.

Enter JOB THORNBERRY, *at the Door* PEREGRINE *has gone out at.*

Job. Mary! [MARY *shrieks and falls, her Father runs to her.*] My dear Mary!—Speak to me!

Mary. [*Recovering.*] Don't look kindly on me, my dear father! Leave me; I left you:—but I was almost mad.

Job. I'll never leave you, till I drop down dead by your side. How could you run away from me, Mary? [*She shrinks.*] Come, come, kiss me, and we'll talk of that another time.

Mary. You hav'n't heard half the story, or I'm sure you'd never forgive me.

Job. Never mind the story now, Mary;—'tis a true story that you're my child, and that's enough for the present. I hear you have met with a rascal. I hav'n't been told who, yet. Some folks don't always forgive; braziers do. Kiss me again, and we'll talk on't by and by. But, why would you run away, Mary?

Mary. I couldn't stay and be deceitful; and it has often cut me to the heart, so see you show me that affection, which I knew I didn't deserve.

Job. Ah! you jade! I ought to be angry; but I can't. Look here—don't you remember this waistcoat? you worked it for me, you know.

Mary. I know I did. [*Kissing him.*

Job. I had a hard struggle to put it on, this morning; but I squeezed myself into it, a few hours after you ran away.—If I could do that, you might have told me the worst, without much fear of my anger. How have they behaved to you, Mary?

Mary. The landlord is very humane, but the landlady——

Job. Cruel to you? I'll blow her up like gunpowder in a copper. We must stay here to-night;—for there's Peregrine, that king of good fellows, we must stay here till he comes back, from a little way off, he says.

Mary. He that brought you here?

Job. Ay, he. I don't know what he intends—but I trust all to him:—and when he returns, we'll have such a merry-making! Hollo! house! Oh, damn it, I'll be good to the landlord; but I'll play hell with his wife! Come with me, and let us call about us a bit. Hollo!——house! Come, Mary! odsbobs, I'm so happy to have you again! House!—Come, Mary.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The Outside of the Red Cow.

DENNIS BRULGRUDDERY *before the Door.*

Dennis. I've stretched my neck half a yard longer, looking out after that rapscallion, Dan. Och! and is it yourself I see, at last? There he comes, in a snail's trot, with a basket behind him, like a stage coach.

Enter DAN, *with a Basket at his Back.*

Dan, you divil! aren't you a beast of a waiter?

Dan. What for?

Dennis. To stay out so, the first day of company.

Dan. Come, that be a good un! I ha' waited for the company a week, and I defy you to say I ever left the house till they comed.

Dennis. Well, and that's true. Pacify me with a good reason, and you'll find me a dutiful master. Arrah, Dan, what's that hump grown out at your back, on the road?

Dan. Plenty o' meat and drink. I ha'n't had such a hump o' late, at my stomach.

[*Puts the Basket on the Ground.*

Dennis. And who harnessed you, Dan, with all that kitchen stuff?

Dan. He as ware rack'd, and took I wi' un to Penzance, for a companion. He order'd I, as I said things were a little famish'd like, here, to buy this for the young woman, and the old man he ha' brought back wi' un.

Dennis. Then you have been gabbling your ill looking stories about my larder, you stone eater!

Dan. Larder! I told un you had three live pigs as ware dying.

Dennis. Oh fie! Think you, won't any master discharge a man sarvant that shames him? Thank your luck, I can't blush. But is the old fellow, our customer has brought, his intimate friend, he never saw but once, thirty years ago?

Dan. Ees; that be old Job Thornberry, the brazier; and, as sure as you stand there, when we got to his shop, they were going to make him a banker.

Dennis. A banker! I never saw one made. How do they do it?

Dan. Why, the bum baileys do come into his house, and claw away all his goods and furniture.

Dennis. By the powers, but that's one way of setting a man going in business!

Dan. When we got into the shop, there they were, as grum as thunder.—You ha' seen a bum bailey?

Dennis. I'm *not* curious that way. I might have seen one, once or twice; but I was walking mighty fast, and had no time to look behind me.

Dan. My companion—our customer—he went up stairs, and I bided below;—and then they began a knocking about the goods and chapels.—That ware no business o' mine.

Dennis. Sure it was not.

Dan. Na, for sartin; so I ax'd 'em what they ware a doing;—and they told I, wi' a broad grin, taking an invention of the misfortunate man's defects.

Dennis. Choke their grinning! The law of the land's a good doctor; but, bad luck to those that gorge upon such a fine physician's poor patients! Sure, we know, now and then, it's mighty wholesome to bleed; but nobody falls in love with the leech.

Dan. They comed down stairs—our customer and

the brazier; and the head bailey he began a bullocking at the old man, in my mind, just as one christian shou'dn't do to another. I had nothing to do wi' that.

Dennis. Damn the bit.

Dan. No, nothing at all; and so my blood began to rise. He made the poor old man almost fit to cry.

Dennis. That wasn't your concern, you know.

Dan. Bless you, mun! 'twould ha' look'd busy like, in me, to say a word; so I took up a warming pan, and I bang'd bum bailey, wi' the broad end on't, 'till he fell o' the floor as flat as twopence.

Dennis. Oh, hubaboo! lodge in my heart, and I'll never ax you for rent—you're a friend in need. Remember, I've a warmingpan—you know where it hangs, and that's enough.

Dan. They had like to ha' warm'd I, finely, I do know. I ware nigh being haul'd to prison; 'cause, as well as I could make out their cant, it do seem I had rescued myself, and broke a statue.

Dennis. Och, the Philistines!

Dan. But our traveller—I do think he be the devil—he settled all in a jiffy; for he paid the old man's debts, and the bailey's broken head ware chuck'd into the bargain.

Dennis. And what did he pay?

Dan. Guess now.

Dennis. A hundred pounds?

Dan. Six thousand, by gum!

Dennis. What! on the nail?

Dan. Na; on the counter.

Dennis. Whew!—six thousand pou——! Oh, by the powers, this man must be the philosopher's stone! Dan——

Dan. Hush! here he be.

Enter PEREGRINE, *from the House.*

Per. [*To* DAN.] So, friend, you have brought provision, I perceive.

Dan. Ees, sir;—three boil'd fowls, three roast, two chicken pies, and a capon.

Per. You have considered abundance, more than variety. And the wine?

Dan. A dozen o' capital red port, sir: I ax'd for the newest—they had i' the cellar.

Dennis. [*To himself.*] Six thousand pounds upon a counter!

Per. [*To* DAN.] Carry the hamper in doors; then return to me instantly. You must accompany me in another excursion.

Dan. What, now?

Per. Yes; to Sir Simon Rochdale's. You are not tired, my honest fellow?

Dan. Na, not a walking wi' you;—but, dang me, when you die, if all the shoemakers shouldn't go into mourning. [DAN *takes the Hamper into the House.*

Dennis. [*Ruminating.*] Six thousand pounds! by St. Patrick, it's a sum!

Per. How many miles from here to the Manor house?

Dennis. Six thousand!

Per. Six thousand!—yards, you mean, I suppose, friend.

Dennis. Sir!—— Eh? Yes, sir, I——I mean yards —all upon a counter!

Per. Six thousand yards upon a counter! Mine host, here, seems a little bewildered;—but he has been anxious, I find, for poor Mary, and 'tis national in him to blend eccentricity with kindness. John Bull exhibits a plain, undecorated dish of solid benevolence; but Pat has a gay garnish of whim around his good nature; and if, now and then, 'tis sprinkled in a little confusion, they must have vitiated stomachs, who are not pleased with the embellishment.

Enter DAN, *booted.*

Dan. Now, sir, you and I'll stump it.

Per. Is the way we are to go now, so much worse, that you have cased yourself in those boots?

Dan. Quite clean;—that's why I put 'em on: I should ha' dirtied 'em in t' other job.

Per. Set forward, then.

Dan. Na, sir, axing your pardon; I be but the guide, and 'tisn't for I to go first.

Per. Ha! ha! Then, we must march abreast, boy, like lusty soldiers, and I shall be side by side with honesty: 'tis the best way of travelling through life's journey, and why not over a heath? Come, my lad.

Dan. Cheek by jowl, by gum!

[*Exeunt* PEREGRINE *and* DAN.

Dennis. That walking philosopher—perhaps he'll give me a big bag of money. Then, to be sure, I won't lay out some of it to make me easy for life: for I'll settle a separate maintenance upon ould mother Brulgruddery.

JOB THORNBERRY *peeps out of the Door of the Public House.*

Job. Landlord!

Dennis. Coming, your honour.

Job. [*Coming forward.*] Hush! don't bawl;—Mary has fallen asleep. You have behaved like an emperor to her, she says. Give me your hand, landlord.

Dennis. Behaved!—Arrah, now, get away with your blarney. [*Refusing his Hand.*

Job. Well, let it alone. I'm an old fool, perhaps; but, as you comforted my poor girl in her trouble, I thought a squeeze from her father's hand—as much as to say, "Thank you, for my child"—might not have come amiss to you.

Dennis. And is it yourself who are that craturé's father?

Job. Her mother said so, and I always believed her. You have heard some'at of what has happen'd, I suppose. It's all over our town, I take it, by this

time. Scandal is an ugly, trumpeting devil. Let 'em talk;—a man loses little by parting with a herd of neighbours, who are busiest in publishing his family misfortunes; for they are just the sort of cattle who would never stir over the threshold to prevent 'em.

Dennis. Troth, and that's true;—and some will only sarve you, because you're convenient to 'em, for the time present; just as my customers come to the Red Cow.

Job. I'll come to the Red Cow, hail, rain, or shine, to help the house, as long as you are Landlord. Though I must say that your wife——

Dennis. [*Putting his Hand before* Job's *Mouth*] Decency! Remember your own honour, and my feelings. I mustn't hear any thing bad, you know, of Mrs. Brulgruddery; and you'll say nothing good of her, without telling damn'd lies; so be asy.

Job. Well, I've done;—but we mustn't be speaking ill of all the world, neither: there are always some sound hearts to be found among the hollow ones. Now he that is just gone over the heath——

Dennis. What, the walking philosopher?

Job. I don't know any thing of his philosophy; but, if I live these thousand years, I shall never forget his goodness. Then, there's another;—I was thinking, just now, if I had tried him, I might have found a friend in my need, this morning.

Dennis. Who is he?

Job. A monstrous good young man; and as modest and affable, as if he had been bred up a' prentice, instead of a gentleman.

Dennis. And what's his name?

Job. Oh, every body knows him, in this neighbourhood; he lives hard by—Mr. Francis Rochdale, the young 'squire, at the Manor-house.

Dennis. Mr. Francis Rochdale!

Job. Yes!—he's as condescending! and took quite

a friendship for me, and mine. He told me, t'other day, he'd recommend me in trade to all the great families twenty miles round;—and said he'd do, I don't know what all, for my Mary.

Dennis. He did!—Well, faith, you mayn't know what; but, by my soul, he has kept his word!

Job. Kept his word!—What do you mean?

Dennis. Harkye—If Scandal is blowing about your little fireside accident, 'twas Mr. Francis Rochdale recommended him to your shop, to buy his brass trumpet.

Job. Eh! What? no!—yes—I see it at once!—young Rochdale's a rascal!—Mary! [*Bawling.*

Dennis. Hush—you'll wake her, you know.

Job. I intend it. I'll—a glossy, oily, smooth rascal!—warming me in his favour, like an unwholesome February sun! shining upon my poor cottage, and drawing forth my child,—my tender blossoms,—to suffer blight, and mildew!——Mary!——I'll go directly to the Manor-house—his father's in the commission.—I may'nt find justice, but I shall find a justice of peace.

Dennis. Fie, now! and can't you listen to reason.

Job. Reason!——tell me a reason why a father shouldn't be almost mad, when his patron has ruin'd his child.—Damn his protection!—tell me a reason why a man of birth's seducing my daughter doesn't almost double the rascality?—yes, double it: for my fine gentleman, at the very time he is laying his plans to make her infamous, would think himself disgraced in making her the honest reparation she might find from one of her equals.

Dennis. Arrah, be easy, now, Mr. Thornberry.

Job. And, this spark, forsooth, is now canvassing the county!—but, if I don't give him his own at the hustings!—How dare a man set himself up for a guardian of his neighbour's rights, who has robbed his neighbour of his dearest comforts? How dare

a seducer come into freeholders' houses, and have the impudence to say, send me up to London as your representative? Mary! [*Calling.*

Dennis. That's all very true.—But if the voters are under petticoat government, he has a mighty good chance of his election.

Enter MARY.

Mary. Did you call, my dear father?

Job. Yes, I did call. [*Passionately.*

Dennis. Don't you frighten that poor young crature!

Mary. Oh, dear! what has happened?—You are angry; very angry. I hope it isn't with me!—if it is, I have no reason to complain.

Job. [*Softened, and folding her in his Arms.*] My poor, dear child! I forgive you twenty times more, now, than I did before.

Mary. Do you, my dear father?

Job. Yes; for there's twenty times more excuse for you, when rank and education have helped a scoundrel to dazzle you. Come! [*Taking her Hand.*

Mary. Come! where?

Job. [*Impatiently.*] To the Manor-house with me, directly.

Mary. To the Manor-house! Oh, my dear father, think of what you are doing! think of me!

Job. Of you!—I think of nothing else. I'll see you righted. Don't be terrified, child—damn it, you know I doat on you: but we are all equals in the eye of the law; and rot me, if I won't make a baronet's son shake in his shoes, for betraying a brazier's daughter. Come, love, come!

[*Exeunt* JOB *and* MARY.

Dennis. There'll be a big botheration at the Manor-house! My customers are all gone, that I was to entertain:—nobody's left but my lambkin, who don't entertain me: Sir Simon's butler gives good Ma-

deira:—so, I'm off, after the rest; and the Red Cow and mother Brulgruddery may take care of one another. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter FRANK ROCHDALE.

Frank. Shuffleton's intelligence astonishes me!—So soon to throw herself into the arms of another!—— and what could effect, even if time for perseverance had favoured him, such a person's success with her!

Enter SIR SIMON ROCHDALE.

Sir Simon. Why, Frank! I thought you were walking with Lady Caroline.

Frank. No, sir.

Sir Simon. Ha! I wish you would learn some of the gallantries of the present day from your friend, Tom Shuffleton:—but, from being careless of coming up to the fashion, damn it, you go beyond it; for you neglect a woman three days before marriage, as much as half the Tom Shuffletons three months after it.

Frank. As by entering into this marriage, sir, I shall perform the duties of a son, I hope you will do me the justice to suppose I shall not be basely negligent as a husband.

Sir Simon. Frank, you're a fool; and——

Enter a SERVANT.

Well, sir?

Serv. A person, Sir Simon, says he wishes to see you on very urgent business.

Sir Simon. And I have very urgent business, just

now, with my steward. Who is the person? How did he come?

Serv. On foot, Sir Simon.

Sir Simon. Oh, let him wait. [*Exit* SERVANT.] At all events, I can't see this person for these two hours.—I wish you would see him for me.

Frank. Certainly, sir,—any thing is refuge to me, now, from the subject of matrimony.

[*Aside, and going.*

Sir Simon. But a word before you go. Damn it, my dear lad, why can't you perceive I am labouring this marriage for your good? We shall ennoble the Rochdales:—for, though my father,—your grandfather,—did some service in elections (*that* made him a baronet), amassed property, and bought lands, and so on, yet, your great grandfather—Come here ——your great grandfather was a miller.

[*Half whispering.*

Frank. [*Smiling.*] I shall not respect his memory less, sir, for knowing his occupation.

Sir Simon. But the world will, you blockhead: and, for your sake, for the sake of our posterity, I would cross the çart breed, as much as possible, by blood.

Frank. Is that of consequence, sir?

Sir Simon. Isn't it the common policy? and the necessities of your boasters of pedigree produce a thousand intermarriages with people of no pedigree at all;—till, at last, we so jumble a genealogy, that, if the devil himself would pluck knowledge from the family tree, he could hardly find out the original fruit. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter TOM SHUFFLETON, *from the Park, following* LADY CAROLINE BRAYMORE.

Shuff. "The time is come for Iphigene to find,
"The miracle she wrought upon my mind;"

Lady Car. Don't talk to me.

Shuff. " For, now, by love, by force she shall be
" mine,
" Or death, if force should fail, shall finish
" my design."

Lady Car. I wish you would finish your nonsense.

Shuff. Nonsense:—'tis poetry; somebody told me 'twas written by Dryden.

Lady Car. Perhaps so;——but all poetry is nonsense.

Shuff. Hear me, then, in prose.

Lady Car. Psha!—that's worse.

Shuff. Then I must express my meaning in pantomime. Shall I ogle you?

Lady Car. You are a teasing wretch:—I have subjected myself, I find, to very ill treatment, in this pretty family;—and begin to perceive I am a very weak woman.

Shuff. [*Aside.*] Pretty well for that matter.

Lady Car. To find myself absolutely avoided by the gentleman I meant to honour with my hand,—so pointedly neglected!——

Shuff. I must confess it looks a little like a complete cut.

Lady Car. And what you told me of the low attachment that——

Shuff. Nay, my dear Lady Caroline, don't say that I told you more than——

Lady Car. I won't have it denied:—and I'm sure 'tis all true. See here—here's an odious parchment Lord Fitz Balaam put into my hand in the park.—A marriage license, I think he calls it—but if I don't scatter it in a thousand pieces——

Shuff. [*Preventing her.*] Softly, my dear Lady Caroline; that's a license of marriage, you know. The names are inserted of course.—Some of them may be rubbed a little in the carriage; but they may be filled up at pleasure, you know.——Frank's my friend,——and if he has been negligent, I say,

nothing; but the parson of the parish is as blind as a beetle.

Lady Car. Now, don't you think, Mr. Shuffleton, I am a very ill used person?

Shuff. I feel inwardly for you, Lady Caroline; but my friend makes the subject delicate. Let us change it. Did you observe the steeple upon the hill, at the end of the park pales?

Lady Car. Psha!—No.

Shuff. It belongs to one of the prettiest little village churches you ever saw in your life. Let me show you the inside of the church, Lady Caroline.

Lady Car. I am almost afraid: for, if I should make a rash vow there, what is to become of my Lord Fitz Balaam.

Shuff. Oh, that's true; I had forgot his lordship:—but, as the exigencies of the times demand it, let us hurry the question through the Commons, and when it has passed, with such strong independent interest on our sides, it will hardly be thrown out by the Peerage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Apartment in SIR SIMON ROCHDALE'S *House.*

Enter PEREGRINE.

Pereg. Sir Simon does not hurry himself; but 'tis a custom with the great, to make the little, and the unknown, dance attendance. When I left Cornwall, as a boy, this house, I remember, was tenanted by strangers, and the Rochdales inhabited another on the estate, seven miles off.—I have lived to see some changes in the family, and may live, perhaps, to see more.

Enter FRANK ROCHDALE.

Frank. You expected, I believe, Sir Simon Roch-

dale, sir;—but he will be occupied with particular business, for some time. Can I receive your commands, sir?

Pereg. Are you sir Simon Rochdale's son, sir?

Frank. I am.

Pereg. It was my wish, sir, to have seen your father. I come unintroduced, and scurvily enough accoutred; but, as I have urgent matters to communicate, and have suffered shipwreck, upon your coast, this morning, business will excuse my obtrusion, and the sea must apologize for my wardrobe.

Frank. Shipwreck! That calamity is a sufficient introduction to every roof, I trust, in a civilized country. What can we do immediately to serve you?

Pereg. Nothing, sir—I am here to perform service, not to require it. I come from a wretched hut on the heath, within the ken of this affluent mansion, where I have witnessed calamity in the extreme.

Frank. I do not understand you.

Pereg. Mary!—

Frank. Ha!—Now you *have* made me understand you. I perceive, now, on what object you have presented yourself here, to harangue. 'Tis a subject on which my own remorse would have taught me to bend to a just man's castigation; but the reproof retorts on the reprover, when he is known to be a hypocrite. My friend, sir, has taught me to know you.

Pereg. He, whom I encountered at the house on the heath?

Frank. The same.

Pereg. And what may he have taught you?

Frank. To discover, that your aim is to torture me, for relinquishing a beloved object, whom you are, at this moment, attaching to yourself;—to know, that a diabolical disposition, for which I cannot account, prompts you to come here, without the pro-

bability of benefiting any party, to injure me, and throw a whole family into confusion, on the eve of a marriage. But, in tearing myself from the poor, wronged, Mary, I almost tear my very heart by its fibres from the seat;——but 'tis a sacrifice to a father's repose; and—

Pereg. Hold, sir! When you betrayed the poor, wronged, Mary, how came you to forget, that every father's repose may be broken for ever by his child's conduct?

Frank. By my honour! by my soul! it was my intention to have placed her far, far above the reach of want; but you, my hollow monitor, are frustrating that intention. You, who come here to preach virtue, are tempting her to be a confirmed votary of vice, whom I in penitence would rescue, as the victim of unguarded sensibility.

Pereg. Are you, then, jealous of me?

Frank. Jealous!

Pereg. Aye: if so, I can give you ease. Return with me, to the injured innocent on the heath: marry her, and I will give her away.

Frank. Marry her! I am bound in honour to another.

Pereg. Modern honour is a coercive argument; but when you have seduced virtue, whose injuries you will not solidly repair, you must be slightly bound in old-fashioned honesty.

Frank. I ——— I know not what to say to you. Your manner almost awes me; and there is a mystery in——

Pereg. I am mysterious, sir. I may have other business, perhaps, with your father; and, I will tell you, the very fate of your family may hang on my conference with him. Come, come, Mr. Rochdale, bring me to Sir Simon.

Frank. My father cannot be seen yet. Will you, for a short time, remain in my apartment?

Pereg. Willingly;—and depend on this, sir—I have seen enough of the world's weakness, to forgive the casual faults of youthful indiscretion;—but I have a detestation for systematic vice; and though, as a general censor, my lash may be feeble, circumstances have put a scourge in my hand, which may fall heavily on this family, should any of its branches force me to wield it.—I attend you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the Manor-house.

Voices wrangling without.

Job. I will see Sir Simon.

Simon. You can't see Sir Simon, &c. &c. &c.

Enter JOB THORNBERRY, MARY, *and* SIMON.

Job. Don't tell me;—I come upon justice business.

Simon. Sir Simon be a gentleman justice.

Job. If the justice allows all his servants to be as saucy as you, I can't say much for the gentleman.

Simon. But these ben't his hours.

Job. Hours for justice! I thought one of the blessings of an Englishman, was to find justice at any time.

Mary. Pray don't be so——

Job. Hold your tongue, child. What *are* his hours?

Simon. Why, from twelve to two.

Job. Two hours out of four and twenty! I hope all, that belong to law, are a little quicker than his worship; if not, when a case wants immediate remedy, it's just eleven to one against us. Don't you know me?

Simon. Na.

Job. I'm sure I have seen you in Penzance.

Simon. My wife has got a chandler's shop there.

Job. Haven't you heard we've a fire engine in the church?

Simon. What o' that?

Job. Suppose your wife's shop was in flames, and all her bacon and farthing candles frying?

Simon. And what then?

Job. Why then, while the house was burning, you'd run to the church for the engine. Shou'dn't you think it plaguy hard if the sexton said, "Call for it to-morrow, between twelve and two?"

Simon. That be neither here nor there.

Job. Isn't it! Then, do you see this stick?

[*Menacing.*

Simon. Pshaw! you be a foolish old fellow.

Job. Why, that's true. Every now and then a jack-in-office, like you, provokes a man to forget his years. The cudgel is a stout one, and some'at like your master's justice;—'tis a good weapon in weak hands; and that's the way many a rogue escapes a dressing.—What! you are laughing at it?

Simon. Ees.

Job. Ees! you Cornish baboon, in a laced livery!—Here's something to make you grin more—here's half a crown.

[*Holding it up between his Finger and Thumb.*

Simon. Hee! hee!

Job. Hee, hee!—Damn your Land's-end chops! 'tis to get me to your master:—but, before you have it, though he keeps a gentleman-justice-shop, I shall make free to ring it on his counter. [*Throws it on the Floor.*] There! pick it up. [SIMON *picks up the Money.*] I am afraid you are not the first underling that has stoop'd to pocket a bribe, before he'd do his duty.—Now, tell the gentleman-justice, I want to see him.

Simon. I'll try what I can do for you. [*Exit.*

Job. What makes you tremble so, Mary?

Mary. I can't help it:—I wish I could persuade you to go back again.

Job. I'll stay till the roof falls, but I'll see some of 'em.

Mary. Indeed, you don't know how you terrify me. But, if you go to Sir Simon, you'll leave me here in the hall;—you won't make me go with you, father?

Job. Not take you with me;—I'll go with my wrongs in my hand, and make him blush for his son.

Mary. I hope you'll think better of it.

Job. Why?

Mary. Because, when you came to talk, I should sink with shame, if he said any thing to you that might——that——

Job. Might what?

Mary. [*Sighing, and hanging down her Head.*] Make you blush for your daughter.

Job. I won't have you waiting, like a petitioner, in this hall, when you come to be righted. No, no!

Mary. You wouldn't have refused me any thing once;—but I know I have lost your esteem, now.

Job. Lost!—forgive is forgive, all the world over. You know, Mary, I have forgiven you: and, making it up by halves, is making myself a brass teakettle—warm one minute, cold the next; smooth without, and hollow within.

Mary. Then, pray don't deny me!—I'm sure you wou'dn't, if you knew half I am suffering.

Job. Do as you like, Mary; only, never tell me again you have lost my esteem. It looks like suspicion o' both sides.—Never say that, and I can deny you nothing in reason,—or, perhaps, a little beyond it.—

Enter SIMON.

Well, will the justice do a man the favour to do his duty? Will he see me?

Simon. Come into the room next his libery. A stranger, who's with young master, ha' been waiting for un, longer nor you; but I'll get you in first.

Job. I don't know, that that's quite fair to the other.

Simon. Ees, it be; for t'other didn't give I half a crown.

Job. Then, stay till I come back, Mary.—I see, my man, when you take a bribe, you are scrupulous enough to do your work for it; for which, I hope, somebody may duck you with one hand, and rub you dry with the other.

[*Exeunt* JOB THORNBERRY *and* SIMON.

Mary. I wished to come to this house in the morning, and now I would give the world to be out of it. Hark! here's somebody! Oh, mercy on me, 'tis he himself! What will become of me!

[*Retires towards the Back of the Scene.*

Enter FRANK ROCHDALE.

Frank. My father, then, shall see this visitor, whatever be the event. I will prepare him for the interview, and——[*Sees* MARY.] Good Heaven! why—why are you here?

Mary. [*Advancing to him eagerly.*] I don't come willingly to trouble you; I don't, indeed!

Frank. What motive, Mary, has brought you to this house? and who is the stranger under whose pro-

tection you have placed yourself, at the house on the heath? Surely you cannot love him!

Mary. I hope I do.

Frank. You hope you do!

Mary. Yes; for I think he saved my life this morning, when I was struggling with the robber, who threatened to kill me.

Frank. And had you taken no guide with you, Mary?—no protector?

Mary. I was thinking too much of one, who promised to be my protector always, to think of any other.

Frank. Mary——I——I——'twas I, then, it seems who brought your life into such hazard.

Mary. I hope I haven't said any thing to make you unhappy.

Frank. Nothing, my dearest Mary, nothing. I know it is not in your nature even to whisper a reproof. Yet, I sent a friend, with full power from me, to give you the amplest protection.

Mary. I know you did:—and he gave me a letter, that I might be protected, when I got to London.

Frank. Why, then, commit yourself to the care of a stranger?

Mary. Because the stranger read the direction of the letter—here it is, [*Taking it from her Pocket.*] and said your friend was treacherous.

Frank. [*Looking at the Letter.*] Villain!

Mary. Did he intend to lead me into a snare, then?

Frank. Let me keep this letter.—I may have been deceived in the person I sent to you, but—damn his rascality! [*Aside.*] But, could you think me base enough to leave you, unsheltered? I had torn you from your home,—with anguish I confess it—but I would have provided you another home, which want should not have assailed. Would this stranger bring you better comfort?

Mary. Oh, yes; he has;—he has brought me my father.

Frank. Your father!—from whom I made you fly!

Mary. Yes; he has brought a father to his child,—that she might kiss off the tears her disobedience had forced down his aged cheeks, and restored me to the only home, which could give me any comfort, now.—And my father is here.

Frank. Here!

Mary. Indeed, I cou'dn't help his coming; and he made me come with him.

Frank. I—I am almost glad, Mary, that it has happened.

Mary. Are you?

Frank. Yes—when a weight of concealment is on the mind, remorse is relieved by the very discovery which it has dreaded. But you must not be waiting here, Mary. There is one in the house, to whose care I will entrust you.

Mary. I hope it isn't the person you sent to me today.

Frank. He! I would sooner cradle infancy with serpents.—Yet this is my friend! I will, now, confide in a stranger:—the stranger, Mary, who saved your life.

Mary. Is he here?

Frank. He is:—Oh, Mary, how painful, if, performing the duty of a son, I must abandon, at last, the expiation of a penitent! but so dependent on each other are the delicate combinations of probity, that one broken link perplexes the whole chain, and an abstracted virtue becomes a relative iniquity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Library.

SIR SIMON ROCHDALE *and his* STEWARD, *who appear to be quitting the Room.* JOB THORNBERRY *standing at a little Distance from them.*

Sir Simon. Remember the money must be ready to-morrow, Mr. Pennyman.

Steward. It shall, Sir Simon. [*Going.*

Sir Simon. [*To* JOB.] So, friend, your business, you say, is——and, Mr. Pennyman, [STEWARD *turns back.*] give Robin Ruddy notice to quit his cottage, directly.

Steward. I am afraid, Sir Simon, if he's turned out, it will be his ruin.

Sir Simon. He should have recollected that, before he ruin'd his neighbour's daughter.

Job. [*Starting.*] Eh!

Sir Simon. What's the matter with the man? His offence is attended with great aggravation.—Why doesn't he marry her?

Job. Aye! [*Emphatically.*

Sir Simon. Pray, friend, be quiet.

Steward. He says it would make her more unfortunate still; he's too necessitous to provide even for the living consequence of his indiscretion.

Sir Simon. That doubles his crime to the girl.—He must quit. I'm a magistrate, you know, Mr. Pennyman, and 'tis my duty to discourage all such immorality.

Steward. Your orders must be obeyed, Sir Simon. [*Exit* STEWARD.

Sir Simon. Now, yours is justice-business, you say. You come at an irregular time, and I have somebody else waiting for me; so be quick. What brings you here?

Job. My daughter's seduction, Sir Simon;—and it has done my heart good to hear your worship say, 'tis your duty to discourage all such immorality.

Sir Simon. To be sure it is;—but men, like you, shou'dn't be too apt to lay hold of every sentiment justice drops, lest you misapply it. 'Tis like an officious footman snatching up his mistress's periwig, and clapping it on again, hind part before. What are you?

Job. A tradesman, Sir Simon. I have been a freeholder, in this district, for many a year.

Sir Simon. A freeholder!—Zounds! one of Frank's voters, perhaps, and of consequence at his election. [*Aside.*] Won't you, my good friend, take a chair?

Job. Thank you, Sir Simon, I know my proper place. I didn't come here to sit down with Sir Simon Rochdale, because I am a freeholder; I came to demand my right, because you are a justice.

Sir Simon. A man of respectability, a tradesman, and a freeholder, in such a serious case as yours, had better have recourse to a court of law.

Job. I am not rich, now, Sir Simon, whatever I may have been.

Sir Simon. A magistrate, honest friend, can't give you damages:—you must fee counsel.

Job. I can't afford an expensive lawsuit, Sir Simon:—and, begging your pardon, I think the law never intended that an injured man, in middling circumstances, should either go without redress, or starve himself to obtain it.

Sir Simon. Whatever advice I can give you, you shall have it for nothing: but I can't jump over justice's hedges and ditches. Courts of law are broad high roads, made for national convenience; if your way lie through them, 'tis but fair you should pay the turnpikes. Who is the offender?

Job. He lives on your estate, Sir Simon.

Sir Simon. Oho! a tenant!—Then I may carry

you through your journey by a short cut. Let him marry your daughter, my honest friend.

Job. He won't.

Sir Simon. Why not?

Job. He's going to marry another.

Sir Simon. Then he turns out. The rascal sha'n't disgrace my estate four and twenty hours longer.—Injure a reputable tradesman, my neighbour!——a freeholder!—and refuse to——did you say he was poor?

Job. No, Sir Simon; and, by and by, if you don't stand in his way, he may be very rich.

Sir Simon. Rich! eh!—Why, zounds! is he a gentleman?

Job. I have answer'd that question already, Sir Simon.

Sir Simon. Not that I remember.

Job. I thought I had been telling you his behaviour.

Sir Simon. Umph!

Job. I reckon many of my neighbours honest men, though I can't call them gentlemen;—but I reckon no man a gentleman, that I can't call honest.

Sir Simon. Harkye, neighbour;—if he's a gentleman (and I have several giddy young tenants, with more money than thought), let him give you a good round sum, and there's an end.

Job. A good round sum!—Damn me, I shall choke! [*Aside.*] A ruffian, with a crape, puts a pistol to my breast, and robs me of forty shillings;—a scoundrel, with a smiling face, creeps to my fireside, and robs my daughter of her innocence. The judge can't allow restitution to spare the highwayman;—then, pray, Sir Simon,—I wish to speak humbly—pray don't insult the father, by calling money a reparation from the seducer.

Sir Simon. This fellow must be dealt with quietly, I see.—Justice, my honest friend, is——justice.—

As a magistrate, I make no distinction of persons.—Seduction is a heinous offence; and, whatever is in my power, I——

Job. The offender is in your power, Sir Simon.

Sir Simon. Well, well; don't be hasty, and I'll take cognizance of him,—We must do things in form:—but you mustn't be passionate. [*Goes to the Table, and takes up a Pen.*] Come, give me his christian and surname, and I'll see what's to be done for you.—Now, what name must I write?

Job. Francis Rochdale.

Sir Simon. [*Drops the Pen, looks at* JOB, *and starts up.*] Damn me! if it isn't the brazier!

Job. Justice is justice, Sir Simon. I am a respectable tradesman, your neighbour, and a freeholder.—Seduction is a heinous offence; a magistrate knows no distinction of persons; and a rascal mustn't disgrace your estate four and twenty hours longer.

Sir Simon. [*Sheepishly.*] I believe your name is Thornberry.

Job. It is, Sir Simon. I never blush'd at my name, till your son made me blush for yours.

Sir Simon. Mr. Thornberry—I—I heard something of my son's—a—little indiscretion, some mornings ago.

Job. Did you, Sir Simon? you never sent to me about it; so, I suppose, the news reach'd you at one of the hours you don't set apart for justice.

Sir Simon. This is a——a very awkward business, Mr. Thornberry. Something like a hump back;—we can never set it quite straight, so we must bolster it.

Job. How do you mean, Sir Simon?

Sir Simon. Why—'tis a—a disagreeable affair, and —we—must hush it up.

Job. Hush it up! a justice compound with a father, to wink at his child's injuries! if you and I hush it up so, Sir Simon, how shall we hush it up

here? [*Striking his Breast.*] In one word, will your son marry my daughter?

Sir Simon. What! my son marry the daughter of a brazier!

Job. He has ruined the daughter of a brazier.—If the best lord in the land degrades himself by a crime, you can't call his atonement for it a condescension.

Sir Simon. Honest friend—I don't know in what quantities you may sell brass at your shop; but when you come abroad, and ask a baronet to marry his son to your daughter, damn me, if you ar'n't a wholesale dealer!

Job. And I can't tell, Sir Simon, how you may please to retail justice; but when a customer comes to deal largely with you, damn me if you don't shut up the shop windows!

Sir Simon. You are growing saucy. Leave the room, or I shall commit you.

Job. Commit me! you will please to observe, Sir Simon, I remembered my duty, till you forgot yours. You asked me, at first, to sit down in your presence. I knew better than to do so, before a baronet and a justice of peace. But I lose my respect for my superior in rank, when he's so much below my equals in fair dealing:—and, since the magistrate has left the chair, [*Slams the Chair into the Middle of the Room.*] I'll sit down on it. [*Sits down.*] There!—'Tis fit it should be filled by somebody—and, dam'me if I leave the house till you redress my daughter, or I shame you all over the county!

Sir Simon. Why, you impudent mechanic! I shou'dn't wonder if the scoundrel called for my clerk, and signed my mittimus! [*Rings the Bell.*] Fellow, get out of that chair.

Job. I shan't stir. If you want to sit down, take another. This is the chair of justice: it's the most uneasy for you of any in the room.

Enter SERVANT.

Sir Simon. Tell Mr. Rochdale to come to me directly.

Serv. Yes, Sir Simon. [*Sees* JOB.] Hee! hee!

Sir Simon. Don't stand grinning, you booby! but go.

Serv. Yes, Sir Simon. Hee! hee! [*Exit.*

Job. [*Reaching a Book from the Table.*] "Burn's Justice!"

Sir Simon. And how dare you take it up?

Job. Because you have laid it down. Read it a little better, and, then, I may respect you more. There it is. [*Throws it on the Floor.*

Enter FRANK ROCHDALE.

Sir Simon. So, sir! prettily I am insulted on your account!

Frank. Good Heaven, sir! what is the matter?

Sir Simon. The matter! [*Points to* JOB.] Lug that old bundle of brass out of my chair directly.

[FRANK *casts his Eyes on* THORNBERRY, *then on the Ground, and stands abashed.*

Job. He dare as soon jump into one of your tin-mines. Brass!—there is no baser metal than hypocrisy: he came with that false coin to my shop, and it passed; but see how conscience nails him to the spot, now.

Frank. [*To* SIR SIMON.] Sir, I came to explain all.

Sir Simon. Sir, you must be aware that all is explained already. You provoke a brazier almost to knock me down; and bring me news of it, when he is fixed as tight in my study, as a copper in my kitchen.

Frank. [*Advancing to* JOB.] Mr. Thornberry, I——

Job. Keep your distance! I'm an old fellow; but if my daughter's seducer comes near me, I'll beat him as flat as a stewpan.

Frank. [*Still advancing.*] Suffer me to speak, and—

Job. [*Rising from the Chair, and holding up his Cane.*] Come an inch nearer, and I'll be as good as my word.

Enter PEREGRINE.

Pereg. Hold!

Job. Eh! you here? then I have some chance, perhaps, of getting righted, at last.

Pereg. Do not permit passion to weaken that chance.

Job. Oh, plague! you don't know;—I wasn't violent till——

Pereg. Nay, nay; cease to grasp that cane.—While we are so conspicuously bless'd with laws to chastise a culprit, the mace of justice is the only proper weapon for the injured.—Let me talk with you. [*Takes* THORNBERRY *aside.*

Sir Simon. [*To* FRANK ROCHDALE.] Well, sir; who may this last person be, whom you have thought proper should visit me?

Frank. A stranger in this country, sir, and——

Sir Simon. And a friend, I perceive, of that old ruffian.

Frank. I have reason to think, sir, he is a friend to Mr. Thornberry.

Sir Simon. Sir, I am very much obliged to you.—You send a brazier to challenge me, and now, I suppose, you have brought a travelling tinker for his second. Where does he come from?

Frank. India, sir. He leap'd from the vessel that was foundering on the rocks, this morning, and swam to shore.

Sir Simon. Did he? I wish he had taken the jump with the brazier tied to his neck.

[PEREGRINE *and* JOB *come forward.*

Pereg. [*Apart to* JOB.] I can discuss it better in your absence. Be near with Mary: should the issue be favourable, I will call you.

Job. [*Apart to* PEREG.] Well, well! I will. You have a better head at it than I.——Justice! Oh, if I was Lord Chancellor, I'd knock all the family down with the mace, in a minute. [*Exit.*

Pereg. Suffer me to say a few words, Sir Simon Rochdale, in behalf of that unhappy man.

[*Pointing to where* JOB *was gone out.*

Sir Simon. And pray, sir, what privilege have you to interfere in my domestic concerns?

Pereg. None, as it appears abstractedly. Old Thornberry has just deputed me to accommodate his domestic concerns with you: I would, willingly, not touch upon yours.

Sir Simon. Poh! poh! You can't touch upon one, without being impertinent about the other.

Pereg. Have the candour to suppose, Sir Simon, that I mean no disrespect to your house. Although I may stickle, lustily, with you, in the cause of an aggrieved man, believe me, early habits have taught me to be anxious for the prosperity of the Rochdales.

Sir Simon. Early habits!

Pereg. I happened to be born on your estate, Sir Simon; and have obligations to some part of your family.

Sir Simon. Then, upon my soul, you have chosen a pretty way to repay them!

Pereg. I know no better way of repaying them, than by consulting your family honour. In my boyhood, it seem'd as if nature had dropp'd me a kind of infant subject on your father's Cornish territory; and the whole pedigree of your house is familiar to me.

Sir Simon. Is it? Confound him, he has heard of the miller! [*Aside.*] Sir, you may talk this tolerably well; but 'tis my hope—my opinion, I mean, you can't tell who was my grandfather.

Pereg. Whisper the secret to yourself, Sir Simon; and let reason also whisper to you, that, when honest industry raises a family to opulence and honours, its very original lowness sheds lustre on its elevation;—but all its glory fades, when it has given a wound, and denies a balsam, to a man, as humble, and as honest, as your own ancestor.

Sir Simon. But I hav'nt given the wound.—And why, good sir, won't you be pleased to speak your sentiments!

[*To* FRANK, *who has retired, during the above Conversation, to the Back of the Room.*

Frank. The first are, obedience to my father, sir; and, if I must proceed, I own that nothing, in my mind, but the amplest atonement, can extinguish true remorse for a cruelty.

Sir Simon. Ha! in other words, you can't clap an extinguisher upon your feelings, without a father-in-law who can sell you one. But Lady Caroline Braymore is your wife, or I am no longer your father.

Enter TOM SHUFFLETON *and* LADY CAROLINE BRAYMORE.

Shuff. How d'ye do, good folks? How d'ye do?

Sir Simon. Ha! Lady Caroline!—Tom, I have had a little business.—The last dinner-bell has rung, Lady Caroline; but I'll attend you directly.

Shuff. Baronet, I'm afraid we sha'n't be able to dine with you to-day.

Sir Simon. Not dine with me!

Lady Car. No;—we are just married!

Sir Simon. Hell and the devil! married!

Shuff. Yes; we are married, and can't come.

Pereg. [*Aside.*] Then 'tis time to speak to old Thornberry. [*Exit.*

Sir Simon. Lady Caroline

Lady Car. I lost my appetite in your family this morning, Sir Simon; and have no relish for any thing you can have the goodness to offer me.

Shuff. Don't press us, baronet;—that's quite out, in the New School.

Sir Simon. Oh, damn the New School!—who will explain all this mystery?

Frank. Mr. Shuffleton shall explain it, sir; and other mysteries too.

Shuff. My dear Frank, I have something to say to you. But here comes papa; I've been talking to him, Sir Simon, and he'll talk to you. He does very well to explain, for the benefit of a country gentleman.

Enter LORD FITZ BALAAM.

Sir Simon. My Lord, it is painful to be referred to you, when so much is to be said. What is it all?

Lord Fitz. You are disappointed Sir Simon, and I am ruin'd.

Sir Simon. But, my lord——

[*They go up the Stage.*

[LADY CAROLINE *throws herself carelessly into a Chair.* SHUFFLETON *advances to* FRANK.

Shuff. My dear Frank, I——I have had a devilish deal of trouble in getting this business off your hands. But you see, I have done my best for you.

Frank. For yourself, you mean.

Shuff. Come, damn it, my good fellow, don't be ungrateful to a friend.

Frank. Take back this letter of recommendation, you wrote for Mary, as a friend. When you assume that name with me, Mr. Shuffleton, for myself I laugh; for you I blush; but for sacred friendship's profanation, I grieve. [*Turns from him.*

Shuff. That all happens from living so much out of town.

Enter PEREGRINE, JOB THORNBERRY, *and* MARY.

Pereg. Now, Sir Simon, as accident seems to have thwarted a design, which probity could never applaud, you may, perhaps, be inclined to do justice here.

Job. Justice is all I come for—damn their favours! Cheer up, Mary!

Sir Simon. [*To* PEREG.] I was in hopes I had got rid of you. You are an orator from the sea-shore; but you must put more pebbles in your mouth before you harangue me into a tea-kettle connexion.

Shuff. That's my friend at the Red Cow. He is the new-old *cher ami* to honest tea-kettle's daughter.

Frank. Your insinuation is false, sir.

Shuff. False! [*Stepping forward.*

Lady Car. Hush! don't quarrel;—we are only married to-day.

Shuff. That's true; I won't do any thing to make you unhappy for these three weeks.

Pereg. Sir Simon Rochdale, if my oratory fail, and which, indeed, is weak, may interest prevail with you?

Sir Simon. No; rather than consent, I'd give up every acre of my estate.

Pereg. Your conduct proves you unworthy of your estate; and, unluckily for you, you have roused the indignation of an elder brother, who now stands before you, and claims it.

Sir Simon. Eh!—Zounds!—Peregrine!

Pereg. I can make my title too good, in an instant, for you to dispute it. My agent in London has long had documents on the secret he has kept; and several old inhabitants here, I know, are prepared to identify me.

Sir Simon. I had a run-away brother—a boy that

every body thought dead. How came he not to claim till now?

Pereg. Because, knowing he had given deep cause of offence, he never would have asserted his abandon'd right, had he not found a brother neglecting, what no Englishman should neglect—justice and humanity to his inferiors.

Enter DENNIS BRULGRUDDERY.

Dennis. Stand asy, all of you; for I've big news for my half-drown'd customer. Och! bless your mug! and is it there you are?

Sir Simon. What's the matter now!

Dennis. Hould your tongue, you little man!—There's a great post just come to your Manor-house, and the Indiaman's work'd into port.

Job. What, the vessel with all your property? [*To* PEREG.

Dennis. By all that's amazing, they say you have a hundred thousand pounds in that ship!

Pereg. My losses might have been somewhat more without this recovery. I have entered into a sort of partnership with you, my friend, this morning. How can you dissolve it?

Job. You are an honest man; so am I; so settle that account as you like.

Pereg. Come forth, then, injured simplicity;—of your own cause you shall be now the arbitress.

Mary. Do not make me speak, sir. I am so humbled—so abash'd——

Job. Nonsense! we are sticking up for right.

Pereg. Will you then speak, Mr. Rochdale?

Frank. My father is bereft of a fortune, sir; but I must hesitate till his fiat is obtained, as much as if he possess'd it.

Sir Simon. Nay, nay; follow your own inclinations now.

Frank. May I, sir? Oh, then, let the libertine now make reparation, and claim a wife.

[*Running to* MARY, *and embracing her.*

Dennis. His wife! Och! what a big dinner we'll have at the Red Cow!

Pereg. What am I to say, sir? [*To* SIR SIMON.

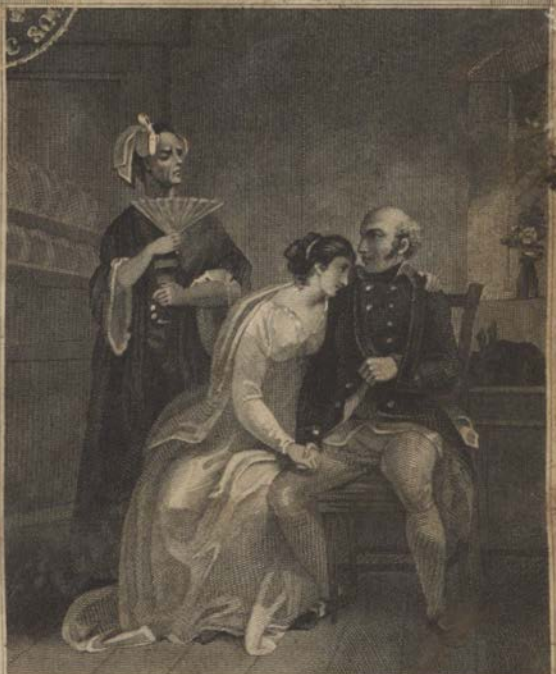
Sir Simon. Oh! you are to say what you please.

Pereg. Then, bless you both! And, tho' I have passed so much of my life abroad, brother, English equity is dear to my heart. Respect the rights of honest John Bull, and our family concerns may be easily arranged.

Job. That's upright. I forgive you, young man, for what has passed; but no one deserves forgiveness, who refuses to make amends, when he has disturb'd the happiness of an Englishman's fireside.

THE END.

POOR GENTILITY.



MISS L MAC TAB. I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO THAT BEASTLY QUACK AGAIN, WHO LEFT ME IN A DITCH.
ACT V. SCENE II.

Pub.d by Longman & C.° 1818. Engraved by C.Heath.

THE

POOR GENTLEMAN;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
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REMARKS.

This is one of the inferior plays of a superior writer.

Sterne is an author, held in high estimation by his countrymen; but never was author treated so cruelly as he has been by some of them.

Writers, who have no language of their own, copy those who have; and poor Sterne has a peculiarity in his style, which every imitator can in some degree counterfeit:—counterfeits innumerable have at last diminished the value of the current coin.

The author of "The Poor Gentleman," is not, of course, in the list of ordinary imitators; but where he looks towards the same object for a model, he is neither so good as Sterne, nor as Colman.

Nevertheless, Corporal Foss, and his master, the poor Lieutenant, please, in this comedy, all those who are totally unacquainted with either of the above authors; for those persons can meet with no disappoint-

ment equal to that, which is felt by their ardent admirers.

Ollapod, the apothecary, is irresistibly comical in the reading. It seems certain, that the author studied the profession of physic while he wrote the part; and the idea of his searching into medical books, for his medicinal terms, adds to the whim of his conceiving the character: but those terms, so humorous to the eye of the reader, sound somewhat uncouthly to the ear of an auditor, when the delivery is too energetic.

The contempt of money in those who want it, and its charitable use in those who possess it, are examples in this drama, worthy of being followed both by the poor and the rich; and yet, if the propensity to give were a little less violent in the young man from Russia, the moral effect might, perhaps, be increased. As it is, the vehemence of his benevolence seems to leave all imitation hopeless.

The sober charity of Sir Robert Bramble is by far more admirable—for as vice loses half its enormity when it proceeds from a heated imagination, so virtue, from the same cause, loses half its value.

Amongst the numerous instances of the pen of a master, in "The Poor Gentleman," is the whole and entire part of Humphrey Dobbins. A novelty of nature and truth, in so small a compass, only a quick eye can discern in the reading; though on the first night of the play, Waddy presented it to the audience, by excellent acting, as the most finished character in the piece.

Still, that perpetual source of grief and of laughter, a bailiff (here but an imaginary one,) constitutes the most mirthful scene of this comedy—a comedy, which exacts from every reader and spectator, a rigid criticism; not for its want of ingenuity, or powers of amusement, but that both these requisites fall here infinitely below the well known talents of the author.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lieutenant Worthington	*Mr. Murray.*
Corporal Foss	*Mr. Knight.*
Sir Charles Cropland	*Mr. H. Johnston.*
Warner	*Mr. Davenport.*
Sir Robert Bramble	*Mr. Munden.*
Humphrey Dobbins	*Mr. Waddy.*
Farmer Harrowby	*Mr. Townsend.*
Stephen Harrowby	*Mr. Emery.*
Ollapod	*Mr. Fawcett.*
Frederick	*Mr. Lewis.*
Emily Worthington	*Mrs. Gibbs.*
Miss Lucretia Mac Tab	*Mrs. Mattocks.*
Dame Harrowby	*Mrs. Powell.*
Mary	*Miss Sims.*

Servants, *&c.*

SCENE—Kent.

THE

POOR GENTLEMAN.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Farm House Kitchen.

Enter DAME HARROWBY *and* MARY.

Dame. Sure, my measter won't be worse than his word, and fail to come back, from Lunnun, to-day?

Mary. That's what he won't, mother—Feyther be as true as the clock; which, for certain, do go but indifferent, now, seeing it do stand still.

Far. [*Without.*] Woho! gently wi 'em! So, there!

Dame. His voice, Mary, warn't it?

Mary. I do think so, fegs!—Stay! [*Looks out of the Window.*] Dear! here be a new drove of rare horned cattle coming into the yard.

Dame. Nay, then, I'll warrant my old man be among 'em.

Mary. Yes; there be feyther, as sure as twopence.

Dame. Run, Mary! 'tis my measter! run!

[*Exit* MARY.

If I ben't all of a twitter to see my old John Harrowby again!

Far. [*Without.*] Gently wi 'em—So, boys, so!—See 'em well into the yard, Will; and I'll be wi' you, and the rest of the beasts, an' bye.—

Enter FARMER HARROWBY, MARY *following.*

Well, mistress!—How am you? Buss! [*Kisses her.*] So—Well, and how am you?

Dame. Purely, John, I thank ye! Well, and how?

Far. Why, I be come from Lunnun, you see—I warrant, I smell of smoke like the Nag's Head chimney in the Borough.

Dame. And what be the freshest news stirring up at Lunnun, John?

Far. Freshest news? Why, hops have a heavy sale; wheat and malting samples command a brisk market; new tick beans am risen two shillings per quarter; and white and grey pease keep up to their prices.

Mary. Dear! how pleasant 'tis to get the news fresh from Lunnun! La! feyther, if you would but one of those days, now, just carry I up to Lunnun to learn the genteel fashions at Smithfield, and the Borough, and see the modish ladies there a bit!

Far. No, no, Mary—bide at farm, and know when you am well. But, mistress, let's hear a little all how and about it, at home.

Dame. Why, first and foremost, John, our lodgers be come.

Far. No! you don't say so?

Mary. An hour a'ter you left us, feyther.

Dame. The old gentleman, Lieutenant Worthington—

Mary. And his daughter, Miss Emily—

Dame. And his sister-in-law, Madam Lucretia Mac Tab—

Mary. And his old soldiering servant, Corporal Foss.

Far. Whew! fair and softly! One at a time! one at a time!

Dame. The Lieutenant be a staid-looking gentleman; and Madam Lucretia——

Mary. She be an old maid, feyther; and as frumpish a toad, as ever——

Far. Why, your old maids, for the most part, am but a cross-grain'd kind of a cattle—howsomdever, disappointment sours the best of folks.

Dame. But Miss be the prettiest little creature——

Mary. And as sweet-temper'd, feyther!

Far. Be she though?

Mary. No more pride nor our curate. She will fetch a walk with I, in the field, as I go a milking; and speak so kind and so soft! and carry my pail, if I would let her, and all with so much descension, and fallibility!

Far. Bless her heart!

Stephen. [Singing without.] *There was a regiment of Irish dragoons,*——

Far. What a dickens! be that son Stephen keeping such a clatter?

Dame. Ah! the boy be craz'd, I do think, about soldiering, ever since the Lieutenant's servant, Corporal Foss, have discoursed to him, about champaigning.

Far. Soldiering! I'll soldier the dog, an' he doesn't stick to plough, wi' a devil to 'un!

Enter STEPHEN—*His Hair dressed like a Soldier's; a black Stock, short Frock, military Spatterdashes, and a Carter's Whip in his Hand.*

Ste. Feyther, you am welcome back to country quarters. Charming weather for the young wheat, feyther.

Far. Why, you booby, who ha' made thee such a baboon?

Ste. A baboon! he! he! This be milentary, feyther.

Dame. The lad's head be crack'd, for certain.

Far. Crack'd! dang me, but it shall be crack'd, an' he don't keep to his business.—Answer me, you whelp, you! Who have soap'd up and flower'd your numskull after such a fashion?

Ste. Lord, feyther, don't be so vicious. Corporal Foss have put I a little upon drill, that be all.

Far. Upon drill! and leave the farm to go to rack and manger?

Ste. No, feyther, no, I minds my work, and learns my exercise, all under one. I practise "make ready, and present," in our bean-field; and when the Corporal cries "Fire," I shoots the carrion crows, as do the mischief.—See, feyther, Corporal Foss have given I this pair of splatterdashes. He wore 'em when he went to beat the Spaniels at Giberaltar.

Far. I'll tell thee what, Stephen—I have a great mind to beat thee worse than e'er a Spaniel was beat i' the world. I'll tire thee of soldiering, I warrant thee——Wauns! let me come at him.

Dame. } No, John!
Mary. } Hold, feyther, hold! [*Both interfering.*

Ste. Don't be so hasty, feyther. I minds my business, I tell'ee. I ha' sow'd three acres of barley before breakfast, already.

Far. Well, come; there may be some hope, then, yet. And how didst sow it, Stephen?

Ste. I sow'd it to the tune of the Belleisle march. Tol diddle de dol, &c.

Far. A plough-boy, wi' his hair dress'd, sowing barley to the tune of the Belleisle march!

Ste. Well, I ha' got the team at door, wi' a load of straw, for 'Squire Tallyho—Woho! my hearties! I be a coming to you. Feyther, Corporal says, that our foremost horse, Argus, if he warn't blind, would make a genteel charger.

Far. O, plague o' the Corporal!

Ste. 'Twould do your heart good to hear him talk, in our chimney corner, about mowing down men, in the field of slaughter. Well, well, I be a going, feyther.—Woho! old Argus and Jolly there! The Corporal was wounded, feyther, in the left knee, wi' a hand grenadiero——

Far. Wauns! an' you don't go, I'll——

Ste. Well, well, I be going. [*Shoulders his Whip.*] To the right about, feace! [*Faces about.*] "*God save great George our King!*"

[*Exit, marching and singing.*

Far. He sha'n't bide on the farm. I'll turn him adrift. I'll——

Mary. [*Crying.*] Don't ye, feyther; don't ye be so bent against poor Stephen.

Far. Hoity toity! and you, too! Why, the whole house will be turn'd topsy-turvy.

Mary. No, indeed, feyther. Tho' Stephen be a little upset with the Corporal, nobody shall turn I topsy-turvy, I do assure you, feyther.

[*A Voice without calls*—Mary! There! if that be'nt Miss Emily calling—Now, do, feyther! do forgive brother Stephen! Coming, miss—Now do ye, feyther! Coming!

[*Exit* MARY.

Far. Pretty goings on, truly! Dang it, I wish, somehow, we hadn't let these lodgers into the house; —but 'twill help us out with our rent, and—

Dame. Ah, John Harrowby! [*Shaking her Head.*

Far. Why, what now, Deame?

Dame. By all I can pick out from the Corporal, who do love to gossip over his beer, our money be but in a ticklish way.

Far. Eh! why, how so?

Dame. A desperate poor family, I fancy.

Far. What, then, the Lieutenant——

Dame. Have been in the soldiering line, for thirty

long years; but an ugly wound in the arm, which I got in the wars, beyond sea, have made him unfit for his work any more, it do seem.

Far. Poor soul!

Dame. He be now upon half-pay; which be little enow, for so many mouths, in one family.

Far. Poor soul! his landlord in Lunnun. wrote uncommon well, sure, about his character, and honesty, and so forth.

Dame. True, John; but he could stand it, in Lunnun, no longer, you do see.

Far. Why, lookye, Deame—I didn't, of a certainty, intend to let our best parlours for nothing: but I wish I may be shot if I can give harsh treatment to an honest man, in misfortune, under my thatch, who have wasted his strength, and his youth, in guarding the land which do give us English farmers a livelihood.

Dame. Ah, John! you am at your old kind ways, now!

Far. Hark! he be opening the parlour door—Leave us together a bit, mistress: I'll speak to 'un, and——

Dame. Well, I'll go, John—Ah! bless thy good old heart! I do like to do a good turn myself; but, somehow, my old man do always get the start o'me.

[*Exit.*

Enter WORTHINGTON.

Far. A good day to you, sir! [*Bowing.*] You am welcome into Kent, sir,—to my humble cottage, here.

Worth. O, my landlord, I suppose—Farmer Harrowby?

Far. Yes, sir, I be Farmer Harrowby. I hope all things am to your liking, at Stock's Green, sir—I hope the lodgings, sir, and my wife, have been agreeable to you, sir, and so forth.

Worth. Nothing can be better. You are well situated here, Mr. Harrowby.

Far. We am all in the rough, sir: farmer-like—but the place be well enow for poor folks, sir.

Worth. What does he mean by that? [*Aside.*

Far. I be content in my station. There be no reason why a poor man should not be happy.

Worth. A million! [*Half Aside.*

Far. Am there? Well, now, I can't see that: for, putting the case, now, sir, that you was poor, like I——

Worth. [*Angrily.*] I will not suffer you, sir, to put a case so familiarly curious.

Far. Nay, I meant no offence, I'll be sworn, sir.

Worth. But, if you wish to know my sentiments, as far as it may concern yourself, in any money transactions between us, be assured of this:—I have too nice a sense of a gentleman's dignity, and too strong a feeling for a poor man's necessity, to permit him to wait a day for a single shilling, which I am indebted to him.

Far. Dang it! he must be poor; for your great gentry, now-a-days, do pay in a clean contrary fashion. [*Aside.*

Worth. I shall settle with you, for the lodgings, Mr. Harrowby, weekly—One week is due to-day, and— [*Pulling out a Purse.*

Far. No, sir, no—under favour, I would like it best quarterly—or half-yearly—or at any long time may suit your convenience—I mean, may suit your pleasure, sir.

Worth. Why so?

Far. Because—humph—because, sir—pray, if I may make so bold, sir, how often may the pay-days come round, with the army gentlemen, and such-like?

Worth. Insolent! receive your money, sir, and let me pass from your apartment. [*Offering it.*

Far. Then I wish I may be burnt if I take it now

and that be flat, sir. [*Rejecting it.*] You am a brave good gentleman, I be told, sir?—wi' a family, and—and—and—in short, there am some little shopmen, of our village, who may press you hard, to settle by the week, pay them greedy ones first, sir; and, if there be enow, at last, left for I, well and good; and if you am inclined for riding, sir, there be always a gelding at your service, without charge. I be a plain man, sir; but I do mean nothing but respect; and, so, I humbly wish you a good day, sir. [*Exit.*

Worth. How am I mortified! What has this man heard? Is there a state more galling than to need the decent means of maintaining the appearance which liberal birth, education, and profession demand? Yes,—yes, there is an aggravation!—'Tis to have a daughter nursed in her father's afflictions, with little more to share with her than the bread of his anguish, the bitter cup of his sorrows. To see, while I am sinking to my grave, my friendless, motherless child.——Let me draw a veil over this picture—'Twere not philosophy, but brutality, to look upon it unmoved. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in SIR CHARLES CROPLAND'S *House.*

SIR CHARLES CROPLAND *at Breakfast; his* VALET DE CHAMBRE *adjusting his Hair.*

Sir Cha. Has old Warner, the steward, been told, that I arrived last night?

Valet. Yes, Sir Charles, with orders to attend you this morning.

Sir Cha. [*Yawning and stretching.*] What can a man of fashion do with himself in the country, at this damn'd dull time of the year?

Valet. It is very pleasant, to-day, out in the park, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Pleasant, you booby! How can the country be pleasant in the middle of spring? All the world's in London.

Valet. I think, somehow, it looks so lively, Sir Charles, when the corn is coming up.

Sir Cha. Blockhead! Vegetation makes the face of a country look frightful. It spoils hunting. Yet as my business on my estate, here, is to raise supplies for my pleasures elsewhere, my journey is a wise one. What day of the month was it yesterday, when I left town, on this wise expedition?

Valet. The first of April, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Umph!—When Mr. Warner comes, show him in.

Valet. I shall, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. This same lumbering timber upon my ground has its merits. Trees are notes issued from the bank of Nature, and as current as those payable to Abraham Newland. I must get change for a few oaks, for I want cash consumedly. So, Mr. Warner!

Enter WARNER.

Warner. Your honour is right welcome into Kent. I am proud to see Sir Charles Cropland on his estate again. I hope you mean to stay on the spot for some time, Sir Charles?

Sir Cha. A very tedious time. Three days, Mr. Warner.

Warner. Ah, good sir! things wou'd prosper better if you honoured us with your presence a little more. I wish you lived entirely upon the estate, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Thank you, Warner;—but modern men of fashion find it devilish difficult to live upon their estates.

Warner. The country about you so charming!

Sir Cha. Lookye, Warner—I must hunt in Leice-

stershire—for that's the thing. In the frosts, and the spring months, I must be in town, at the clubs—for that's the thing.—In summer I must be at the watering places—for that's the thing. Now, Warner, under these circumstances, how is it possible for me to reside upon my estate? For my estate being in Kent——

Warner. The most beautiful part of the country—

Sir Cha. Curse beauty! we don't mind that in Leicestershire. My estate, I say, being in Kent—

Warner. A land of milk and honey!—

Sir Cha. I hate milk and honey.

Warner. A land of fat!

Sir Cha. Damn your fat!—listen to me—my estate being in Kent—

Warner. So woody?—

Sir Cha. Curse the wood! No—that's wrong—for it's convenient. I am come on purpose to cut it.

Warner. Ah! I was afraid so! Dice on the table, and, then, the axe to the root! Money lost at play, and then, good lack! the forest groans for it.

Sir Cha. But you are not the forest, and why the devil do you groan for it?

Warner. I heartily wish, Sir Charles, you may not encumber the goodly estate. Your worthy ancestors had views for their posterity.

Sir Cha. And I shall have views for my posterity. I shall take special care the trees shan't intercept their prospect.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Ollapod, the apothecary, is in the hall, Sir Charles, to inquire after your health.

Sir Cha. Show him in. [*Exit* SERVANT.]——The fellow's a character, and treats time as he does his patients. He shall kill a quarter of an hour for me, this morning. In short, Mr. Warner. I must have three thousand pounds in three days. Fell

timber to that amount, immediately. 'Tis my peremptory order, sir.

Warner. I shall obey you, Sir Charles; but 'tis with a heavy heart! Forgive an old servant of the family, if he grieves to see you forget some of the duties for which society has a claim upon you.

Sir Cha. What do you mean by duties?

Warner. Duties, Sir Charles, which the extravagant man of property can never fulfil—Such as to support the dignity of an English landholder, for the honour of old England; to promote the welfare of his honest tenants; and to succour the industrious poor, who naturally look up to him for assistance But I shall obey you, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. A tiresome old blockhead! But where is this Ollapod? His jumble of physic and shooting may enliven me—And, to a man of gallantry, in the country, his intelligence is, by no means, uninteresting, nor his services inconvenient. Ha! Ollapod!

Enter OLLAPOD.

Olla. Sir Charles, I have the honour to be your slave. Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here—Sore throats were plenty; so were woodcocks. Flush'd four couple, one morning, in a half-mile walk, from our town, to cure Mrs. Quarles of a quinsey. May coming on soon, Sir Charles—season of delight, love, and campaigning! Hope you come to sojourn, Sir Charles. Shouldn't be always on the wing—that's being too flighty. He, he, he!—Do you take, good sir, do you take?

Sir Cha. Oh, yes, I take. But, by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

Olla. He! he! yes, Sir Charles. I have now the honour to be cornet in the volunteer association corps of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop on

a sudden; like the going off of a field-piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

Sir Cha. Explain.

Olla. Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter—You know my shop, Sir Charles—Galen's head over the door—new gilt him last week, by the bye—looks as fresh as a pill.

Sir Cha. Well, no more on that head now—Proceed.

Olla. On that head! he! he! he! That's very well, very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir, I owe you one—Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion, from eating three pounds of measly pork, at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient; when, who should strut into the shop, but Lieutenant Grains, the brewer—sleek as a dray horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turn'd up with a rhubarb-coloured lapelle. I confess his figure struck me. I look'd at him, as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardour.

Sir Cha. Inoculated! I hope your ardour was of a favourable sort.

Olla. Ha! ha! That's very well—very well, indeed!—Thank you, good sir, I owe you one. We first talk'd of shooting—He knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him, the day before, I had kill'd six brace of birds—I thumped on at the mortar—We then talk'd of physic—I told him, the day before, I had kill'd—lost, I mean—six brace of patients—I thump'd on at the mortar—eyeing him all the while; for he look'd devilish flashy, to be sure; and I felt an itching to belong to the corps. The medical, and military, both deal in death, you know—so, 'twas natural. He! he!—Do you take, good sir? do you take?

Sir Cha. Take? Oh, nobody can miss.

Olla. He then talk'd of the corps itself: said it was sickly: and if a professional person would administer to the health of the association—dose the men, and drench the horse—he could, perhaps, procure him a cornetcy.

Sir Cha. Well, you jump'd at the offer?

Olla. Jump'd! I jump'd over the counter—kick'd down Curchwarden Posh's cathartic, into the pocket of Lieutenant Grains's smart scarlet jacket, tastily turn'd up with a rhubarb-coloured lapelle; embraced him and his offer; and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary, at the Galen's Head, of the association corps of cavalry, at your service.

Sir Cha. I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now distil water for the shop, from the laurels you gather in the field.

Olla. Water for—Oh! laurel water—he! he!—Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir, I owe you one. Why, I fancy fame will follow, when the poison of a small mistake I made has ceas'd to operate.

Sir Cha. A mistake?

Olla. Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle, on a grand field day, I clapp'd a pint bottle of her ladyship's diet-drink into one of my holsters; intending to proceed to the patient, after the exercise was over. I reach'd the martial ground, and jallop'd—gallop'd I mean—wheel'd, and flourish'd, with great *eclât;* but when the word "Fire" was given, meaning to pull out my pistol, in a hell of a hurry, I presented, neck foremost, the damn'd diet-drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being, unfortunately, fermented, by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork, with a prodigious pop, full in the face of my gallant commander.

Sir Cha. But, in the midst of so many pursuits, how proceeds practice among the ladies?

Olla. He! he! I should be sorry not to feel the

pulse of a pretty woman, now and then, Sir Charles. Do you take, good sir? do you take?

Sir Cha. Any new faces, since I left the country?

Olla. Nothing worth an item—Nothing new arrived in our town. In the village, to be sure, hard by, a most brilliant beauty has lately given lustre to the lodgings of Farmer Harrowby.

Sir Cha. Indeed! is she come-at-able, Ollapod?

Olla. Oh, no! Full of honour, as a corps of cavalry; though plump as a partridge, and mild as emulsion. Miss Emily Worthington, I may venture to say——

Sir Cha. Hey? who? Emily Worthington!

Olla. With her father——

Sir Cha. An old officer in the army?

Olla. The same.

Sir Cha. And a stiff maiden aunt?

Olla. Stiff as a ram-rod.

Sir Cha. [*Singing and dancing.*] Tol de rol lol!

Olla. Bless me! he is seized with St. Vitus's dance.

Sir Cha. 'Tis she, by Jupiter! my dear Ollapod!

[*Embracing him.*

Olla. Oh, my dear Sir Charles!

[*Returning the embrace.*

Sir Cha. The very girl who has just slipp'd through my fingers, in London.

Olla. Oho!

Sir Cha. You can serve me materially, Ollapod. I know your goodnature in a case like this, and———

Olla. State the symptoms of the case, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Oh, common enough. Saw her in London by accident; wheedled the old maiden aunt; kept out of the father's way; followed Emily more than a month, without success;—and, eight days ago, she vanished—there's the outline.

Olla. I see no matrimonial symptoms in our case, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. 'Sdeath! do you think me mad? But, introduce yourself to the family, and pave the way for me. Come! mount your horse—I'll explain more as you go to the stable:—but I am in a flame, in a fever, till I hear further.

Olla. In a fever! I'll send you physic enough to fill a baggage wagon.

Sir Cha. [*Aside.*] So! a long bill as the price of his politeness!

Olla. You need not bleed; but you must have medicine.

Sir Cha. If I must have medicine, Ollapod, I fancy I shall bleed pretty freely.

Olla. He! he! Come, that's very well! very well indeed! Thank you, good sir, I owe you one. Before dinner, a strong dose of coloquintida, senna, scammony and gambouge;—

Sir Caa. Oh, damn scammony and gambouge!

Olla. At night a narcotic;—next day, saline draughts, camphorated julep, and——

Sir Cha. Zounds! only go, and I'll swallow your whole shop.

Olla. Galen forbid! 'Tis enough to kill every customer I have in the parish!—Then we'll throw in the bark—by the bye, talking of bark, Sir Charles, that Juno of yours is the prettiest pointer bitch——

Sir Cha. Well, well, she is yours.

Olla. My dear Sir Charles! such sport, next shooting season! If I had but a double-barrell'd gun——

Sir Cha. Take mine, that hangs in the hall.

Olla. My dear Sir Charles!—Here's a morning's work! senna and coloquintida—— [*Aside.*

Sir Cha. Well, be gone then. [*Pushing him.*

Olla. I'm off—Scammony and gambouge.

Sir Cha. Nay, fly, man!

Olla. I do, Sir Charles—A double-barrell'd gun—I fly—the bark—I'm going—Juno, the bitch—a narcotic——

Sir Cha. Oh, the devil!

[*Pushing him off.—Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The Outside of FARMER HARROWBY'S *House.*

Enter FARMER HARROWBY *and* CORPORAL FOSS.

Far. We am not discoursing about your master's bravery, nor his ableness, Mr. Corporal; it be about his goodness, and that like.

Foss. A good officer, do you see, can't help being a kind-hearted man; for one of his foremost duties tells him to study the comfort of the poor people below him.

Far. Dang it, that be the duty of our churchwardens: but many poor people do complain of 'em.

Foss. An officer, Mr. Harrowby, isn't a bit like a churchwarden. Ship off an officer, we'll say, with his company, to a foreign climate. He lands, and endures heat, cold, fatigue, hunger, thirst, sickness—Now marching over the burning plain—now up to his knees in wet, in the trench—Now—damn it, Farmer, how can a man suffer such hardships, with a

parcel of honest fellows under his command, and not learn to feel for his fellow creatures?

Far. Well; and that be true, sure! And have your master, Lieutenant Worthington, learnt this?

Foss. His honour was beloved by the whole regiment. When his wife was shot in his arms, as she lay in his tent—there wasn't a dry eye in our corps.

Far. Shot in his arms! And was she, though?

Foss. I never like to think on't, because—Pshaw! [*Wipes his Eyes.*] I hate to be unsoldier-like—I whimper'd enough about it, seventeen years ago.

Far. Nay, take no shame, Mr. Corporal, take no shame. Honest tears, upon honest faces, am, for all the world, like growing showers, upon my meadows—the wet do raise their value.

Foss. However, he had something left to console him, after her death.

Far. And what ware that?

Foss. 'Twas his child, Mr. Harrowby. Our Miss Emily was then but three years old. I have heard his honour say, her mother had fled to the abode of peace, and left her innocent in the lap of war.

Far. Pretty soul! she must have been quite scared and frightful.

Foss. She didn't know her danger. She little thought, then, that a chance ball might take her father too—and leave her a helpless orphan, in a strange country.

Far. And, if it had so fell out?

Foss. Why, then, perhaps, nothing would have been left her but a poor corporal, to buckle her on his knapsack: but I would have struggled hard with fortune, to rake up a little pittance for the child of a kind master; whom I had followed through many a campaign, and seen fight his first battle, and his last.

Far. Do give us your hand, Mr. Corporal. I'll be shot now, if I could see an old soldier travelling by,

wi' his knapsack, loaded in that manner, and not call him in, to cheer the poor soul, on his journey.

Foss. I thank you very kindly, Mr. Harrowby;—but Providence order'd things otherwise: for on the thirteenth of September, in the year eighty-two, a few months after my poor mistress's death, the bursting of a shell in the garrison, crush'd his honour's arm almost to shivers; and I got wounded on the cap of my knee here. It disabled us both from ever serving again.

Far. That turn'd out but a baddish day's work, Mr. Corporal.

Foss. It turn'd out one of the best day's work, for an Englishman, that ever was seen, Mr. Harrowby; for, on that day, our brave General Elliott gave the Frenchmen and Spaniards as hearty a drubbing, at Gibraltar, as ever they had in their lives. A true soldier, Mr. Harrowby, would part with all his limbs, and his life after them, rather than Old England should have lost the glory of that day.

Far. And how long, now, might you lay in your wounds and torments, Mr. Corporal?

Foss. 'Twas some time before either of us could be moved: and when we could—being unfit for duty any longer—I follow'd his honour, with little Miss Emily, into America, where the war was newly finish'd: for things are cheap there, Mr. Harrowby, and that best suits a Lieutenant's pocket.

Far. I do fear it do indeed, Mr. Corporal.

Foss. But we had a pretty cottage in Canada, on the banks of the river St. Lawrence; shut out from all the world, as I may say.

Far. Desperate lonesome, sure, for soldiers, who am used to be in a bustle.

Foss. Why, we soon grew used to it, Mr. Harrowby; and should never have left it, perhaps, if something hadn't call'd his honour, a year ago, into England.

Far. Well, I must away about the farm—And, do tell your master, Mr. Corporal—tell him gently though, for he be a little touchy like, I do see—that if so be things be cheap in America, they mayn't be found a morsel dearer here, when a wounded English soldier do sit at the door of an English farmer.

[*Exit.*

Enter STEPHEN.

Ste. [Singing.] "*Dumbarton's drums beat bonny, O!*"—If you am exposed to drill a bit, Corporal, now be your time.

"*I'll stay no more at home,*
"*But I'll follow with the drum.*" [Singing.

Foss. You are back early to-day, my honest lad.

Ste. Yes; I do love to be betimes at parade. You'll never find I last comer, when men am to be mustarded! I ha' finished my day's work, out right.

Foss. You have lost no time, then.

Ste. No—I ha' lost a cart and horses!

Foss. Lost a cart and horses!

Ste. Ay, as good;—for as I ware a coming back, empty-handed, wi' our cart, I thought I might as well practise a little, as I walk'd by the side on't—so I held up my head—in the milentary fashion, you do know—and began a marching near foot foremost, to the tune of the British Grenadiers.

Foss. Well?

Ste. Dang it! while I ware a carrying my head up, as straight as a hop-pole, our leading horse, blind Argus, drags lean Jolly, wi' the cart at his tail, into a slough.

Foss. Zounds! so you plunged the baggage into a morass?

Ste. I don't know what you call a morass; but they am sticking up to their necks, in the mud, at the bottom of Wagon Lodge Field.

Foss. O fie! you should have look'd to them better.

Ste. Look'd to 'em! Why, how could that possible be, mun; when you teach'd I to hold my nose to the clouds, like a pig in the wind.

Oll. [*Without.*] Here,—Juno!—Juno! Put my pointer into your stable, my lad—Thank ye—if ever you're ill, I'll physic you for nothing.

Ste. Oh, that be Mr. Ollapod, the pottercarrier.

Enter OLLAPOD, *with a double-barrelled Gun.*

Olla. Stephen, how's your health? Fine weather for the farmers.—Corporal, I've heard of you;—charming spring for campaigning!—I am Cornet Ollapod, of the Galen's Head; come to pay my respects to your family. Stephen, how's your father, and his hogs, geese, daughter, wife, bullocks, and so forth? Are the partridges beginning to lay yet, Stephen?

Ste. Am you come to shoot the young birds, before they am hatch'd, wi' that double-barrelled gun, Mr. Ollapod?

Olla. Come, that's very well! very well indeed for a bumpkin! Thank you, good Stephen, I owe you half a one. I hope your master, Lieutenant Worthington's well,—whose acquaintance I covet. We soldiers mix together as naturally as medicine in a mortar.

Foss. Is your honour in the army then!

Ste. He be only a coronet, in the town corpse.

Olla. I wish that lout had a locked jaw! Our association is as fine, and, I may say, without vanity, will be as healthy a corps, when their spring physic is finished, as any regular regiment in England.

Foss. Why, your honour, I have seen a good deal of service in the regular way, and know nothing about associations; but I think, an' please your honour, if men take up arms to defend their country, they deserve to be thank'd, and respected for it, and it doesn't signify a brass farthing what they are called.

Olla. Right—the name's nothing—merit's all—Rhubarb's rhubarb, call it what you will.—Do you take, Corporal? do you take?

Foss. I never took any in all my life, an' please your honour.

Olla. That's very well! very well indeed! Thank you, Corporal—I owe you one—Now, introduce me to the family.

Foss. I can't without orders; and his honour is walk'd out.

Olla. That's right; exercise is conducive to health. I'll walk in.

Foss. Under favour, your honour, I stand centinel here; and I can't let a stranger pass, without consulting the garrison. If you please to saunter about, for half an hour, I shall speak to our ladies, and——

Olla. Well, do so—Stephen, come with me about the grounds.

Ste. I don't like to march wi' you, Mr. Ollapod—You am no regular—Dang me, if I budge wi' him, Corporal, without your word of command.

Olla. But, damn it, I'm of the cavalry.

Ste. No matter for that. You am upon our ground, and unhorsed—Now, Corporal!——

Olla. Well, if I must. I——

Foss. March!

Ste. Come, pottercarrier. Tol de rol.

[*Exeunt* STEPHEN *and* OLLAPOD *at the side.*—*The* CORPORAL *into the House.*

SCENE II.

A Parlour in FARMER HARROWBY'S *House.*

MISS LUCRETIA MAC TAB *and* EMILY WORTHINGTON. *On the Table are Working Boxes, Pens, Ink, Paper, &c.*—EMILY *at work;* LUCRETIA *looking over a shabby Memorandum Book.*

Luc. Miss Emily Worthington, you have work'd those flowers most miserably, child.

Emily. Dear, now, I am very sorry for that. I was in hopes they might have sold for something, at London, that I might have surprised my father with the money.

Luc. Sold! Ah, you have none of the proper pride which my side of the family should have given you—But, let me look over my expenses since we have been here.—[*Reading.*] "To one week's washing, and darning, for the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, one and sevenpence."—By the bye, Miss Emily, that sprig of myrtle is thicker than a birch broom, and the white rose looks just like a powder-puff.

Emily. Indeed, I copied them from nature, grand aunt.

Luc. Grand aunt! you know I hate that hideous title: but 'tis the fault of your wild American education.

Emily. Nay, there can be no fault in that; for my dear father educated me himself, in our little cottage, in Canada.

Luc. He might have taught you, then, a little more respect for me, who am of the elevated part of the family—"Snuff from the chandler, a halfpenny." [*Reading.*]—You know, child, I am your relation, on

your deceased mother's side, and of the noble blood of the Mac Tabs.

Emily. Yes, I know that now: but my poor mother had no relation on her side, when her father, Lord Lofty, abandoned her for marrying.

Luc. My brother, Lord Lofty, acted as became his rank. You will please to recollect he was one of the oldest barons in Scotland.

Emily. Was he, indeed! And you were born only three years after him, grand aunt!

Luc. Miss Emily, your ignorance is greater than —— [*Rising.*] I meant, his title is one of the most ancient of the barony; and he might well be offended at the marriage of my deceased niece, his daughter; for, you know, your father is a mere——but, no matter.

Emily. Indeed, but it does matter, though. My father is a gentleman by birth, education, and manners; and that's a character as well deserving respect as the proudest peer in the realm.

Luc. And, pray, what have I insinuated against your father? On the contrary, you might remember how handsomely I have offered him my countenance.

Emily. I remember it was a year ago that you came, and said you would live with us;—when your brother, Lord Lofty, died so much in debt, and left you destitute.

Luc. More shame for him! But, didn't I, then, affectionately fly to your father, and tell him I would allow him the honour to maintain me for the future? And hav'n't I, notwithstanding his obscure situation, and narrow finances, kindly lived at the Lieutenant's charge, in the most condescending way in the world?

Emily. Condescending!

Luc. Yes, Miss Emily; but, it seems, by forgetting me, you forget yourself.

Emily. No—indeed I know my situation. I am a

poor officer's child: born in the seat of war; rear'd, afterwards, in the wilds of America—rear'd by a kind father, with more cost than his poverty could well bestow. He has dropped, in our retreat, many and many a tear of affection on me; and, as often as I have seen him mourn my mother's loss, I have wonder'd to think that *her* father, in splendour, could be so hardhearted, while mine, in poverty, was so kind?

Luc. Still on the cruelty of your mother's relations! But, would you be guided by me, Miss Emily, I would make your fortune. Had you followed my opinion, before we left town, relative to Sir Charles Cropland, as a husband——

Emily. Oh, pray don't mention his name.

Luc. And, why not, Miss Emily?

Emily. Because I am sure he is a libertine.—The familiar looks he gave me——

Luc. Looks! psha! Sir Charles's are the manners, child, of our young men of high fashion.

Emily. 'Tis a great pity, then, our young men of high fashion have so insulting a way of noticing lowly virtue. A coxcomb, that stares humble modesty out of countenance, must be a very cruel coxcomb; and 'tis a sad thing for the heart to be unfeeling, when the head is empty!

Luc. Ha! another of your Canada crotchets—hatch'd on the banks of St. Lawrence, where solitude sits brooding on romance. But will you follow my counsel?

Emily. In respect to Sir Charles Cropland? No—never. You received his visits without my father's knowledge. I would not wed the worthiest man without his consent; and he would not command me to marry the wealthiest, whom I could not esteem.

Luc. Pshaw! your father's doctrines, child, have made him a beggar.

Emily. [*With warmth.*] A beggar! no, madam, he is rich enough to shelter you, who asperse him.

Luc. Shelter! shelter, indeed, to a Mac Tab, who affords him her countenance! I shall acquaint your father, Miss Emily, with your rudeness to me.

Emily. Acquaint him with all, madam.—Tell him, when his daughter hears him misrepresented by—— Tell him——You break my heart, madam—Tell him what you please.

Enter CORPORAL FOSS.

Foss. I am come, an' please you, with intelligence of——What is my young lady a crying?

Luc. Deliver your message, fellow, and ask no questions.

Foss. An' please your ladyship's honour, when an old soldier sees a woman in distress, 'tis to be hoped he may take just half a moment to give her some comfort. Miss Emily!

Luc. Blockhead! what excuse has a soldier for half a moment's delay in his business?

Foss. The best excuse, an' please you, may be half a moment's charity. A kind commander is loath to punish a poor fellow for doing what Heaven rewards. What's the matter, Miss Emily? [*Going to her.*

Emily. 'Tis nothing, good corporal—lead me to the door of my chamber.

[CORPORAL *is going with her.*

Luc. You may be taught your duty to me better, sir.

Foss. I humbly beg pardon; but my first duty, in these quarters, is to my master, and his child; I know that as a servant. My second is to a woman in grief;—I am sure of that as a man. My third is to your ladyship's honour; and I'll be back to perform it, in as quick a march as a cripple can make of it. Come, Miss Emily, come. [*Exit, leading* EMILY.

Luc. Provoking! a stupid, technical, old——But what can a woman of birth expect—when the ducks

waddle into her drawing room, and her groom of the chambers is a lame soldier of foot!

Enter Foss.

Foss. There is one Mr. Ollapod at the gate, an' please your ladyship's honour, come to pay a visit to the family.

Luc. Ollapod? What is the gentleman?

Foss. He says he's a cornet in the Galen's head. 'Tis the first time I ever heard of the corps.

Luc. Ha! Some new raised regiment. Show the gentleman in. [*Exit* Foss.] The country, then, has heard of my arrival at last. A woman of condition, in a family, can never long conceal her retreat. Ollapod! that sounds like an ancient name. If I am not mistaken, he is nobly descended.

Enter Ollapod.

Olla. Madam, I have the honour of paying my respects. Sweet spot, here, among the cows;—good for consumptions—Charming woods hereabouts—Pheasants flourish—so do agues—Sorry not to see the good Lieutenant—admire his room, hope, soon, to have his company. Do you take, good madam, do you take?

Luc. I beg, sir, you will be seated.

Olla. Oh, dear madam! [*Sitting down.*] A charming chair to bleed in! [*Aside.*

Luc. I am sorry Mr. Worthington is not at home, to receive you, sir.

Olla. You are a relation of the Lieutenant, madam?

Luc. I! only by his marriage, I assure you, sir. Aunt to his deceased wife: but I am not surprised at your question. My friends, in town, would wonder to see the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, sister to the late Lord Lofty, cooped up in a farm-house.

Olla. [*Aside.*] The Honourable! humph! a bit of quality tumbled into decay—The sister of a dead Peer in a pig-stye!

Luc. You are of the military, I am informed, sir.

Olla. He! he! yes, madam. Cornet Ollapod, of our volunteers—a fine healthy troop—ready to give the enemy a dose, whenever they dare to attack us.

Luc. I was always prodigiously partial to the military. My great grandfather, Marmaduke, Baron Lofty, commanded a troop of horse, under the Duke of Marlborough, that famous general of his age.

Olla. Marlborough was a hero of a man, madam: and lived at Woodstock—a sweet sporting country; where Rosamond perish'd by poison—Arsenic, as likely as any thing.

Luc. And have you served much, Mr. Ollapod?

Olla. He! he! Yes, madam—served all the nobility and gentry for five miles round.

Luc. Sir!

Olla. And shall be happy to serve the good Lieutenant, and his family. [*Bowing.*

Luc. We shall be proud of your acquaintance, sir. A gentleman of the army is always an acquisition, among the Goths and Vandals of the country; where every sheepish squire has the air of an apothecary.

Olla. Madam! An apothe——Zouns!—hum!—He! he! I—You must know, I——I deal a little in Galenicals, myself. [*Sheepishly.*

Luc. Galenicals! Oh, they are for operations, I suppose, among the military.

Olla. Operations! He! he! Come, that's very well, very well indeed! Thank you, good madam, I owe you one. Galenicals, madam, are medicines.

Luc. Medicines!

Olla. Yes, physic: buckthorn, senna, and so forth.

Luc. [*Rising.*] Why, then, you are an apothecary!

Olla. [*Rising too, and bowing.*] And man-midwife at your service, madam.

Luc. At my service, indeed!

Olla. Yes, madam! Cornet Ollapod, at the gilt Galen's head, of the volunteer association corps of cavalry—ready for the foe, as a customer: always willing to charge them both—Do you take, good madam, do you take?

Luc. And has the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab been talking, all this while, to a petty dealer in drugs?

Olla. Drugs! dam'me, she turns up her honourable nose, as if she was going to swallow them! No man more respected than myself, madam. Courted by the Corps, idolized by invalids; and for a shot—ask my friend, Sir Charles Cropland.

Luc. Is Sir Charles Cropland a friend of yours, sir?

Olla. Intimate. *He* doesn't make wry faces at physic, whatever others may do, madam. This village flanks the intrenchments of his park—full of fine fat venison; which is as light a food for digestion as——

Luc. But he is never on his estate here, I am told.

Olla. He quarters there at this moment.

Luc. Bless me! Has Sir Charles, then——?

Olla. Told me all—your accidental meeting in the metropolis, and his visits when the Lieutenant was out.

Luc. Oh, shocking! I declare I shall faint.

Olla. Faint! never mind that, with a medical man in the room—I can bring you about, in a twinkling.

Luc. And, what has Sir Charles Cropland presumed to advance about me?

Olla. Oh, nothing derogatory. Respectful as a duck-legg'd drummer to a commander in chief.

Luc. I have only proceeded, in this affair, from the purest motives; and in a mode becoming a Mac Tab.

Olla. None dare to doubt it.

Luc. And, if Sir Charles has dropped in, to a dish of tea with myself and Emily, in London, when the Parliament was out, I see no harm in it.

Olla. Nor I, neither:—except that tea shakes the nervous system to shatters. But, to the point; the Baronet's my bosom friend—Having heard you were here, "Ollapod," says he, squeezing my hand in his own, which had strong symptoms of fever, "Ollapod," says he, "you are a military man, and may be trusted."—"I'm a Cornet," says I, "and close as a pill-box."—"Fly, then, to Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, that honourable picture of prudence"—

Luc. He! he! did Sir Charles say that?

Olla. [*Aside.*] How these tabbies love to be toaded!

Luc. In short, Sir Charles, I perceive, has appointed you his emissary; to consult with me, when he may have an interview.

Olla. Madam, you are the sharpest shot at the truth I ever met in my life. And, now we are in consultation, what think you of a walk with Miss Emily, by the old elms, at the back of the village, this evening?

Luc. Why, I am willing to take any steps which may promote Emily's future welfare.

Olla. Take steps! what, in a walk? He! he! come, that's very well; very well indeed! Thank you, good madam, I owe you one. I shall communicate to my friend, with due despatch. Command Cornet Ollapod, on all occasions; and whatever the gilt Galen's-head can produce——

Luc. [*Courtesying.*] Oh, sir!

Olla. By the bye, I have some double-distill'd lavender water, much admired in our corps. Permit me to send a pint bottle, by way of present.

Luc. Dear sir, I shall rob you.

Olla. Quite the contrary:—For I'll set it down to

Sir Charles as a quart. [*Aside.*] Madam, your slave. You have prescribed for our patient like an able physician.—Not a step.

Luc. Nay, I insist——

Olla. Then I must follow in the rear. The physician always before the apothecary.

Luc. Apothecary! Sir, in this business, I look upon you as a general officer.

Olla. Do you? Thank you, good ma'am: I owe you one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in SIR ROBERT BRAMBLE'S *House.*

SIR ROBERT BRAMBLE *and* HUMPHREY DOBBINS.

Sir Rob. I tell you what, Humphrey Dobbins; there isn't a syllable of sense in all you have been saying. But, I suppose you will maintain that there is.

Dob. Yes.

Sir Rob. Yes? is that the way you talk to me, you old boar? What's my name?

Dob. Robert Bramble.

Sir R. A'n't I a baronet? Sir Robert Bramble, at Blackberry Hall, in the country of Kent? 'Tis

time you should know it; for you have been my clumsy, two-fisted valet de chambre, these thirty years —Can you deny that?

Dob. Humph!

Sir Rob. Humph! what the devil do you mean by humph? Open the rusty door of your mouth, and make your ugly voice walk out of it. Why don't you answer my question?

Dob. Because, if I contradicted you there, I should tell a lie; and, whenever I agree with you, you are sure to fall out.

Sir Rob. Humphrey Dobbins—I have been so long endeavouring to beat a few brains into your pate, that all your hair has tumbled off it, before I can carry my point.

Dob. What then? Our parson says, my head is an emblem of both our honours.

Sir Rob. Aye, because honours, like your head, are apt to be empty.

Dob. No;—but if a servant has grown bald under his master's nose, it looks as if there was honesty on one side, and regard for it on t'other.

Sir Rob. Why, to be sure, old Humphrey, you are as honest a——Pshaw! the parson means to palaver us;—but, to return to my position,—I tell you I don't like your flat contradiction.

Dob. Yes, you do.

Sir Rob. I tell you I don't. I only love to hear men's arguments, and I hate their flummery.

Dob. What do you call flummery?

Sir Rob. Flattery, you blockhead! A dish too often served up by paltry poor men to paltry rich ones.

Dob. I never serve it up to you.

Sir Rob. No, I'll be sworn. You give me a dish of a different description.

Dob. Umph! what is it?

Sir Rob. Sour krout, you old crab.

Dob. I have held you a stout tug at argument, this many a year.

Sir Rob. And yet I could never teach you a syllogism. Now, mind; when a poor man asse[illegible] what a rich man says, I suspect he means to [illegible] him. Now I am rich, and hate flattery—*Ergo*,—when a poor man subscribes to my opinion, I hate him.

Dob. That's wrong.

Sir Rob. Very well—*Negatur*. Now prove it.

Dob. Put the case so, then—I am a poor man——

Sir Rob. You lie, you scoundrel! You know you shall never want while I have a shilling.

Dob. Bless you!

Sir Rob. Pshaw! proceed.

Dob. Well, then, I am a poor——I must be a poor man, now, or I shall never get on.

Sir Rob. Well, get on. Be a poor man.

Dob. I am a poor man; and I argue with you, and convince you you are wrong—then you call yourself a blockhead, and I am of your opinion: Now, that's no flattery.

Sir Rob. Why, no: but, when a man's of the same opinion with me, he puts an end to the argument; and that puts an end to conversation:—So, I hate him for that. But where's my nephew, Frederick?

Dob. Been out these two hours.

Sir Rob. An undutiful cub!—Only arrived from Russia last night; and, though I told him to stay at home, till I rose, he's scampering over the fields, like a Calmuc Tartar.

Dob. He's a fine fellow.

Sir Rob. He *has* a touch of our family. Don't you think he's a little like me, Humphrey?

Dob. Bless you, not a bit. You are as ugly an old man as ever I clapt my eyes on.

Sir Rob. Now, that's damn'd impudent! But there's no flattery in it; and it keeps up the indepen-

of argument. His father, my brother Job, is me a spirit!—Humphrey, you remember my Job?

Dob. Yes; you drove him to Russia, five-and- years ago.

Sir Rob. I drove him! [*Angrily.*

Dob. Yes you did—You wou'd never let him be at peace, in the way of argument.

Sir Rob. At peace! Zounds! he would never go to war.

Dob. He had the merit to be calm.

Sir Rob. So has a duckpond. He was a bit of still life; a chip; weak water-gruel; a tame rabbit, boil'd to rags, without sauce or salt. He received men's arguments with his mouth open, like a poor's-box gaping for halfpence; and, good or bad, he swallow'd them all, without any resistance. We cou'dn't disagree, and so we parted.

Dob. And, the poor meek gentleman went to Russia, for a quiet life.

Sir Rob. A quiet life! Why, he married the moment he got there. Tack'd himself to the shrew relict of a Russian merchant; and continued a speculation with her, in furs, flax, pot-ashes, tallow, linen, and leather. And, what's the consequence? thirteen months ago, he broke.

Dob. Poor soul! his wife should have follow'd the business for him.

Sir Rob. I fancy she did follow it; for she died just as it went to the devil. And, now, this madcap, Frederick, is sent over to me for protection. Poor Job! now he's in distress, I mustn't neglect his son.

[FREDERICK *is heard, singing, without.*

Dob. Here comes his son—That's Mr. Frederick.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Ah, my dear uncle! good morning. Your park is nothing but beauty.

Sir Rob. Who bid you caper over my beauts? told you to stay in-doors, till I got up.

Fred. Eh? Egad so you did! I had as entirely forgot it, as——

Sir Rob. And pray what made you forget it?

Fred. The sun.

Sir Rob. The sun! He's mad. You mean the moon, I believe.

Fred. Oh, my dear sir, you don't know the effect of a fine spring morning upon a young fellow just arrived from Russia. The day look'd bright; trees budding; birds singing; the park was gay; so, egad, I took a hop, step, and a jump, out of your old balcony; made your deer fly before me like the wind; and chased them all round the park, to get an appetite, while you were snoring in bed, uncle.

Sir Rob. Ah! so, the effect of English sun, upon a young Russian, is to make him jump out of a balcony, and worry my deer.

Fred. I confess it had that influence upon me.

Sir Rob. You had better be influenced by a rich old uncle; unless you think the sun likely to leave you a fat legacy.

Fred. Sir, I hate fat legacies.

Sir Rob. Sir, that's mighty singular. They are pretty solid tokens of kindness, at least.

Fred. Very melancholy tokens, uncle—They are the posthumous dispatches Affection sends to Gratitude to inform us we have lost a generous friend.

Sir Rob. How charmingly the dog argues!

Fred. But, I own my spirits ran away with me, this morning. I will obey you better in future; for they tell me you are a very worthy, good sort of old gentleman.

Sir Rob. Now, who had the familiar impudence to tell you that?

Fred. Old Rusty, here.

Sir Rob. Why, Humphrey, you didn't?

Dob. Yes, but I did, though.

Fred. Yes, he did; and, on that score I shall be anxious to show you obedience: for, 'tis as meritorious to attempt sharing in a good man's heart, as it is paltry to have designs upon a rich man's money. A noble nature aims its attentions full breast high, uncle; a mean mind levels its dirty assiduities at the pocket.

Sir Rob. [*Embracing him.*] Jump out of every window I have in my house! Hunt my deer into high fevers, my fine fellow! ay, damn it! this is spunk, and plain speaking! Give me a man, who is always plumping his dissent to my doctrines smack in my teeth.

Fred. I disagree with you there, uncle.

Dob. So do I.

Fred. You! you forward puppy! If you were not so old, I'd knock you down.

Sir Rob. I'll knock you down, if you do. I won't have my servants thump'd into dumb flattery. I won't let you teach 'em to make Silence a toad-eater.

Dob. Come, your'e ruffled—Let's go to the business of the morning.

Sir Rob. Damn the business of the morning! Don't you see we are engaged in discussion? I hate the business of the morning.

Dob. No, you don't.

Sir Rob. And why not?

Dob. Because 'tis charity.

Sir Rob. Pshaw! damn it—! well—we mustn't neglect business—If there be any distresses in the parish, read the morning list, Humphrey.

Dob. [*Reading.*] Jonathan Huggins, of Muck Mead, is put into prison.

Sir Rob. Why, 'twas but last week Gripe, the attorney, recover'd two cottages for him, by law, worth sixty pounds.

Dob. And charged a hundred and ten, for his

trouble:—So, seiz'd the cottages, for part of his bill, and threw Jonathan in gaol for the remainder.

Sir Rob. A harpy! I must relieve the poor fellow's distress.

Fred. And I must kick his attorney.

Dob. The curate's horse is dead.

Sir Rob. Pshaw! there's no distress in that.

Dob. Yes, there is—to a man who must go twenty miles, every Sunday, to preach three sermons, for thirty pounds a-year.

Sir Rob. Why won't Punmock, the vicar, give him another nag?

Dob. Because 'tis cheaper to get another curate ready mounted.

Sir Rob. What's the name of the black pad I purchased, last Tuesday, at Tunbridge?

Dob. Belzebub.

Sir Rob. Send Belzebub to the Curate, and tell him to work him, as long as he lives.

Fred. And if you have a tumble-down tit, send him to the vicar, to give him a chance of breaking his neck.

Sir Rob. What else?

Dob. Somewhat out of the common. There's one Lieutenant Worthington, a disabled officer, and a widower, come to lodge at Farmer Harrowby's, in the village. He's plaguy poor indeed, it seems: but more proud than poor, and more honest than proud.

Fred. That sounds like a noble character!

Sir Rob. And so, he sends to me for assistance?

Dob. He'd see you hang'd first. Harrowby says, he'd sooner die than ask any man for a shilling. There's his daughter, and his dead wife's aunt, and an old corporal, that has served in the wars with him—he keeps them all upon his half pay.

Sir Rob. Starves them all, I am afraid, Humphrey.

Fred. [*Going.*] Uncle, good morning!

Sir Rob. Where the devil are you running, now?

Fred. To talk to Lieutenant Worthington.

Sir Rob. And, what may you be going to say to him?

Fred. I can't tell till I encounter him; and then, uncle, when I have an old gentleman by the hand, who is disabled in his country's service, and struggling to support his motherless child, a poor relation, and a faithful servant, in honourable indigence,—impulse will supply me with words, to express my sentiments.

[*Hurrying away.*

Sir Rob. Stop, you rogue! I must be before you in this business.

Fred. That depends upon who can run fastest. So, start fair, uncle! and here goes! [*Runs out.*

Sir Rob. Stop! Why, Frederick!—A jackanapes!—To take my department out of my hands! I'll disinherit the dog for his assurance.

Dob. No, you won't.

Sir Rob. Won't I? dam'me, if I——But we'll argue that point as we go. Come along, Humphrey!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Front of FARMER HARROWBY'S *House.*

CORPORAL FOSS *crossing the Stage,* STEPHEN *following him.*

Ste. [*Calling him.*] Hollo! I say, Mr. Corporal!

Foss. Ah! Master Stephen! is it you?

Ste. What do you think I ha' been about?

Foss. Getting the cart and horses out of the mud, I suppose.

Ste. No, feyther's head man be gone to dextricate the cattle: but you was telling I, t'other day, you do

know, about a springing up of a mine; which be done by a man, they do call a pye on an ear.

Foss. A Pioneer is our name for it, my honest lad. Ay, I have seen some of that work, in my day, master Stephen! If we could get but a little spot of ground, now, with a bit of good-for-nothing building upon it——

Ste. I ha' found out just such a place, Mr. Corporal.

Foss. Then I'll show you the whole process.

Ste. I ha' done the whole progress myself.

Foss. Have you?

Ste. You do know feyther's pig stye?

Foss. Yes;—it stands on the edge of the dry ditch, at the back of the house.

Ste. That's where it did use to stand, sure enow—But I ha' blow'd it up wi' gun powder.

Foss. The devil you have! and how?

Ste. All according to rule, mun;—just as you laid it down. I bored a hole under the ditch, wi' the peel of our oven; and then I laid in my bumbustibles.

Foss. Well!

Ste. Why, I clapt the kitchen poker to un, red hot; and it all went up wi' a desperate complosion, just as you destroy'd that outlandish buttery.

Foss. Bless us, master Stephen! then you have ruined the town, in cold blood, and kill'd all the inhabitants.

Ste. No: the inhabitants am lying in the ditch, as pert as daisies—only the little pigs am singed quite bald, and the ould white sow be as black as the devil.

Enter MARY.

Mary. Brother Stephen! Come here, brother Stephen. Feyther do vow vengeance against ye. If you do go on o'this fashion, what will the neighbours call ye, Stephen?

Ste. Call me? why a perspiring young hero, of five foot six inches, willing to mortalize himself, in the field of March.

WORTHINGTON *crosses the Stage, and goes into the House.*

Foss. There—his honour is come home—I must go in for orders.

Mary. Oh, Mr. Corporal, Joe Shambles, the butcher's boy, ha brought this from our town, for your master. [*Giving a Letter.*

Foss. One letter. Is this all he left for us, my pretty maid?

Mary. No; he left a leg of mutton.

Foss. Oh. [*Goes in.*

Ste. How stately Mr. Corporal do march, surely! he be as upright as our gander. Come, Mary! afore feyther do come home, lets you and I go wash the gunpowder pigs.

Mary. How, Stephen?

Ste. We'll go to the dairy, and chuck 'em into the milk pails.

[*Voice without.*] Stephen!

Ste. Wauns! there be feyther! Run, Mary, run! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Parlour, in HARROWBY'S *House.*

Enter WORTHINGTON *and the* CORPORAL.

Worth. Where are the ladies, Corporal?

Foss. They are gone to take a walk, an' please your honour.

Worth. Oh.—[*Sitting down.*]—Mine has somewhat fatigued me.

Foss. Under favour, I think your honour takes too much exercise—it always brings on the torment in your wound again.

Worth. You bustle about for me, more than I could wish, Corporal. You got your wound in an ugly place, you know.

Foss. I got it at Gibraltar; the same ugly place with your honour—That cursed shell struck us both together.

Worth. I remember it did, Corporal. [*Sighing.*

Foss. And, when I lay on the ground, and your honour's left arm was so terribly wounded, you stretch'd out your right to help me.

Worth. I don't remember that, Corporal.

Foss. [*Warmly.*] Don't you? but I do—and I wish I may be damn'd if ever I forget it.

Worth. Well, well—do not let us swear about it, Corporal.

Foss. I hate swearing, your honour, as much as our Chaplain loved brandy; but when a man's heart's too full, I fancy, somehow, there's an oath at the top on't, and when that pops out, he's easy.—Ah, we had warm work that day, your honour!

Worth. We had, indeed, Corporal.

Foss. There was Crillon's batteries, and four thousand men, behind us at land.

Worth. Moreno, with his fleet, before us at sea.

Foss. At ten in the morning, the Spanish admiral began his cannonade.

Worth. Our battery from the king's bastion open'd directly.

Foss. Red-hot shot pour'd from the garrison!

Worth. Cannons roar!

Foss. Mortars and howitzers!

Worth. The enemy's shipping in flames!

Foss. Fire again!

Worth. They burn!

Foss. They blow up.

Worth. They sink!

Foss. Victory! Old England for ever! your honour, huzza!

Worth. Ay, Corporal, against the world in arms, Old England, for ever!

Both. Huzza!

Foss. [*After a Pause, gravely.*] We have no limbs to help our country, now. We shall never fight for Old England again, your honour.

Worth. [*Mournfully.*] No Corporal!——'tis impossible!

Foss. But our *hearts* are for our country still. Though your honour has only half-pay, and I am but an out pensioner of Chelsea.

Worth. We have no right to complain, Corporal. National bounty, beyond its limits, would be national waste; and 'tis impossible to provide sumptuously for all.

Foss. That's true, your honour;—every hero, that loses his life in the field, must not expect a marvel monument.

Worth. 'Tis of little import, Corporal—A gallant soldier's memory will flourish, though humble turf be osier-bound upon his grave. The tears of his country will moisten it; and vigorous laurel sprout among the cypress that shadows his remains.—But 'tis a bitter thought, when we must depart, to leave, unprotected, the few who are joined with us in the ties of affection, and the bonds of nature.

Foss. Your honour is joined in no bond with any body, but Mr. Burford, for five hundred pounds.

Worth. [*Smiling.*] I did not mean that, Corporal.—There, however, I am easy. My friend has strict honour; and, should he die, the regular insurance of his life secures me from injury, in lending him my name. But 'tis strange I have not heard from him.

Foss. I had forgot—Here is a letter just brought for your honour.

Worth. Let me see—[*Opening it.*] *Tunbridge*—'Tis written in the neighbouring town—who should know me there? [*Reads.*

Sir,

I am instructed by Mr. Ferret, solicitor, of London, to inform you, that Mr. Burford died on the 26th ultimo, on his way to the Insurance office; whereby the policy, which had expired the day before, is become void, and the bond, and warrant of attorney for 500l. remain in force against you. If the money be not paid, forthwith, I shall enter up judgment, instantly, for the recovery of the same.

My child! my child!

Foss, Your honour!

Worth. Ruin'd past hope.

Foss. [*Stepping up to him.*] Don't say that, your honour; for, while your half-pay continues——

Worth. My creditor will grasp all—My person seized, and my poor child destitute!

Foss. Destitute! what, my young mistress?—and you?—and——don't give way to grief, your honour; I am lame, to be sure, but I am fit for labour still.—There's my little pension too, from Chelsea——Things may come about; and till they do, you and my young mistress shall never know want, while the old Corporal has a limb left to work, or a penny in his pocket.

Worth. Corporal, I——

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Yes, this is he!—Zounds! I am quite out of breath——Sir, I am come to——Whew!—I beg pardon—but, as you perceive, I am devilish blown!

Worth. Leave us, Corporal. [*Exit* Foss.] At your leisure, sir, I shall be glad to know whom I have the honour of addressing.

Fred. I am Frederick Bramble, sir. My uncle, Sir Robert Bramble, lives at the foot of this infernal hill.—He fixed his house there, I fancy, for the sake of argument; because most men maintain it is bad to build in a bottom. He is as charitable as a christian, sir, and as rich as a Jew.

Worth. I give you joy of a relation, sir, who has so much virtue, with so much wealth. When Fortune enriches the benevolent, the goddess removes the bandage from her brow, that she may bestow a gift with her eyes open.—But, as I am a stranger here, and a recluse, I have no right to enter further into your uncle's character.

Fred. Yet he has just now, sir, taken a right to enter into yours.

Worth. May he not rather have taken a liberty, sir?

Fred. 'Tis his duty to be the most inquisitive fellow in the neighbourhood.

Worth. 'Tis a strange duty for a gentleman!

Fred. I hope not, in this country, sir. If a gentleman be in the commission of the peace, and living on his own estate, he should be anxious, I think, to inquire into the conduct of those around him, that he may distribute justice as a magistrate, and kindness as a man.

Worth. But how can your uncle's principle apply to me, sir? A secluded sojourner, with a quiet family, lodging with one of his tenants?

Fred. Why, he has heard of the——hem!——that is, I mean——the——peculiarity of your situation——

Worth. [*Haughtily.*] Sir!

Fred. I shall make a bungling business of this,

after all! [*Aside.*] I say, sir, that my uncle, as I told you, is a warm old heart, who busies himself in learning the circumstances of every body about him, and——

Worth. The circumstances!

Fred. Yes;—and so, Humphrey Dobbins,—a stupid old servant,—among other intelligence, this morning, happened to—to mention you, and——damn it, sir, the truth's the truth:—I ran here, to prevent my uncle's offering his assistance too bluntly, and I fear I have done it too bluntly myself.

Worth. It would be absurd, sir, to affect blindness to the motives of your visit—I see them clearly, and thank you cordially. You have touched the heart of a veteran soldier;—but go no further; if you proceed, you will wound the dignity of a gentleman.

Fred. I came here to heal wounds—by my soul, I did!—'Tis not in my nature to inflict them. I am new in England; ignorant in the manners of the country—for I arrived here, last night, from Russia, where I was born; but, surely, surely it cannot be offensive, in any part of the globe, to tell the afflicted we feel for them.—Pray, give me your hand!

Worth. Take it, sir, take it. Receive the grasp of gratitude, and begone.

Fred. Not till you first permit me to——

Worth. I can accept no favours, of the nature you offer, where I have no claim: and what claim, young man, can I have upon your attentions?

Fred. The claim each man has, in common, upon his fellow. We are all passengers on life's highway; and when a traveller sticks in the mire, on the road, the next that comes by is a brute, who doesn't stretch out a hand, to extricate him.

Worth. That may hold in the courtesies of life; but I do not admit it as an argument in essentials.

Fred. Then, I wish my uncle were here, with all

my heart, sir; he'd argue this point with you, or any other, to all eternity.

Worth. I want no arguments upon points of honour. Honour, the offspring of honesty, dictates for itself.

Fred. Sir, I respect it, for its parent's sake; tho' the child is a little maddish: for honour is, sometimes, cutting throats, where honesty would be shaking hands. But let me entreat you to relax—to be persuaded. Come, my dear sir! true honour, I trust, can never have reason to blush, because honesty is assisted.

Worth. [*After a Pause.*] You have burst upon me at a critical, a trying moment. I have a family; a beloved child, from whom I may be shortly torn, without the means of——No matter. Even the griefs, that, inwardly, wring me, would not force me to unbend, were there not a native ingenuousness in your manner, which wins me. To you, then, to a youthful stranger, whose sympathy comes o'er a rugged soldier's nature, as pictur'd love bestrides the lion, to you I will owe a temporary obligation.

Fred. Will you! Then, you have made me the happiest dog that—[*Feeling his Pockets.*] Eh?—no—zounds!—I mean, sir, you have made me look like the silliest dog in the world!

Worth. What do you mean?

Fred. In my haste to do service, I never once recollected I wanted the means. My heart was so full, that I quite forgot my pockets were empty.

Worth. I cannot think, young man, you came here to insult me.

Fred. Insult! Oh, my dear sir, you do not know me! You may soon. I have left a father, in embarrassments, in Russia. I have landed here, dependent on an uncle's bounty; and paid my last shilling, yesterday, to the coachman, who set me down at his gate;

but my relation is as generous as a prince! he will, I am sure, give me a supply; and then——

Worth. And, then, I would not, for worlds, draw upon your little store. You have a superior call, it seems, upon you; a parent in distress.

Fred. My father's involvements, no doubt, will be his brother's care; and if——

Worth. No more, no more! I see the workings of your heart. Farewell! Repine not that your will to do good actions outruns your power. Had the widow been without her mite, and simply dropt a tear for poverty, on the moist shrine of compassion, it would have secured to her a page in Heaven's register. [*Exit.*

Fred. Now, this is all very pretty rhodomontade; and I'll go, directly, and argue that it is so, with my uncle, for the good of this bluff veteran. A widow, weeping for distress, may water the road, pleasantly enough, for herself to Paradise;—but if she could shed peck-loaves, instead of tears, it would be twenty times better for the poor. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Wood, skirting a Village.

Enter SIR CHARLES CROPLAND *and* OLLAPOD.

Sir Cha. I'm as chilly as a bottle of port, in a hard frost—This is your English spring, that our shiver-

ing poets celebrate by a fire-side, if they can get one, and sing of basking shepherds, making love in the sun. —I'm as amorous as an Arcadian, but it's cursed cold, in Kent, for all that. Are you sure these women will come, Ollapod?

Olla. Sure as death, as I tell my patients.

Sir Cha. They find that, sure enough.

Olla. He! he! Yes, Sir Charles; I never deceive them—Call'd in, last week, to Captain Custard, of our corps, who was shovell'd off by a surfeit. "Dearest friend," says I, looking in his fat face, "be firm"—Candour compels me to say, "now I'm come, you can't live:" he didn't.—"You shall be buried with military honours"—he was. Attended him from beginning to end—doctor and mourner—Bed and grave —Physick'd him first, shot over him afterwards. Poor fellow! a good officer, an excellent pastry-cook, a prodigious eater, and a profitable patient!

Sir Cha. Damn Captain Custard! I am thinking of a fine girl, and you are panegyrising a dead pastry-cook. These women will disappoint us, at last.

Olla. Then there's no honour in the Honourable Miss Mac Tab.

Sir Cha. You didn't see Emily?

Olla. No.

Sir Cha. Pshaw! all is uncertainty. I shall lose the golden fruit, at last.

Olla. Damn'd hard, after I've given the dragon a dose—Do you take, good sir? do you take?

Sir Cha. I wish the dragon had wings, then, to move a little faster. This sharp north-easterly wind will prevent their walking.

Olla. I hope not, Sir Charles;—for they'll get a cursed cold, and want an apothecary. [*Aside.*

Sir Cha. Stay—I think I see a petticoat.

Olla. Mark! 'tis an old bird—The Honourable Miss Mac Tab, in a jog trot.

Sir Cha. And Emily with her, by all that's beautiful!

Olla. Yes; that's she—As fine a woman as ever smelt sal volatile. There's the game, Sir Charles. You've nothing to do but to kill.

Sir Cha. Step aside, or our meeting will be too abrupt. We must kill by rule here, Ollapod.

Olla. Kill by rule? With all my heart! 'Tis a method I've long been used to. [*They retire.*

Enter MISS LUCRETIA MAC TAB *and* EMILY WORTHINGTON.

Luc. Cold? ridiculous! Females of fashion, Miss Emily, never complain of the cold, now.

Emily. I didn't know it was the fashion to be insensible, grand aunt.

Luc. To the seasons it is. An English gentlewoman, of the year eighteen hundred, emulates an English oak; which is hardy as well as elegant; and beautiful, but bare, in the depth of December.

Emily. Dear! that's a charming park yonder! Who can it belong to?

Luc. Sir Charles Cropland.

Emily. Sir Charles Cropland! Pray, let us get home again!

Luc. Does a fine country frighten you, Miss Emily?

Emily. It used, in Canada.

Luc. For what reason, pray?

Emily. Because a brute, sometimes, inhabits it.

Luc. Ridiculous! Should we happen to meet Sir Charles, I beg that——

Emily. What, is he here, then?

Luc. So Mr. Ollapod informs me.

Emily. And who is he?

Luc. The apothe———Hem! the officer who visited the family this morning.

Emily. We will have no more walks, without my father, madam.

Luc. Oh! as you please; but——Eh? I declare here they both come—'Tis impossible to avoid them now.

Emily. Bless me! This is very strange!

[SIR CHARLES *and* OLLAPOD *appear at the Back of the Scene.*

Sir Cha. Engage the old Tabby in talk; and move off with her, if you can.

Olla. Mum!—I'll bother her. [*They come forward.*

Sir Cha. Ladies, I am rejoiced to see you. To meet you in this part of the world, is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure.

Luc. We are come here, you see, to rusticate, Sir Charles, as my poor dear brother, Lord Lofty, used to say.—Been vegetating here, for a week, at a wretched farm-house; but air is the grand article with me.

Sir Cha. At your dinner it is, I'll be sworn. [*Aside.*] And what is your grand object, in the country, Miss Worthington?

Emily. To be alone, sir.

Sir Cha. Umph! a strange propensity, permit me to say, for one so young, and so beautiful.

Emily. I learned it from my father, sir; we neither of us like intruders.

Olla. That's a damn'd dowse in the blubber-chops of my friend, the baronet.—I must talk to the old one—Hem! Rural walks here, ma'am—All green, and twisting, like a snake in a bottle of spirits.—Wood-pigeons in plenty.—Hear 'em cooing? Pop 'em down, here, by dozens.

[SIR CHARLES *talks apart to* EMILY.

Luc. They are pleasing birds enough in a grove, sir.

Olla. And pretty picking in a pye, ma'am. [*Looking towards* SIR CHARLES *and* EMILY.] Yes—he's

beginning—Must have Miss Mac Tab off soon. [*Aside.*] Fond of views, ma'am? Hill, dale, steeples, rivers, tufts of trees, and the like?

Luc. I admire a rich landscape, sir. When my brother, the baron, was planting clumps round Ricketty Castle, I used to say he was placing beauty-spots on the face of nature.

Olla. Did you? Come, that was very well, very well, indeed! Thank you, good madam—I owe you one. Pretty sporting country to the right. [*She turns towards* SIR CHARLES *and* EMILY. *He pulls her by the Elbow.*] That's to the left, ma'am.

Luc. Bless me! this is a very rude man! Do you know, Sir Charles, that Emily has lost your beautiful little present.

Sir Cha. What, the terrier puppy, from Leicestershire?

Luc. Gone—though he was in the apartment, when you last did us the honour of a call.

Sir Cha. Unkind to set so little store by my present, Miss Worthington! and when did you observe the puppy was gone?

Emily. The very moment you left the room, sir.

Olla. Humph! that's another dowse for the baronet? I must get the old woman away! [*Pulls her by the Elbow.*] Ma'am—!

Luc. Lord, sir! [*Frumpishly.*

Olla. Condescend to cast your eye over that hillock—the little lump to the left there—round and black, like a bolus. From that point, you see three capital counties at once.

Luc. I can't say that I perceive——

Olla. Stay—here's Kent—Fertile in pheasants, cherries, hops, yeomen, codlings, and cricketers—On one side Sussex——

Luc. In what beauties does that abound, sir.

Olla. Mutton and dumplings.—And there's Surry—sweet Surry!

Luc. For what may that be famous?

Olla. Nothing that I know of, except my countryman, Crushjaws, of Carshalton, who tugs out a stump with perfect pleasure to the patient.

[*During the above,* LUCRETIA *is continually endeavouring to turn towards* SIR CHARLES *and* EMILY; *and* OLLAPOD, *constantly, prevents her.*

Luc. I protest I see nothing before me, but a barn.

Olla. That's reckon'd the only eye-sore in the view; for it totally blocks out the prospect—Fifty yards further we may see all—A little swampy here, to be sure—Better for snipe shooting. Permit me to touch the tip of your honourable little finger, and pass you over the puddles.

Luc. Bless me! I can never get over that stile!

Olla. A little gummy in the leg, I suppose. [*Aside.*] —Its the easiest in England, upon the honour of a cornet—If an ankle's exposed, I'll forfeit all the physic in my shop. This way. [*Taking her Hand.*] Step out there, ma'am. Curse 'em! the cows have been here. This way!

[*Exit, hurrying off* MISS LUCRETIA.

Emily. Gone! Permit me to follow my relation, sir.

Sir Cha. Stay, my dear Miss Worthington; I have something of the utmost consequence to say to you.

Emily. Speak it quickly, then, sir.

Sir Cha. Your father does not abound in riches, I take it.

Emily. That is of no consequence to me, sir, if he can be happy.

Sir Cha. Now, I am very rich, as men of fashion go—for, my estate is not yet dipp'd above three parts of its value.

Emily. That can be of no consequence to me at all, sir.

Sir Cha. Pardon me—for I have to propose to you——

Emily. What, sir.

Sir Cha. Your own house in town, the run of my estate in the country, your own chariot, two footmen, and six hundred a year—But you must allow me a little time to myself—a little play at Miles's—a little sport at Newmarket—a little hunting in Leicestershire; and, this apart, you'll find me the most domestic man in the world.

Emily. I fancy I comprehend the nature of your jargon, sir.

Sir Cha. Jargon! It is a language perfectly understood, by all us young fellows, in the circle of St. James's. 'Tis the way of the world, my dear little Simplicity!

Emily. Oh! how base must be the world, then, when it makes simplicity its victim! I have been bred in wilds; but the sweet breath of Nature has inspired my soul with reason; common to every human bosom, as the wintry blasts, that roar'd above me, on the mountains. What does that reason tell me, sir?—That vice is vice, however society may polish it; that seduction is still seduction, however fashion may sanction it; that, intellect, speaking through simplicity like mine, has the force of virtue to strengthen it; while worldly sophistry must shrink from native truth, when it proclaims, that he, who could break a father's heart, by heaping splendid infamy upon his child, is a villain.——Let me pass you, sir?

Enter FREDERICK *at the Back of the Scene.*

Fred. I have lost my way, and my uncle, and—eh! who have we here?

Sir Cha. [*Detaining* EMILY.] Upon my soul, you must not go.

Emily. How, sir?

Sir Cha. Lookye, my dear Emily—I am advanced too far in the game to recede. If you are not mine by entreaty, there are four spanking greys, ready harness'd, in Cropland Park, here, that shall whisk us to town in a minute.

Emily. You dare not, sure——

Sir Cha. Nay, 'faith, I dare any thing now—for, the prize is in my reach, and I will clasp it, though your heart were colder to me than the snows of Russia.

[*He runs towards her; she screams*—FREDERICK *advances.*

Fred. [*Standing between* SIR CHARLES *and* EMILY.] I bring news from that country, sir—I arrived last night.

Sir Cha. Then, sir, you arrived damn'd *mal à propos.* What are you?

Fred. A man—so I am bound to protect females from brutality. You, it seems, assault them. Pray, sir, what are you?

Sir Cha. A person of some figure here, sir. You may not know, perhaps, the consequence of insulting one of that description in this country.

Fred. 'Faith, not I: but I know the consequence of his persisting to persecute a woman, in my presence.

Sir Cha. What may that be?

Fred. I knock him down.

Sir Cha. You will please to recollect, sir, I am a gentleman.

Fred. I can't for the soul of me—I can never recollect that any man's a gentleman, when I find him forgetting it himself.

Sir Cha. Can you fight, sir?

Fred. Like a game cock, sir—try me.

Sir Cha. What is your weapon, sir?

Fred. The knout.

Sir Cha. What the devil's that?

Fred. A Russian cat o' nine tails, to chastise a criminal; and I know no criminal who more richly deserves it, than he who degrades manhood, by offering violence to the amiable sex, which nature form'd him to defend. Fear nothing, madam.

Sir Cha. We must meet again, my hot spark.

Fred. I'm happy to hear it—It implies you are going now.

Sir Cha. Harkye, sir—I am call'd Sir Charles Cropland. Yonder is my park,

Fred. With four spanking greys in it. I heard you say so.

Sir Cha. There is very retired shooting, in some parts of it, sir—Your name.

Fred. Frederick Bramble;—nephew to your neighbour, Sir Robert. You'll find me ready to take a morning's sport with you.

Sir Cha. You shall hear from me. This is a cursed business!—but it will keep up the noise of my name at the clubs; and the duel of a dashing baronet furnishes food for the newspapers. [*Exit.*

Fred. Victory, madam. The enemy is fled, and virtue triumphs in the field. Ha! you look pale!

Emily. I have been sadly flurried. [*Much agitated.*

Fred. 'Sdeath! she is near fainting!—Let me support you, madam. [*She appears fainting; he catches her.*] Zounds! how beautiful she is! Tears! now would I give the world to kiss them off, and then kick the scoundrel that caused them.

Emily. [*Recovering.*] I know not how to thank you, sir.

Fred. I'm glad of it, ma'am—I never like to be thank'd for merely doing my duty.

Emily. I fear, sir, that—I mean, I hope that——I—I hope, sir, you will not be exposed to further danger on my account.

Fred. I am not used to think of danger, madam, on any account; but, something tells me, I should

glory in any that I risk'd for you. Whither shall I have the honour of attending you safe home madam?

Emily. I have a relation, sir—a female relation, who has been walking with me: she is now, I fancy, in the next field, and she will——

Fred. What, an elderly lady, that I observed, just now, as I pass'd, with an officer?

Emil. Aye—that officer!

Fred. Who is he, pray?

Emily. A wicked accessary, I am convinced, of Sir Charles Cropland's!

Fred. Is he? I see him coming—huzza! I'll blow him to the devil, if he were generalissimo.

Emily. For Heaven's sake! you make me tremble.

Fred. Tremble! I wouldn't give you pain for worlds! I'll be calm with him—On your account I will. I'll affront him with all the civility imaginable.

Enter OLLAPOD, *hastily.*

Olla. The Honourable Miss Mac Tab has tumbled up to her middle in the mud.—Bless me, is Sir Charles gone?

Fred. You are Sir Charles's friend, it seems, sir?

Olla. I have the honour to be close in his confidence.

Fred. And assist him upon honourable occasions. You are an officer, I perceive.

Olla. He! he! yes, sir—Cornet in our volunteer corps of cavalry; as respectable a body as any regulars in Christendom.

Fred. I don't doubt it at all. To stand forward at home, and keep off invaders from the shores of our country, is as honourable and praise-worthy, as marching to attack its enemies abroad.—Pray, don't be alarm'd—you see I'm civil. [*Aside to* EMILY.

Olla. A pretty spoken young man—I'll encourage him. Come, that's very well—very well indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one.

Fred. But some morbid parts may be found, I fancy, in the wholesomest bodies.

Olla. Decidedly.—Like a chubby child, in high health, with a whitlow.

Fred. Just such a whitlow I take you to be.

Olla. Me!

Fred. Exactly: and 'tis that uniform alone—as I respect every symbol of loyalty and patriotism,—that prevents my cropping your ears as close as your jacket. Don't be uneasy; you see I'm civil.

[*To* EMILY.

Olla. Crop! Zounds! what do you mean?

Fred. Can't you take my meaning, in your own way?

Olla. Way! Sir, I engage to kill the enemies of my country, in the way of war,—I never draw blood from the natives, but in the way of business.

Fred. Business!

Olla. Yes; I'm an apothecary—Take care how you meddle with a man of my repute. Served my time, seven years, under old Cataplasm, of Canterbury;—took out my freedom in that ancient city;—thump'd the mortar, six months, at Maidstone;—now, on my own bottom, in trade, at Tunbridge. Cornet Ollapod, at the gilt Galen's Head; known to all the nobility round—Sharp shot in a copse—deep dab at the broad sword exercise—Charge a furze-bush, wing a woodcock, or blister a lord, with any chap in the county. Insult me as an officer, and I'll prosecute you—Touch my ears, you touch my honour, and, damn me, I'll clap you in the county gaol, for assaulting a freeman. [*Exit.*

Fred. That scarlet apothecary is beneath my notice: but if the fellow has flurried your nerves, ma-

dam, which it is his trade to tranquilize, I'll pound him to death in his own mortar.

Emily. Pray, do not be so violent:—It terrifies me—On your own account, sir, it terrifies me.

Fred. On my account?

Emily. Yes. It would grieve me to see one, who is capable of such kind actions towards me, hurried into peril by the warmth of his temper.

Fred. I will be what you please. Tell me only whither I shall lead you. You are of the neighbourhood, I conjecture. May I ask your name?

Emily. Emily Worthington, sir.

Fred. Worthington! then you are daughter to the finest spirited man I ever met in my life.

Emily. Do you think so? Do you, indeed! I am very glad that *you* think so. But how came you acquainted?

Fred. Why, I——— I had a little business with him;—but, somehow or other, I——I went without my credentials. Shall I take you to him? Will you trust yourself with me?

Emily. Trust myself! Oh, yes! My dear father shall thank you. I will thank you; and our poor old corporal, who has served in the wars, and followed us through America, he will thank you, in tears of joy, when he hears of this rescue.

Fred. That old corporal loves you, then?

Emily. Certainly he does. He nursed me, when my poor mother died, and left me an infant in Gibraltar; and dearly I love him, too.

Fred. Now, what would I give to be an old corporal! [*Aside.*] I attend you—Let me see you home. Oh! how it would diminish the number of scoundrels in the world, if they could once taste the joy of rescuing a lovely female from perdition, and restoring her to her father. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before HARROWBY'S *House.*

Enter WORTHINGTON.

Worth. Emily not yet returned—I cannot rest in this suspense—Every instant, I dread the arrival of these officers, to drag me from my family, from my child!—Ha! two strangers lurking yonder! Nay, then, I know their errand—Where is my Emily? Well, well, 'tis better, in such a struggle, if the child witness not the anguish of the parent.

[*Goes up the Stage.*

Enter SIR ROBERT BRAMBLE *and* HUMPHREY DOBBINS.

Sir Rob. So—here we are at last—That hill's a breather. I am sure that was my nephew I saw, hopping over the ploughed land, yonder.

Dob. Not a morsel like him.

Sir Rob. I wonder if the rogue has found his way here yet. Ha—There's our man,—leaning against the stump of the tree, there. He seems lost in thought—Go, and tap him on the shoulder, Humphrey.

Dob. [*Putting his Hand on* WORTHINGTON'S *Shoulder.*] You are wanted.

Worth. [*Coming forward.*] I understand you.

Sir Rob. Your servant, sir—Your name is Worthington, they tell me.

Worth. It is, friend.

Sir Rob. I have a little business with you; and it isn't my way to use ceremony.

Worth. I expect none, from a person of your stamp.

Sir Rob. Stamp!—Humphrey, is'n't that odd?

Dob. Not a bit.—The neighbours tell every body what a rum jockey you are.

Sir Rob. Umph!—you'll excuse me for talking before old Crabbed, here—He's in all my affairs—The puppy has grown grey with me, and I can't well do without him.

Worth. Your follower, I suppose?

Sir Rob. Yes, he's always at my heels.—You have served his majesty, I hear, and done your duty nobly.

Worth. No matter.—Do *your* duty, and 'tis enough.

Sir Rob. Yes, he's as proud as Lucifer, I see—but there's no flattery in that. [*Aside.*]—The motives that brought me here, will prove, I trust, that I don't always neglect my duty.

Worth. You may perform it now, then—If my life depended on it, friend, I could not give you five pounds at this moment.

Sir Rob. Give me five pounds! Who the devil wishes you? I want to know how I can do you a kindness.

Worth. I thank you.—In consideration, then, for a gentleman, and reliance on his honour to acknowledge the obligation, when in his power, I trust you will place me in an apartment in your own house.

Sir Rob. An apartment in my own house!

Worth. Yes—where I may have the comfort of privacy, and my family about me.

Sir Rob. Damn me, but that is pretty plump, for a man who would sooner see me hang'd than ask me a favour! [*Aside.*

Worth. You will not, I think, be harsh enough to lodge me among the wretched rabble, who are the common inmates of your gloomy walls.

Sir Rob. My gloomy walls! an infernal, impu-

dent old scoundrel! Squeezes himself, and all his relations, into my house, and calls my family a wretched rabble. [*Aside.*]—Humphrey, did you ever see such brass?

Dob. I always told you, except myself, you kept a queer set.

Sir Rob. Zounds, I'll——No, I'll keep my temper. Pray, sir, what can you suppose I am to make of you?

Worth. Make of me!—These mercenary harpies! I have already told you, friend, you can make nothing of me, in my present situation—What you think you may make of me, in future, as a man of honour, I leave to your own feelings.

Sir Rob. I won't consult my own feelings now, sir; I must proceed upon my judgment.

Worth. I know you are proceeding upon a judgment.

Sir Rob. And that judgment is cursedly against you, at this moment, let me tell you.

Worth. 'Tis my misfortune.

Sir Rob. If you think that a misfortune, you might as well alter your conduct with me a little, I don't see the drift on't.

Worth. Drift!

Sir Rob. Ay; where's the policy?

Worth. That expired but a few hours too soon.

Sir Rob. His policy expired but a few hours too soon! Why, the man's a maniac! His distresses have deranged him. Were you—hem—were you ever wounded in the head?

Worth. Wounded in the head!

Sir Rob. Yes, in any of the actions you have had.

Worth. Truce with interrogations, friend. I am ready to accompany you.

Sir Rob. You are! And, pray, where are we to go?

Worth. I told you I should give your own house the preference.

Sir Rob. Curse me if ever you set your foot over my threshold!

Worth. Lead me where you please then.—You proffer'd kindness, and I was weak enough to expect it. But I might have known, that one of your cast is deaf to the petition of distress.

Sir Rob. The devil I am!

Worth. Familiar with scenes of want, habit hardens your heart, till the very face becomes an index of the mind; and callous inhumanity scowls in every lineament of the hard-featured bailiff.

Sir Rob. Blood and thunder! Bailiff! Humphrey, do I look a bit like a bailiff?

Dob. I don't know but you do.

Sir Rob. Sir—I—pardon your mistake, and I like your spirit—There's no flattery in it. But I'm in a passion for all that. Many a modern Sir Jacky looks like a prize fighter; but it's rather hard to take a baronet of the old school for a bum bailiff.

Worth. My daughter!

Sir Rob. And my sky-rocket of a nephew.

Enter FREDERICK *and* EMILY.

Fred. Ha! you are here at last, I perceive, uncle.

Worth. Uncle! Is this Sir Robert Bramble, then; the generous relation, of whom you told me?

Sir Rob. Generous! Pshaw! But I am his uncle;—though the puppy's smart enough, he is nephew to the hard-hearted fellow, whose face is an index of his mind.

Emily. Oh, sir, if you are his relation, talk to him, I entreat you—argue with him——

Sir Rob. Argue with him! that I will, with all my heart and soul! On what subject.

Emily. On his rash intention, sir, to meet the ruffian, from whom he has just rescued me.

Worth. Rescued you, Emily! What does this mean?

Fred. Oh! a mere trifle—nothing—A gentleman, in the fields, here, happen'd to be so very civil to Miss Worthington, that I took it for rudeness—so I happen'd to be so rude to him, that he couldn't take it for civility, that's all.

Worth. Rudeness to my child! Who has dared to —But, come in, Emily—Your pardon, sir, [*To* SIR ROBERT.] You have found nothing but confusion here, and I must retire with my daughter, for an explanation. Come, Emily.

Emily. Let us thank this gentleman, before we go, sir.

Fred. Upon my soul, I deserve no thanks, sir. If I deserve opinion more——

Emily. [*To* FRED.] Farewell, sir!—And pray, pray be cautious.

[*Exeunt* WORTHINGTON *and* EMILY.

Sir Rob. Frederick,—who is the fellow you have been quarrelling with?

Fred. He calls himself Sir Charles Cropland.

Sir Rob. I know him.—He's a puppy—must you fight him?

Fred. So he tells me.

Sir Rob. I'll be your second.

Fred. You!

Sir Rob. Yes;—fighting's a sort of sharp argument; and, as we defend the cause of insulted innocence, it's damn'd hard if we hav'n't the best on't. But, harkye, you dog—don't fall in love with the girl.

Fred. I have—

Sir Rob. You hav'n't!

Fred. Over head and ears.

Sir Rob. Why, you blockhead, she's a beggar.

Fred. So am I—We shall make a very pretty couple.

Sir Rob. And, if you marry, how would you support her?

Fred. Perhaps, you would support us.

Sir Rob. You sha'n't have a shilling, till my death.

Fred. Then I hope we shall have the pleasure of starving together, a great while, sir.

Sir Rob. Run back, and order a dinner for a party. Tell old Buncles, the butler, to lug out some claret.

Fred. Then after dinner, I'll drink Emily Worthington in a pint bumper. [*Exit.*

Sir Rob. Humphrey, you haven't attended, now, to a word of what was passing.

Dob. Every syllable on't.

Sir Rob. You'll laugh to see me out in a duel, I suppose.

Dob. No, I sha'n't—I'd sooner be shot at myself.

Sir Rob. Umph!—If my nephew marries this girl, I've a great mind to cut him off with a shilling.

Dob. No you won't.

Sir Rob. Why, you know, he's as poor as a rat.

Dob. The rat's your relation—It would be plaguy hard to starve him, when you feed all the rest of the rats in the parish.

Sir Rob. Come along, Humphrey—and if ever you starve, rank bacon, and mouldy pyecrust, be my portion! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Wood, and a Pathway.

Enter OLLAPOD.

Olla. An awkward errand I'm on to Sir Robert Bramble's. Not quite correct, to carry a challenge into a family I've physick'd. But honour, in this case, before medicine:—a leaf of laurel's worth twenty drops of laudanum. Mars is first customer, and damn Æsculapius!——Ha! here comes the enemy, up the hill, from the house! The game meets me half way, as death does the doctor. [*Steps aside.*

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. "A pointed pain pierc'd deep my heart.
A swift cold trembling seiz'd on every part.

Olla. That's an ague.

Fred. "But quickly to my cost I found,
'Twas love, not death, had made the wound."

Olla. Damn that disease! its cured without an apothecary.

Fred. I've order'd dinner for my old uncle; and now, can't I, for my life, help loitering about the farm-house. What mind she has in every look! I would rather be a whale, and flounce about in the Baltic, than fall in love with a fine proportioned face of beautiful insipidity—'Tis a lamp without oil—Heaven in a fog——Give me those dear bewitching features,

...ere sweet expression always speaks, and sometimes sparkles. Give me a dimpled beauty that——Zounds! ...re's that damn'd ugly apothecary! Pray, sir, do ...u know what are some men's antipathies?

Olla. Yes; cats, rats, old maids, double-tripe, spiders, Cheshire cheese, and cork-cutters.

Fred. Now, my antipathy, sir, is a pert apothecary. How dare you look me again in the face, without trembling?

Olla. Trembling? at what?

Fred. Death!

Olla. Pooh! I've made it my business to look death in the face for fifteen years, and don't tremble at it at all.

Fred. Why do you presume, sir, to come across me here?

Olla. Here! this is the king's highway—trod on as common as camomile—crowded with all comers, like the Red Cow on a field day. Besides, I've business at Blackberry Hall.

Fred. At my uncle's?

Olla. Yes; I've something in my pocket to deliver there. You may guess what it is.

Fred. Lip-salve for the maid, perhaps; or rose-water to put into puddings.

Olla. Damn lips, and puddings! I've a letter for you.

Fred. You have!

Olla. Yes; to be taken directly. [*Gives it.*] Eh, isn't that Sir Robert Bramble?

Enter SIR ROBERT BRAMBLE.

Sir Rob. I've sprain'd my back, trying to frisk over that infernal farmer's hog trough. If Humphrey hadn't argued I was too stiff in the joints to jump, I'd have seen the dog at the devil before I attempted it. Ha—Mr. Ollapod—Your servant—Your servant—Tell me what brings you this way!

Olla. I'll see you in a fever first. [*Aside.*] Dry weather for walking, Sir Robert—but no news—young partridges look'd for every day—so are six Hamburgh mails—Glad to find our gout is gone, Sir Robert—Happy to meet you again on a good footing. Do you take, good sir? do you take?

Sir Rob. I take your jokes, as I do your bottles of physic, Master Ollapod.

Olla. How is that, Sir Robert?

Sir Rob. I never take them at all.

Olla. Come, that's very well, very well, indeed!—Thank you, good sir, I owe you one.

Sir Rob. [*Seeing* FREDERICK.] Frederick! what are you doing here?

Sir Rob. Reading a challenge, uncle.

Sir Rob. So!—'tis come, then.—Who brought it?

Fred. Pestle and mortar, there.—Read, uncle, read!

Sir Rob. [Reading.] *Sir,—Mr. Ollapod, of the volunteer corps, will deliver this to you.—You will find me, half an hour hence, at the plantation on the heath, waiting to receive the satisfaction due to*

Your humble servant,

CHARLES CROPLAND.

Plain as a demonstration in Euclid.— [*Turns to* OLLAPOD.] But, how dare you, who have bled my coachman, till he can't drive, and julep'd my cook, till she faints at a fire, administer a challenge to my nephew?

Olla. Honour is rigid, Sir Robert, and must be minded as strictly as a milk diet.

Sir Rob. You come here, in short, as Sir Charles Cropland's friend?

Olla. I do. Gallipots must give way to gallant feelings—and Galen is gagg'd by Bellona. Sorry to offend the Bramble Family. Shall bring lint, probe,

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